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CELEBRATED CHILDREN

OF

ALL AGES AND NATIONS.

BY MICHEL MASSON.

Translated from the French,

BY MRS. L. BURKE.

LONDON:
GEORGE ROUTLEDGE AND CO.,
FARRINGDON-STREET.
1853.

LOUIS XVII. AND MARIE ANTOINETTE.—*Front*

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DEDICATION.

To my dear Children,

AUGUSTIN, HIPPOLYTE AND ALPHONSINE MASSON.

To my Nephew and Niece,

CHARLES-HENRY AND EUPHROSINE DÈLIEGE.

To my little Cousins,

CHARLES, EMILIUS, PAUL-GUSTAVUS, AUGUSTUS, FELIX, ARTHUR, EDWARD, FRANCINE, AMELIA, CLAIRA, AND LOUISA MASSON.

All children cannot attain celebrity, but all may be good.

All children do not merit admiration; they may all merit love.

Be good, be amiable, and each day will teach you, my dear children, that without leaving the sanctuary of home, where there are so many sacred duties to be fulfilled, so many pleasing virtues to be exercised, you may attain rewards quite as glorious as the most glorious crowns.

Your friend,

MICHEL MASSON.

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TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

It is with much pleasure that we introduce the following little volume to the notice of the English public. It is one which cannot fail to interest and benefit the young; for in offering to their consideration, in a very attractive form, the remarkable actions of persons of their own age, it not only ensures a ready sympathy, but is also eminently calculated to excite emulation, and encourage perseverance.

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Duke of York, born, 1472—died, 1483.

THERE were two brothers—Edward the Fifth, who was rather more than twelve years old, and Richard, Duke of York, who had just attained his eleventh year. Their father, Edward the Fourth, during a reign of twenty-two years, had been placed in circumstances of great difficulty, and had not, at all times, extricated himself from them with honour. Still, he was far from being a bad king, but as he could not govern his passions, his nobles entertained but little respect for his character, while his people rendered him only a discontented obedience. Discovering, when too late, the errors he had committed in the exercise of sovereign power, he died overwhelmed with remorse,

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While these things were passing in the palace, where Richard governed with supreme authority, the widow of Edward the Fourth had sought refuge with the Duke of York, her youngest son, in Westminster Abbey, knowing that here alone she could have any chance of being protected from the attempts of the cruel Regent.

As to Edward the Fifth, a captive in his royal apartments, he saw no one about him but spies in the service of the Duke of Gloucester. Scarcely, therefore, did the orphan monarch dare to make any inquiries respecting that loving mother, who had watched him so tenderly in the hour of sickness; and yet maternal care became daily more necessary to him, for never had he been so weak and suffering as since he had been separated from her, whose place no other being could supply; neither dared he speak of his young brother Richard—that beloved companion of his childish sports, whose free and artless mirth had been to him a soothing balm in all his sufferings.

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Never, in the midst of a crowd, was isolation more

plete, than that of the young King of England
the midst of his court. All the respect due to
alty was manifested towards him; he was ad-
essed on bended knee, but never with that soothing
ndness so grateful to the heart of children. He
aw obsequious looks around him, but no glance
of friendship reached him, no word of love broke
the monotony of his sad existence.

This state of things lasted for two months; then,
one day, he was no longer alone: he was permitted to
embrace that brother he so fondly loved. The Duke o
Gloucester had at last taken care to re-unite the tw
children of Edward the Fourth, but it was not
the palace of the King their father that they
the happiness of again beholding each other. T
met, no more to be separated, in an apartmen
the Tower of London, whose door was never
to open for them. The governor of the Towe
Robert Blakenbury, was commanded by the
to allow no communication whatever, from
with the prisoners. Soon a more cruel man
issued; the Duke of Gloucester, wishing to
self of two children, who interfered with his
designs, commanded the governor to put
death; but the brave Sir Robert rejecte
position with horror. Then the keys of
were taken from him, and the Rege

in his infamous designs, committed the guardianship of the two prisoners to Sir James Tyrrel, a man of licentious habits, overwhelmed with debts, and base enough to murder even children, for the sake of attaining fortune.

"Would you venture to assassinate one of my friends?" asked Richard of him.

"Yes!" replied Tyrrel, "but I would rather kill two of your enemies!"

"Well! that is the very thing. I want to be freed from two mortal enemies, who disturb my repose—the two prisoners in the Tower."

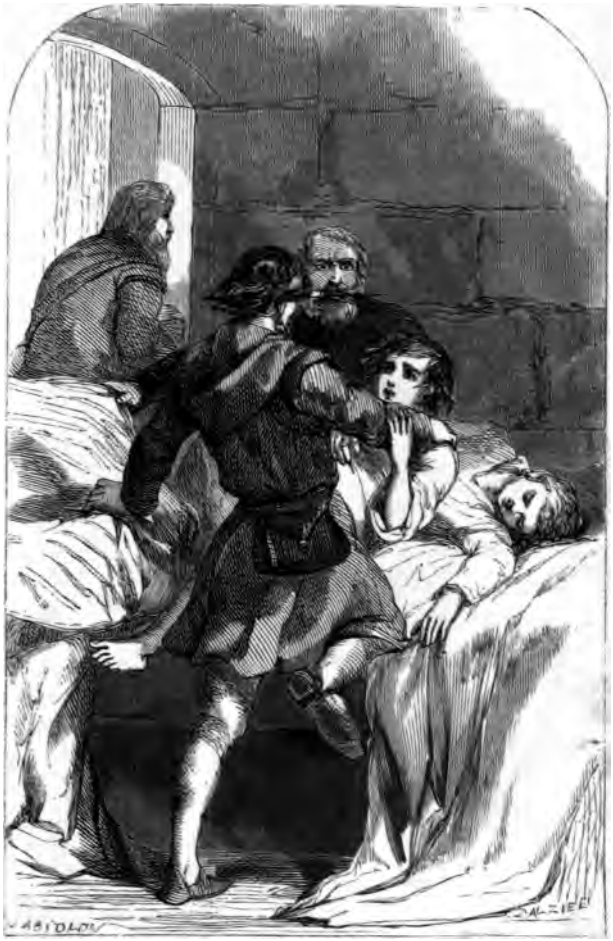
"Open to me the way," added the assassin, "and they shall not long inspire you with dread."

History is silent as to the manner in which these hapless children passed their time, during their detention in the Tower, but the assassin himself has described the spectacle which met his eyes when he arrived with his accomplices to assure, with a stroke of his dagger, the Crown of England to the head of Richard.

"These two children were sleeping in the same bed," says the assassin, "clasped in each other's innocent arms. They were fair as alabaster, and their lips seemed like four roses on one stem. A prayer-book lay upon their pillow. The noise made by our entrance awoke them; the young Duke of

York, alarmed, sprung from the bed, and would have screamed, but a thrust from a dagger reduced him to silence; his blood flowed, but he was not killed. Edward arose, and placing himself before his brother, as if to protect him, exclaimed, 'Mercy on the Duke of York! You are mistaken in your victim: I am the King!' The command had been given—both must die; but, after this butchery, we left the room in tears, for we had immolated two noble beings."

This double assassination was committed in the year 1483. A century later, Queen Elizabeth caused the door of a room in the Tower, which had long been walled up, to be opened. In it were discovered, lying upon a bed, two little skeletons, with iron collars round their necks: it was all that remained of King Edward the Fifth and his brother Richard. Elizabeth, not wishing to renew the remembrance of such a crime, ordered the door to be again built up, and forbade all mention of the discovery. At length, after the lapse of another century, Charles the Second being then on the throne, the condemned door was again opened, and the last remains of the victims of Richard the Third were removed to Westminster Abbey, the burial-place of the monarchs of England.



DEATH OF THE ROYAL CHILDREN IN THE TOWER. P. 6

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Eudocia,

EMPRESS OF THE EAST.

Born, 406—died, 460.

LEONTIUS, an Athenian philosopher, or rather, sophist, had a daughter named Athenaïs. She was so learned and so beautiful, that her father, at his death, thinking it would be unnecessary to leave a fortune to one so gifted, disinherited her in favour of her brothers. But beauty and wisdom could not shield her from misfortune; for she was too young to be permitted to open a school in Athens, while those who might otherwise have aspired to her hand, seeing her without dowry, did not think of making her an offer of marriage.

At her father's death, which took place about 420, Athenaïs had scarcely attained her fourteenth year. She had imagined that her brothers would gladly allow her to remain beneath the paternal roof, in order that she might pursue her cherished studies; but she was mistaken: the portionless girl did not obtain even this favour. Her cruel relatives sent her away with words of mockery, saying—"Our father has

still given you the b of l ns, for we have only his fortune, wh you have his wisdom."

Indignant at this ful conduct, Athenaïs asserted her rights, and de nded her share of the inheritance; but seeing t could obtain no justice from the magistrates of Athens, she determined to go to Constantinople, and lay her complaints before the Emperor.

When it was evident that she was resolutely bent on taking this long journey, a few friends lent her their aid; and having courageously triumphed over every obstacle encountered in her route, she at length reached the capital of the Eastern Empire, where Theodosius the Second, surnamed the Younger, then reigned. Theodosius was a most humane prince, and had opened an asylum in his states for those Christians of the Persian empire who fled from persecution. When Varazanes, their persecutor, sent to reclaim his fugitive subjects, Theodosius told the ambassadors, that to drag back into Persia those virtuous Christians whose blood they sought to shed, it would be necessary for the King himself to come and tear them from his arms.

Athenaïs, at first, thought to go at once direct to the Emperor; but she was soon compelled to renounce this project, for the courtiers of Theodosius, jealous of all imperial favours which did not fall pon them-

selves, so completely obstructed every avenue to the throne, that it was impossible to approach it; for they placed themselves at every moment of the day as an impassable wall between the prince and his subjects. There was, besides, another obstacle to the favourable reception of the young and beautiful Athenian: she was not a Christian, and the severe piety of the Emperor of the East did not permit him to receive into his palace a Pagan girl.

Alone and unprotected at Constantinople, Athenaïs had, nevertheless, attracted observation by her extraordinary beauty; and those who had had an opportunity of conversing with her, spoke loudly of her incomparable genius, and astonishing learning. These reports having reached the ears of Pulcheria, sister to the Emperor, she felt a wish to become acquainted with this wonderful girl; and Athenaïs, informed of this desire, placed herself at the door of the church to which Pulcheria daily repaired for prayer. When, at the usual hour, the princess arrived, to perform her devotions, she found the young Athenian on the steps of the sacred edifice, surrounded by a crowd of people. As the princess approached, the crowd gave way to allow her to pass; but instead of entering the church, Pulcheria stood still, to contemplate the young girl before her; then, after the first moment of admiration, the sister of Theodosius determined to interrogate

Athenaïs. The philosopher of [illegible] princess with modesty, and her words displayed so much grace and intelligence, that Pulcheria, more and more astonished, immediately conceived an ardent friendship for the interesting stranger. She even desired that the beautiful Athenian should accompany her into the sacred edifice; but Athenaïs refused.

"I could not pray with you, madam; I am not a Christian."

Pulcheria shuddered, and drew back, for she, too, held the Pagans in abhorrence. Perceiving the unfavourable impression produced by her last words, Athenaïs hastened to reassure the good princess, whose protection she so much needed.

"No, madam," she said, "I am not, indeed, a Christian; but there is nothing I so ardently desire as to be baptized. I have read the books of your religion; they have enlightened my mind, and led me to detest the errors of my childhood. Therefore I await as a blessing the regeneration of my soul; but who would undertake to answer for me before the God whom you adore? Who would be my sponsor? I know no one in this country."

With these words, her beautiful eyes turned timidly towards the princess, who opened her arms to her, saying, "Beloved child, if it be indeed true that faith has entered into your heart—if your soul hungers

for the bread of truth—rely upon my protection. I myself will guide you out of the darkness with which you have been encompassed. You shall lay aside your pagan name of Athenaïs, and, like my sainted mother, you shall be called Eudocia."

They then entered the church together; and the young girl who but a moment before saw herself friendless in the midst of this populous city, had now become the protegée of the most powerful personage at the court of Theodosius the Younger.

Placed by the care of Pulcheria in a pious and noble family, the future Eudocia soon arrived at the much-desired day of her baptism. In abjuring the faith of her fathers, she was advancing unconsciously towards imperial power.

From the highest to the lowest of the courtiers of Theodosius, all had solicited the favour of admission to the solemnity in which was celebrated the welcome of a new Christian to the haven of salvation. The Emperor himself wished to assist at it in person, and during the ceremony ceased not to contemplate, in mute admiration, the beautiful Athenian. A few days afterwards, Pulcheria formally presented to her brother the daughter of Leontius, who demanded justice. The Emperor permitted Eudocia to speak for herself, for he was fascinated with her address, but when she had finished her complaints, he replied:—

"However considerable may [illegible] heritance of your father, I presume that the portion of which you have been unjustly deprived cannot equal the gift of a crown. Cease to regard yourself as an orphan: you have a family, and that family is mine. Cease to look upon yourself as the sister of those who have driven you from your home. You are no longer Athenaïs, the daughter of Leontius: you are Eudocia, Empress of the East."

As the Emperor spoke, Eudocia grew pale, and trembled; she could not believe in the high destiny to which Heaven had called her. Pulcheria, perceiving that she was about to fall, supported her in her arms; and to convince her that what she heard was not a dream, said—

"Arise, Empress of the East, and embrace Pulcheria your sister."

When the day appointed for the marriage and coronation arrived, there were two men in Constantinople who could not, without a shudder, hear the name of the new Empress pronounced. These two men had been led from Athens, under a strong escort, and were detained as prisoners in one of the apartments of the palace, until their fate should be decided by the wife of Theodosius.

As the reader has already conjectured, these men were the two brothers of the Empress Eudocia, by

whose command they had been brought to Constantinople to be witnesses of her triumph. They had to reproach themselves with a crime, which now inspired them with such horror, that each endeavoured to cast the blame upon the conscience of the other. At length, the procession, after passing through the city, returned to the palace amidst the loud acclamations of the populace; and the young Empress, surrounded by her court, inquired whether the culprits were there. On being answered in the affirmative, she commanded them to be brought into her presence. They came before her like prisoners led to execution, and, conscious of being unworthy of pardon, they threw themselves at the feet of Eudocia, without having the power to sue for mercy. The Empress hastened to re-assure them, and her sole revenge was to say to them, as Pulcheria had said to her, "Arise and embrace your sister."

Lady Jane Grey.

Born, 1537 — died, 1554.

We have here a mournful story. Fancy a beautiful and joyous girl, about fifteen years of age—a model of grace and learning; a girl on whom Heaven had bestowed all the virtues of an affectionate daughter, a loving wife, a devoted friend, a courageous woman; a girl, in fine, who asked no greater blessing from Heaven than to be the joy of her parents, and the happiness of her newly formed household, for she had been married a few months previously to a young and virtuous nobleman, Lord Guilford Dudley. Well, upon that radiant brow, which sought no other ornament than its wreath of flowers, the ambition of her father-in-law, the Duke of Northumberland, determined to place a crown.

Edward the Sixth was dead, and, regardless of the rights of Mary, daughter of Henry the Eighth, the old Duke of Northumberland caused his daughter-in-law, Lady Jane Grey, to be proclaimed Queen. But of all this, Lady Jane remained in ignorance; and when, one day, they said to her, "You are

Queen!" her first movement was to reject the proffered crown. "There is a rightful heir to the throne," she replied, "and behind that throne there is a scaffold, on which she must mount who would usurp, were it but for a day, the sovereign power. Besides, I have no ambition to be a queen. Why condemn me to the vexations of royalty, when I am so happy as I am? Now I have only friends; then I should have enviers, calumniators, perhaps, even, assassins. Leave to my cousin Mary, the crown which of right belongs to her. I will retain my happiness, and my choice is the wiser one."

Such was the reply of this noble girl to the Duke of Northumberland; but her arguments were of no avail—her fate was sealed: it was written that Lady Jane Grey should allow herself to be crowned Queen of England, that she should reign for nine days, and then lay her head upon the same block before which Anne Boleyn and Catherine Howard had bowed in death.

She was therefore conducted to the Tower of London, where a privy council was assembled to proclaim her Queen. Her tears, her prayers were vain; they would not even yield to her presentiments of the unhappy future which awaited her. Perceiving at last that her resistance to her family was useless, and that she was condemned to accept the

crown, she consented to ge of her court.

The Duke of Northumberland, wishing to bind her indissolubly to the throne, compelled her, in order to take possession of royalty, to sign on that very day her first edict. This extraordinary and solitary act of royal power, emanating from the will of a Queen of only fifteen years of age, consisted in reducing by two inches, the points of the shoes, which, at that period, were worn of an extravagant length.

During the nine days that the reign of Lady Jane Grey lasted, she made no change in the habits of her studious and peaceful existence. The young Queen continued to read the Greek, Latin, and French poets which she loved, and wrote to her friends in these three languages—"Jane Grey, wife of Lord Guilford Dudley, was more free than Jane Grey, Queen of England."

The royal child well understood on what a quicksand she had been made to tread. Scarcely had she reached the throne, when the ground gave way beneath her steps; her unstable crown became each day less secure on her youthful brow. The partisans of Mary, the rightful sovereign, were not long in raising a loud protest, and in threatening the innocent usurper with a speedy downfall. It is said that a power vigorously attacked is a power destined to be

speedily overthrown; as justice always aids right, and as justice was not on the side of Lady Jane Grey, neither did power long remain with her.

In spite of the efforts of the Duke of Northumberland, of Lord Guilford Dudley, and their various adherents, the people and the nobility ranged themselves under the banners of the legitimate Queen of England. The whole nation recognized Mary as their lawful sovereign, and Lady Jane Grey joyfully yielded up the crown; she even wrote to the new Queen, in these words,—"The crown has already weighed too heavily on my brow; receive it you, who are more worthy to wear it than I am."

For a moment Lady Jane flattered herself with the hope that her cousin Mary would permit her to return to her palace at Durham, where she had been born, and where she had passed so many happy days. But such was not the will of the vindictive daughter of Henry the Eighth. This nine days' usurpation weighed heavily upon the heart of Mary: she too ardently sought revenge to restore to freedom her noble and modest relative, who asked for nothing but the permission to return once more to the simple pleasures of her happy youth.

Lady Jane Grey could not have reigned with impunity. In those times, it was necessary to die either a Queen or a prisoner. The hand must be powerful

enough to preserve the sceptre, or it mu[illegible]pt chains; a crown could not fall without causing the head that had worn it to fall also.

Mary, who might have deserved the lasting gratitude of her involuntary rival, and the admiration of posterity, by a generous pardon, only listened to the voice of vengeance. She cast both Lady Jane and her husband into prison; other dungeons opened for the ambitious Duke of Northumberland, and those who had assisted in the usurpation. All the accomplices of the unwilling usurper were condemned to death, and executed. As to Lady Jane and Lord Guilford Dudley, they remained in prison for nearly a year,—not from motives of humanity on the part of Mary, but because she feared that the people would revolt at the sight of a victim so young, so beautiful, and who had done nothing to deserve either royalty or death.

In the beginning of the year 1554, a rebellion set on foot by Sir Thomas Wyatt, served as a pretext for the execution of the two prisoners in the Tower. Mary commanded that they should be put to death. When Lady Jane was informed that she had but a few moments to prepare for death, she replied with a painful smile,—

"I well knew that my cousin, the Queen, could not forget us."

Then, retiring to her chamber, she wrote to her sister, Lady Catherine Grey,—"I am about to depart with him whom I love; we will await thee in heaven, and may we have long to wait."

Lord Guilford Dudley, after repeated solicitations, obtained permission to embrace, for the last time, his young and unfortunate companion, whom he was never to behold again until they met in another world. It was ordered in the death-warrant, that he should be led first to the scaffold. An officer appeared, to ask Lady Jane whether she would see her husband.

"No!" she replied, with noble firmness; "since we are to die, we ought to avoid everything that could weaken our courage. This interview could only tend to deprive us of the strength which we so much need in this trying moment; tell my beloved husband that I send him the farewell kiss I could have wished to receive from his lips, but which I must renounce, for he could not answer for his heart, and I feel that mine would be too much distressed at our separation. Our enemies must never have it to say that we were afraid of death."

An hour after the courageous girl had returned this answer to her husband, the implacable Queen of England, by a refinement of cruelty, caused the bleeding head of Lord Guilford Dudley to pass so near the windows of Lady Jane that she could not avoid seeing

it. Instead of recoiling with horror from the sight of the sacred remains of Mary's victim, Lady Jane wafted to them a kiss.

"Farewell!" she exclaimed; "these mortal remains are to me but the signal of our approaching re-union. I here behold only the least part of thee—the noblest is already in heaven; I go to rejoin it; there our union will be indissoluble."

Soon afterwards she was led out to execution. When upon the scaffold she addressed the people.

"If I have worn the crown," she said, "it was but to obey my parents; the example of my death will show that one may be condemned without being guilty. I thank those who have sought to save me, but let them know that the welfare of England demands my death, and that it is better that one innocent victim should perish than that the security of the State should be compromised."

She ceased, then knelt in prayer; her attendants bandaged her eyes; she desired to touch the fatal block. "My God!" she exclaimed, "into thy hands I commend my spirit." She bowed her head, the axe fell heavily, and the cruel Mary had to reproach herself with one more crime.

Ivan the Sixth,

EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.

Born, 1739—died, 1764.

We should not say "Happy as a king!" did we take into consideration all the miseries attached to royalty, all the snares that are laid for it, all the ambitions of which it is constantly the sport, and sometimes the victim.

No; say not "Happy as a king!" for a crowned head is often a doomed head; doomed, if not to death, at least to innumerable sorrows, inseparable from greatness.

But it is especially when the crown is placed upon a youthful brow that it becomes the object of the most daring attempts. The interest inspired by childhood vanishes when the child is a king. The conspirator feels himself doubly strong, both in the daring of his project, and the weakness of his victim. In the murder of a young king, incapable of defending himself, his enemies see only an easy crime, and the charm of youth finds no favour in their sight.

Amongst those to whom the throne was a mis-

fortune, we must specially mention the Czar Ivan the Sixth, Nephew of the Empress Anne Ivanowna. The gift of a crown was to him the most fatal of presents. He paid, with the price of a wretched existence, the melancholy honour of being counted among those who have reigned over Russia.

A palace intrigue caused him to be proclaimed Emperor when scarcely two months old; the following year another palace intrigue cast him from a throne into a dungeon. Thus was he precipitated from the summit to the abyss, without having been in a condition to understand that he had had a court at his feet, that armies obeyed his name, and that in his name, also, justice had been administered to vast populations. Thus Ivan did not even bear with him into the fortress of Schlüsselbourg, in which he was confined, the remembrance of his past grandeur. When the youthful and dethroned Czar was of an age to see, feel, and understand, he found around him none but jailors. Not a servant had remained faithful to him; not a friend approached to console him in his captivity, and salute him with the title of Emperor. Nothing spoke to him of his past greatness, of which, indeed, he was totally ignorant.

In this fortress, where he was the most important prisoner, the royal child had only a small room, with one window carefully railed, and a door with heavy

bolts; and before that door was placed a sentinel, who was relieved every two hours. So much was the indiscretion of those who guarded him feared, that during his long captivity, he did not twice see the same soldier on duty before his cell. No one spoke to him; he was rarely allowed a walk; and if, by chance, he took advantage of an open door to outstep the limits assigned to him, he beheld before him muskets levelled, and ready to fire, and was obliged to retrace his steps. Nevertheless, Ivan grew up. Some of the officers to whom his guard had been entrusted, could not avoid remarking his beauty, his gentleness, and his artless grace. Their remarks were whispered among their friends in St. Petersburg, and plots were formed in favour of the young Czar, who was doubly sacred to them, for he bore at once the imperial crown and the crown of a martyr.

But of all these conspiracies, which rather tended to endanger than to preserve this precious existence, none ever reached maturity. Discovered almost as soon as formed, they always drew down upon the captive increased severity. During the space of sixteen years he was removed from prison to prison, from dungeon to dungeon; and the young Emperor suffered himself to be led wherever they wished, never inquiring why he was thus detained a captive; for such was his ignorance of the actual condition of

man upon the earth, that he did not even suspect that the world contained anything but prisoners.

One day, whether from caprice or remorse, the Czarina Elizabeth, who was then reigning in the place of Ivan the Sixth, expressed a desire to see the young Emperor whom she had so cruelly deprived both of liberty and a throne. Ivan was taken from his cell, and conducted to St. Petersburg, in a closed carriage, and accompanied by a powerful escort; and the dethroned Czar was introduced to the daughter of Peter the Great. When these two royal personages, that is to say, she who abused supreme power, and he who did not possess even the shadow of freedom, stood in each other's presence, tears of tenderness were shed on both sides: the Empress was touched by the sorrows of her victim, and Ivan wept with gratitude on beholding this noble and unknown lady compassionate his unhappy fate. It was the first time that the wretched prisoner had been spoken to with so much kindness. Their interview was long, and while it lasted, the agitation of the courtiers in the palace was extreme. This secret meeting filled with dread all who had aided in the overthrow of the young Czar. They feared that the Empress, yielding to the better impulses of her heart, was about to restore the imperial sceptre to the hand which ought rightfully to wield it: many lives were felt to be compromised; and more

than one of the nobles of the Russian court prepared to salute a new rising sun. But fears and hopes were alike speedily dissipated, for Elizabeth, having summoned to the royal apartment the escort of the young Czar, ordered the prisoner to be led back to his fortress.

Six years passed away: the Empress Elizabeth died, and Peter the Third ascended the throne of Russia. He also wished to see the prisoner of Schlüsselbourg; but he did not send for him, he presented himself to the poor child in prison, as an old friend of the family, who came to speak to him of his mother, and to give him the hope of approaching liberty. As we have before observed, no care whatever had been bestowed upon the education of Ivan; he was ignorant of all that science and the usages of the world teach; but all that the heart and mind could receive from nature, he possessed in an eminent degree: his talents were such, that a slight culture only was needed to render the young Czar a worthy successor of his illustrious ancestor Peter the First.

At the close of a long interview with Ivan, Peter the Third carried with him so favourable an opinion of the prisoner, that he determined to bequeath to him the imperial crown; but a few days after his visit to the fortress of Schlüsselbourg, he was assassinated, and his wife, Catherine the Second, being proclaimed

Empress, destroyed the will which would have opened to the captive Czar the gates of his dungeon.

Ivan, finding that the hour of his deliverance did not arrive, said, "They forget me!" and resigned himself to his fate. Nevertheless, his chains seemed heavier, and more difficult to be borne, since he had seen a woman—that Elizabeth, whom he believed so generous, who had pitied him, and, with tears, embraced him; and especially since he had been visited by a man, also generous, who had said to him, "You shall be free—you shall be a king!"

Ivan was mistaken; he was not forgotten.

History, which promises us the whole truth of events, often permits, for want of evidence, terrible suspicions to rest on the acts of kings. Was Catherine the Second innocent of Ivan's murder? Has she to render an account before God of the blood of that young victim? It is thought so—it is feared; but it cannot with certainty be affirmed: none can say by what hand were moved the threads of the horrible intrigue which ended in a dagger's thrust; but this is what happened.

Whilst the youthful Ivan was reposing in his prison, dreaming, perhaps, of the happy days that had been promised to him, a subordinate officer, named Wasili Mirowitsch, who had solicited the place of commandant of those who guarded the prince, awakened the soldiers

under his orders during the night of the 3rd or 4th of July, 1764; he arranged them in order of battle, and told them that there was in that state prison a great prince, truly worthy of the throne, and that that prince, their lawful sovereign, awaited deliverance at their hands. They immediately loaded their muskets, burst open the doors of the dungeon, rushed to the deliverance of Ivan—but found only a lifeless corpse! The captive Czar had just been assassinated. It is necessary to state that, at the first sign of danger, the commandant of the fortress had entered the cell of Ivan by a secret door. The keeper of the young Emperor had for several days been apprized of the popular movement in favour of the prisoner, and had been commanded to assassinate the unfortunate prince, should the door of his dungeon be burst open by his liberators; the door was burst open, and the commandant, according to the cruel mandate he had received, gave his officers the signal for the murder of Ivan. The young Czar implored for mercy, but they would not listen to him, and he fell, pierced with wounds, at the feet of the commandant.

Wasili was beheaded. As for the Empress Catherine, firmly seated on the throne of Russia, she had no longer occasion to tremble for her power at the mere name of the captive Emperor.

Joash,

KING OF ISRAEL.

Born, 885 B.C.—died, 838 B.C.

On the sacred mountain where Abraham once offered in sacrifice his young son Isaac, the people of God had built the temple of Jerusalem. The priests, who were all of the family of Aaron, and the Levites who obeyed them, kept concealed in the house of the Lord a child who had been miraculously preserved from death. The orphan thus mysteriously brought up little thought, while assisting at the holy sacrifices, that on leaving the temple, he was destined to ascend the throne of Judah.

This child, whose name was Joash, was the son of Ahaziah, and grandson of the Queen Athaliah. He was but one year old when his father died, and the ambitious Athaliah, wishing to reign with absolute authority, ordered the massacre of all the children of Ahaziah; one only was saved. Jehosheba, the aunt of Joash, and wife of the High Priest Jehoiada, penetrated into the palace during the massacre, and approaching the cradle of this forgotten victim, took up

the child, wrapped him in her veil, and favoured by the night, succeeded in gliding into the temple with her precious burden. Athaliah, believing that all her grandsons were dead, and seeing no one who could dispute with her the crown, caused herself to be proclaimed Queen; then, abjuring the faith of the people of Judah, she consecrated a temple to the god Baal, a cruel idol, to whom were sacrificed human victims.

Joash, under a feigned name, grew up in the temple, and increased in virtue, thanks to the lessons of his pious aunt, and to the sage counsels of the High Priest Jehoiada. When he had nearly reached his seventh year, the fame of his precocious genius having spread abroad, Athaliah felt a wish to see the young Levite who had been so well instructed in the fear of the Lord, and of whom even those most inclined to impiety could not speak without admiration.

But it was not merely to render homage to the youthful virtue of Joash that Athaliah sought the temple of Jerusalem. A dream had troubled the repose of the Queen; she had consulted Mathan, high-priest of Baal, on the subject, and he, to be revenged on Jehoiada, whom he hated, eagerly seized the opportunity of awakening suspicion in the mind of Athaliah respecting the orphan so mysteriously brought up within the walls of the holy place.

Athaliah, therefore, presented herself in the house

of the Lord, and having taken Joash on one side, the following, according to our great Racine, one of the most sublime of Christian poets, is the conversation which took place between this guilty woman and her royal grandson :—

"*Athaliah.*—What is your name?

"*Joash.*—My name is Eliakim.

"*Athaliah.*—And your father?

"*Joash.*—They say I am an orphan, thrown from my birth into the arms of God. I never knew my parents.

"*Athaliah.*—Have you no relations?

"*Joash.*—They have abandoned me.

"*Athaliah.*—How—and since when?

"*Joash.*—Since my birth.

"*Athaliah.*—Is it not even known to what country you belong?

"*Joash.*—This temple is my country; I know no other.

"*Athaliah.*—Where do they say you were found?

"*Joash.*—In the midst of wolves, ready to devour me.

"*Athaliah.*—Who brought you to this temple?

"*Joash.*—An unknown woman, who told not her name, and has not since been seen.

"*Athaliah.*—But who watched you in your infancy?

"*Joash.*—Does God ever permit His children to perish? He gives food to the young birds: His goodness extends throughout the universe.

"*Athaliah.*—What then are your pleasures?

"*Joash.*—Sometimes at the altar I present to the high priest the incense or the salt; I hear sung the infinite grandeur of God. I behold the glorious pomp of His ceremonies.

"*Athaliah.*—What! You have no more pleasing amusements? I pity the sad fate of a child like you. Come into my palace: you shall behold my splendour.

"*Joash.*—I should forget there the mercies of God.

"*Athaliah.*—No! I would not force you to forget them.

"*Joash.*—You do not pray to him.

"*Athaliah.*—You could pray to him.

"*Joash.*—Nevertheless I should hear another invoked.

"*Athaliah.*—I serve my own God; you could serve yours: they are both powerful divinities.

"*Joash.*—Mine only should be feared; He alone is God. Yours, lady, is nothing.

"*Athaliah.*—With me pleasures would crowd around you.

"*Joash.*—The happiness of the wicked flows away like a torrent."

Having succeeded neither in seducing Joash, nor in eliciting from him any information, Athaliah quitted the temple, but with a project of vengeance in her heart, of which she did not long delay the execution. In the year 870 before Christ, she pillaged the temple of the Lord, to adorn the altars of Baal.

Then Jehoiada gathered together the Levites, and the chiefs of the fathers of Israel. It was the feast of Pentecost: he presented to them his pupil, Joash, clad in royal robes, and with the diadem on his brow, and in the presence of the holy assembly, he consecrated him King. Soon, the acclamations of the people responded to the shouts of victory from the Levites collected in the house of the Lord; they rushed in crowds to the temple of the idol; the altar of Baal was destroyed, the Queen Athaliah massacred, and the son of Ahaziah, solemnly recognized by the nation, ascended the throne of his fathers.

A submissive pupil of the High Pri[illegible] so long as that holy pontiff lived, Joash was a model of justice and piety; but after the death of Jehoiada, whose days the Lord had prolonged to the age of a hundred and thirty years, the King of Judah trampled upon religion and the laws. In a moment of pride and passion, he caused Zachariah, the son of his benefactor, to be stoned, and afterwards, through cowardice, yielded up the treasures of the temple to Hazael, King of Syria. To punish him, God afflicted him with an incurable sickness, and some time afterwards, this wicked prince was assassinated by two officers whom he had loaded with favours.

The crime of his assassins is detestable, no doubt, but these two perfidious servants did not show themselves more ungrateful to their benefactor than he himself had proved to the family of Jehoiada.

According to the custom of ancient times, the Jews made use of the right they possessed of judging their kings after death; and they refused to Joash the honours of sepulture.

Louis the Seventeenth.

Born, 1785—died, 1795.

WHATEVER be the source of crime, whether its object be the interests of a throne, or the security of a state, it is at all times odious, impious, and revolting; it is in fact, always crime; posterity cannot absolve those who have perpetrated it: it is in vain to seek shelter behind the imposing pretexts of royal will, or popular sovereignty; history will always see in it a victim to pity, and executioners to brand with infamy. Revenge is no more the right of a nation than of an individual; nor is the crime of all more justifiable than the crime of one. If the voice of the people be, as it is said, the voice of God, it is when it proclaims the laws of truth and justice; but the slaughter of a child is not justice, and crime is always an error.

The history I am about to relate has added another stain of blood to that terrible epoch in which humanity has so much to deplore, and national pride so many glorious deeds to boast. Thank Heaven, ye who are young; ye who reap the harvest which your fathers have watered with their blood and their tears! Thank

Heaven, ye whose robe of innocence has lost nothing of its purity; but pity those who have lived at a time in which it was not always granted even to men born to virtue, to emerge with clean hands, and pure hearts, from that long revolutionary ordeal.

FIRST EPOCH.—THE DAUPHIN.

In a retired corner of the park of Versailles there was a little garden, carefully kept, dug, and watered, all the flowers of which seemed to blossom with delight, under the hands of a little gardener of between six and seven years of age, who cultivated this small enclosure. Early every morning, the proprietor of this tiny domain came to gather his loveliest roses and sweetest stocks, to form a nosegay: he allowed no one to assist him, for this nosegay was destined for his mother. On awaking, the Queen Marie Antoinette always found by her side the flowers which her son had placed there for her. The child, concealed behind a curtain, beheld her smile as she looked upon his early present, and the more pleased she seemed, the happier he felt. Then, darting from his hiding-place, he came to receive his reward—a kiss; and this kiss was so precious to him, that neither hail nor rain ever prevented him from visiting his little garden in order to merit his recompense. "One day," says the Duc de Maillé, "when the sun was very hot, I saw

His Highness the Dauphin digging with such zeal around a Spanish jessamine, that large drops of perspiration fell from his forehead. I wanted to call the gardener, to spare the young prince a labour which exhausted him. "No, let me do it," replied His Royal Highness, laughing; "I want to make these flowers grow myself, so that they may be more pleasing to mama, who loves them better because I cultivate them."

Many pleasing anecdotes are related of the kindness of heart of the royal gardener. He had a pretty little dog named Mouflet, of which he was very fond. After his mother and his flowers, all his cares were bestowed upon Mouflet; and his greatest amusement was to play with him in the beautiful walks of the park. Madame de Tourzel, his governess, alarmed at seeing him run so fast, said to the Queen, "He will fall!"

"He must learn to fall," replied Marie Antoinette.

"But he might hurt himself."

"He must learn to suffer," added the Queen; but little did she think that the poor child would have to serve so long and so cruel an apprenticeship to suffering.

The young Prince was not at all times equally obedient and studious. One day, when it was necessary to punish him for his indocility, no better means of correction were found than to deprive him of

the society of his dear Mouflet. The little dog was shut up in a closet, whence the young Prince could hear him; but, alas! they could not see each other, and this was a sad privation for Mouflet also, for he was very fond of his master. At first the little dog began to whine, and then to growl; then he commenced scraping at the door, and ended by making a frightful noise—so much so, that the Dauphin, his heart filled with grief, ran to the Queen with tears, saying,—

"Mama, Mouflet is very miserable; and yet it is not he who has been naughty: he ought not to be punished. If you will let him out, I will put myself in his place, and remain there as long as you please."

The request was granted, Mouflet was liberated, and the little Dauphin remained without a murmur in the dark closet, until his mother thought fit to release him.

Like all children of his age, he did not always succeed in aptly applying the maxims which he heard. One day, when he was running between a double fence of rose-trees, he was very near falling into the midst of one of the bushes.

"Take care," said the Queen: "those thorns might scratch your face, and put out your eyes."

"Dear mama," he replied, in a decided tone, "thorny paths lead to glory."

"That is a beautiful maxim," replied the Queen, "but you have mistaken its meaning. What glory would there be in putting your eyes out for the mere pleasure of running and playing? If it were to extricate some one from danger, then there might be glory in so doing; but in the present instance, it would only be an act of folly. Speak not of glory, my child, until you are able to read the history of those heroes who have defended France at the price of their fortunes and their blood."

The Dauphin blushed, cast down his eyes in confusion, and for a moment he seemed to reflect; then, kissing the hand of his mother with respect, he replied—

"Well, mama; all my glory shall consist in loving you, in obeying you, and in following your advice."

Soon a terrible day arrived. The Bastile fell beneath the cannon of the Parisians, and the will of the people led back to the Tuileries the King and his family. It was necessary to bid farewell to the beautiful palace of Versailles; to that little garden, so carefully cultivated; to those poor flowers, which would now die for want of care. To console the child, they told him that he should have others in Paris.

"They will not be my own," he replied.

"You shall have more beautiful ones."

"They will not be more beautiful to me, for I shall not have watered them."

Unhappy descendant of sixty-six kings! he grieved for his flowers, and it was a crown which he was about to lose.

Still, at the Tuileries, also, he had his little garden. At the end of the wide terrace of the château a little enclosure was railed off for him, in which he worked every day under the surveillance of a detachment of the National Guard. At first the escort was small, and he made them all enter with him; and, distributing his flowers to them with artless grace, he often said—

"I would give you many more, but I have a mama who is very fond of them."

By degrees, the guard of the young Prince was increased, and his garden became too small to permit all of them to enter his domain. This led him one day to observe to those who crowded round the palisade,—

"I am very sorry, gentlemen, that my garden is so small, as it deprives me of the pleasure of admitting you all inside."

The prison of the royal family was still vast: it extended as far as the barriers of Paris. The Queen took frequent walks with her son, and especially visited the charitable institutions of the city. They often went to the Foundling Hospital; and two foot-

men, holding large open purses, followed the Dauphin, who, going through the dormitories, stopped before each bed to deposit an offering. On leaving this asylum of the unfortunate, after their first visit, his first words were—

"When shall we come again?"

A short time previous to the fatal 20th of June, which was to conduct to the prison of the Temple Louis the Sixteenth and his family, a woman entered the Dauphin's garden, and presented to him a petition:—

"Your Royal Highness," she said; "if I could but obtain the favour I seek, I should be as happy as a queen."

The child took the paper, and looking at the poor woman, with a mournful expression, said—

"'Happy as a queen!' I know a queen who is very good, and who, nevertheless, does nothing but weep all day long."

It is not for us to judge, in this place, either the good or the evil of that day which decided the fate of the monarchy: we will merely say, that on that day there was a king outraged, a wife—a queen—insulted, and children who threw themselves weeping into the arms of their trembling mother—that noble Queen for whose blood her enemies thirsted. We speak of the 20th of June 1792. On that day armed insur-

rection pointed its cannons even at the [illegible] of the royal guards. The son of Louis the Sixteenth, no longer heir to a throne—for royalty was abolished—participated in all the fears and dangers of that day; and when on the succeeding one he again heard the call to arms around the château, he rushed, terrified, into his mother's arms, exclaiming, "Mama, is yesterday not over yet?"

No! for that same yesterday lasted till the 10th of the following August, and the next day the royal family were prisoners in the tower of the Temple.

SECOND EPOCH.—THE PRISONER.

We have now entered on that long series of woes, during which we have to walk in blood; on that period in which at every step we stumble against a scaffold; in which, in a word, the executioner can no longer number the heads that fall—so zealously does the revolution furnish him with victims. Others have undertaken the task of consigning to execration those who called into play the instrument of death—of awakening tears of pity for those who died courageously in a struggle in which the adversaries who wielded omnipotent power did not leave even the weapon of speech to those whom they challenged to the combat; it is only the torture of a child that we have to describe.

He was still in that golden age in which he could not understand the whole extent of his misfortune, and his greatest sorrow was to witness the grief and tears of his two mothers, "Mama the Queen, and Mama Elizabeth." In his prison in the Temple, as well as in the park of Versailles and the garden of the Tuileries, he had his little enclosure; and though his flowers often wanted sun, still a few blossoms smiled beneath his care.

The King who, even by the confession of his enemies, possessed all the virtues of a good father of a family, devoted his whole attention to the education of his son; he delighted to exercise that young intelligence, which had already, on more than one occasion, attracted observation by his ingenious repartees and singular vivacity of mind. Thus, as the Dauphin and his father were one day playing at skittles, it so happened that Louis the Sixteenth had played several games without being able to mark more than sixteen points.

"This number sixteen is a very unlucky one," said the King.

"Alas! we all suffer for it," replied the child, "but we must hope that it will end by winning the game."

The King rose daily at six o'clock in the morning to prepare the lessons intended for his son. At ten o'clock

the prisoners of the Temple assembled in the Queen's apartment, and devoted themselves to study. These hours were still hours of happiness for the captives, and so long as the lesson lasted, each one seemed to forget his past greatness and future dangers; but, alas! too often were these quiet domestic scenes disturbed by the tumult from without. Cries of death, resounding from the streets, but too well reminded the royal victims that after the sacrifice of their throne and liberty, they had not even the right of counting upon their lives.

It was in these agonizing moments that the courage of Louis the Sixteenth increased with danger. That courage which consisted solely in knowing how to suffer, enabled him to oppose a calm face to the storm which threatened him, and to reassure by his tranquillity a wife, a sister, and two children, from whom the experience of the past, and the danger of the present, constantly drew forth heart-rending lamentations.

When the new subject of terror had passed away, Louis the Sixteenth endeavoured to make them forget it by proposing enigmas to his son, and the ingenuous replies of the royal child once more restored cheerfulness to those countenances so often furrowed with tears.

"Charles," said the King to him one day, "what

is that which is black and white, and does not weigh an ounce; which flies night and day like the wind, and tells a thousand things without ever speaking?"

"I think it is a horse," replied the Dauphin.

"A horse, Charles! are you thinking?"

"Certainly, papa; cannot a horse be black and white?"

"Most assuredly!"

"Well; and a horse runs swiftly, and never speaks."

"That's true again, my boy; but a horse weighs a little more than an ounce, and repeats no news."

"Wait a moment, papa! I think I have it: 'tis the *newspaper!*" And having guessed it, the young prince laughed so heartily that all around him participated in his mirth.

"Well, I will give you another," continued the King. "What is the name of the most interesting, the most noble, and the most beautiful lady in the world?"

"It is mama!" exclaimed the Dauphin, with great animation, throwing himself into the arms of the Queen.

"A moment, Charles: I have not finished," continued his father; "hear me to the end. I ask you then, what is the name of the most interesting, the most noble, and the most beautiful lady in the world,

and who yet repels and makes every one fly from her?"

Here the young Prince was less eager to reply; he scratched his ear, and leaned towards his sister, who softly whispered to him: "It is truth."

"Papa, it is TRUTH," boldly replied the Dauphin; "but to tell you the whole of it, I must own that it was not I who guessed that one."

Thus did they beguile the hours of recreation, when the weather did not permit him to play in the court-yard of the Temple prison. This time, which was so well regulated that the greatest portion of it was devoted to study, without the master becoming fatigued with teaching or the pupil with learning, passed away at last; then came the winter; then the year 1793 opened! Never had the Dauphin witnessed so many tears: his most ingenuous remarks no longer called forth the faintest smile. They never spoke to him of the great misfortune that was preparing for him, and the firm and courageous bearing of his father excited no suspicion in his mind.

The 20th of January arrived; when they came to announce to Louis the Sixteenth the sentence of death, he was absorbed in profound meditation. At the approach of his advocate, M. de Malherbes, he rose from his chair.

"M. de Malherbes," he said, "for the last two

hours I have been endeavouring to call to mind whether I have ever merited from my subjects the faintest reproach, and I swear to you in the truth of my heart, as one about to appear before his God, that the happiness of my people has been my unceasing desire, and that I have never formed a wish at variance with it." Thus spoke the man to whom France was indebted for the creation of the ports of Vendres and Cherbourg, and the restoration of its navy; to whom North America owed a generous assistance; the man who had repressed the ambition of Joseph the Second, in his enterprises against Bavaria and Holland; and who, in the exercise of absolute power, had never to reproach himself with a single vice, or one sanguinary deed; the man who, on the evening preceding his condemnation, had sent these words to the faithful servants who were ready to sacrifice their lives for him:—

"I should never pardon you were there one drop of blood shed on my account. I refused to shed it when, perhaps, it might have preserved my throne and life; I do not repent of this: no, I do not repent!"

M. de Malherbes left him, and the King demanded to see his family.

What pen can describe the scene of this mournful parting! It is no longer a king — it is a

brother, a husband, a father, who is about to die, and who speaks for the last time to his sister, to his wife, and to his children. There are sublime griefs, before which we must be silent and weep. Let us, then, only picture to ourselves Louis the Sixteenth, surrounded by his family, and under the gaze of his jailors. The Queen is on his left hand, Madame Elizabeth on his right, the Princess Royal seated opposite to him, and the young Dauphin, who as yet knows nothing of what is to happen on the morrow, has just placed himself between his father's knees, not daring to inquire, except by his looks, what is the cause of the sobs he hears, and why so many tears are shed by eyes which have wept so much already.

As if to add to this picture, of itself so heart-rending, the public criers, assembled in front of the tower of the Temple, announce, with a loud voice, the sentence of death, and proclaim the hour of the sacrifice; then did the young Prince perceive the whole extent of his misery; he turned pale, trembled from head to foot, and grinding his teeth, uttered these artless words:—

"Oh, no! they will not hurt papa, for papa has never hurt them."

All at once the child rushed from the room, pushing back the municipal officers who guarded the door. They stopped him, and asked where he was running to.

"I am going to speak to the people!" he cried.

"That is impossible: you cannot go out!"

"I entreat you!" he continued, clasping his hands. "Let me go and throw myself on my knees before the people, and implore them not to kill papa."

A municipal officer led him back to the apartment, and nothing less than the stern command of his father could restrain the child, who was a prey to the most violent despair.

THIRD EPOCH.—THE KING.

The Queen was a widow, and her children orphans. For a long time after this mournful catastrophe, the prisoners of the Temple could find no solace but in yielding to their grief for him whom they had lost. Nevertheless it was necessary that the mother should undertake the education of her son and daughter, and aided and encouraged by Madame Elizabeth, she devoted herself entirely to these duties. When the hours dedicated to serious study had passed, they sought relaxation in a game, which the King had invented for his son; it was Geographical Loto. The names of towns were drawn from a little bag, and afterwards indicated by counters on a map; the winning of the game consisted in being the first to cover five names of cities, and the winner had to repeat from memory, the history of the principal events which had taken place in them. One

order to enable her to read this paper she glanced over it, and found it to be a plan for the escape of herself and children. The plan, which was clearly explained, seemed to her wonderfully conceived; she hastily concealed the paper; but Paris approaching her, said, "Madame, do you consent? We are ready!"

In fact, it was this man, so repulsive in appearance, who had conceived a scheme for their deliverance, and was ready to carry it out at the risk of his life.

At first the captives yielded to all the illusions which hope now held out to them. For some days, their hearts once more opened to joy, their nights were more calm, and they had some moments of true happiness. But all this was of brief duration; the guards of the prison were doubled, the surveillance became more rigorous. "We have had a happy dream, and that is all!" said the Queen. Her son was torn from her arms, the Princess Royal was even separated from her young brother, and Marie Antoinette was sent to the scaffold, to which she was followed, a few months later, by the sister of Louis the Sixteenth.

When the child was separated from his mother, he inquired of the municipal officers who surrounded him, by what law they prevented him from weeping in the same prison with her who had given him birth. A man immediately placed himself before him, and raising his arm as if to strike the boy,

exclaimed, — "Silence, Capet! we are [illegible] of reasoners."

This man was the shoemaker, Simon, the new jailer of the young King, for all Europe had saluted the Prince by the name of Louis the Seventeenth; but in France, the Tricoteuses and the populace only called him the "Wolf's Cub." Confided to the care of this man, or rather, surrendered to his brutality, he had no longer even the consolation of study. Simon hated books; he tore up and threw away all those belonging to the prisoner, and the only recreation he allowed him was the permission to read a large placard entitled *The Rights of Man.*

Simon disliked walking, and forbade the young king, for the future, to walk in the prison garden. Simon hated birds, and banished from the prisoner's room two tame canaries, which Madame Elizabeth had brought up for her nephew. But Simon loved drink, and often sat himself down to it, and holding out his glass, said—"Now then, Capet, come, pour me out some wine."

The child had great difficulty in accustoming himself to such language; but the slightest murmur was so severely punished, that he was obliged to resign himself to the menial offices which, by dint of ill-treatment, had been taught him by this terrible [illegible] of equality.

Simon was sometimes in a merry mood, and began to sing, but he did not like to sing alone; and though he knew nothing beyond those frightful ballads which the populace were accustomed to howl around the guillotine, the young King had no alternative but to join in chorus with him, if he wished to escape a beating. Simon was a light sleeper at night; the slightest sound awakened him; but, as he did not find it agreeable to be awake alone, he rudely shook the little King, saying, "Are you asleep, Capet?" and compelled the child to answer him.

Simon hated religion, and had expressly forbidden his prisoner ever to pray to God, under pain of severe punishment. One evening he surprised the child kneeling, with clasped hands, by the side of his little bed.

"Tell me what you are doing there; tell me, Capet, or I'll kill you."

The young King acknowledged that he was repeating a short prayer which his mother had taught him.

Simon immediately seized hold of him by the arm, and threw him into a dark closet, in which, for several days, he was allowed nothing but bread and water.

Simon's wife was sometimes moved with pity, on beholding the sufferings of this hapless child. Unknown to her husband, she endeavoured to ameliorate his condition, and procure him some little pleasure. She once ventured to hint to his terrible jailor, that

it was inhuman not to [illegible] a single plaything.

"He shall have one to-morrow," replied Simon; "you are right: children need to be amused."

The following day he brought the young King a little guillotine. Horror-struck, the child hid his eyes in his hands, exclaiming, "I will not touch it; I would rather die first!"

Simon rushed upon him, a fire-dog in his hand, and had it not been for the intervention of M. Nouding, the surgeon in attendance on his wife, who was then ill in bed, the victim would have ceased to suffer from the brutal passions of his executioner.

Two days afterwards, when the surgeon returned to visit his patient, the child ran to him, and presenting him with a pear, of which he had deprived himself at his supper, he said to him—

"I have nothing but this fruit to testify to you my gratitude; pray accept it: you will give me so much pleasure!"

Was Simon ashamed of his conduct towards that innocent being? Was it from remorse that he demanded his discharge? For the honour of humanity we must trust that it was. At all events, the municipality permitted him to resign his office of governor, for such was the title assumed by the shoemaker, in presence of the young King.

Louis the Seventeenth was removed to another prison; his allowance of air was diminished; his window was narrower, its iron bars closer together, and they were masked inside with osier hurdles. The care of keeping his clothes and his person clean, was left entirely to himself. They sealed, as it were, the doors of his dungeon, and it was through a narrow loophole that they passed to him the pitcher of water—too heavy for his feeble arms—and the coarse food which was rigidly measured out for the day. Condemned to a hopeless solitude, without strength to make his bed, or any one to change its coverings, which were falling into rags, he gradually approached the last stage of want and misery. Two guards watched at his door, but they never spoke to him; only when the child, almost frozen, laid down in his clothes, which scarcely hung upon his body, to try to regain a little warmth, one of the guards, uneasy at not hearing him move, called out to him, "Capet, where are you?" the young King awoke with a start, and leaving his bed, replied, with a trembling voice, "Citizen, I am here; what do you want with me?" The jailor, satisfied with this answer, retired, leaving the poor child to seek in sleep forgetfulness of his misery. At last, his intellect gave way; his back became bent, as if with the weight of years; all his moral powers forsook him; one sentiment alone remained—it was

gratitude, not for the good which he received, but for the evil he was spared. Chabot, a member of the National Convention, had said in full assembly, "It is for an apothecary to deliver France from the son of Capet!" They had no need to add the crime, or rather the blessing, of poison, to the tortures they had already made him endure; yes, we repeat it, the blessing, for amongst executioners he is the most humane who destroys the most quickly.

Louis the Seventeenth died on the 1st of June 1795, just as he had entered his eleventh year. Before eternally closing his eyes, he looked round for his mother and his aunt. He saw them not; but he went to that world where he knew he should meet them. Then, in the words of the poet—

"Voices were heard singing in the clouds:
'Young spirit, God smiles upon thy artless glory;
Come, return to his arms, never more to leave them.
And ye who sing the praises of the Most High,
Seraphim, Prophets, Archangels,
Bow—for he is a King; exult, for he is a martyr!'"

Napoleon the Second.

Born, 1811—died, 1832.

As he himself said, during the last days of his last illness, the two greatest events of his life were his birth and his death.

His cradle and his tomb—these are the only two monuments that will remain to him, in the memories of men; but around that cradle crowded the hopes of the greatest empire on the earth; and it may be said that a worship descended with him to the tomb.

Napoleon the Second never reigned over us; he was but three years old when he left France; he has done nothing for her—nothing, at all events, has he given her but his aspirations. Nevertheless, his place is so well marked in the long line of her kings, that history will retain him there, as if he had actually worn the crown.

You will learn from other sources, my children, what was at that time the imperial policy, and why the Emperor Napoleon was so ambitious to have a

son who should be the equal, by birth, of the other sovereigns of Europe.

At that period, the people, possessing a superstitious belief in the destiny of their Emperor, imagined that he was guided by a visible star in all his great enterprises. This prejudice was founded on the invariably fine weather which seemed to obey the will of the master, in order to render his fêtes more brilliant: they said, "He wishes for a new victory, and he will have it;" they also said, "He wishes for a son;" and in fact, on the 20th of March 1811, a fourth dynasty took possession of the throne of Clovis.

Those only who lived during that glorious period of the Empire, can describe the agitation of Paris during the night which preceded the birth of the imperial prince. The inhabitants of the Tuileries alone knew what was the anxiety of the Emperor during that sleepless night, and how that father, who trembled with joy at the mere thought of the babe he was about to welcome, thrust back into his heart all his cherished hopes, in order to exclaim with noble firmness, "Save the mother!" when told that the life either of the mother or the child must be sacrificed.

Thanks to the skill of the learned Dr. Dubois, both the Empress and her son were saved; but for ten

minutes, it was a matter of doubt whether the new-born infant was living or dead. At length he uttered his first cry. That cry, my children, was instantly re-echoed by a hundred and one guns. Immediately, all the church bells responded, the great bell of Notre Dame resounding above them all. At this signal, hundreds of couriers were despatched in every direction. A balloon ascended from the Champ de Mars, and the intrepid aëronaut, Madame Blanchart, hovering over the different villages around Paris, scattered by hundreds, pieces of money and bulletins, announcing to the inhabitants the birth of the Emperor's son. That same evening, all France had heard the great news; and all her windows blazed with a universal illumination.

The child to whom so glorious a destiny was promised, increased in health and strength from day to day, to the great joy of his father. The Emperor delighted to play with his son, and in these pleasing pastimes forgot the cares of greatness. In seeing him roll with him on the carpet, carry him in his arms, or cradle him upon his knees, the great Emperor was forgotten; the fond father alone was manifest. We have little to relate of the three first years of the young Napoleon; he was like all other children of his age; and we must believe that the etiquette and the respectful attentions with which little princes are sur-

the child had b[illegible]y good, and had been promised a reward for [illegible] docility, he asked, as the greatest favour, to be allow[illegible] to go and play in the mud, with the little boys whom he saw through the windows of his palace of Saint Cloud.

The following anecdotes will be sufficient to make known the character of this child, who was destined to become more celebrated by his name than by his deeds.

He was generally docile; nevertheless he sometimes threw himself into violent passions. One day, when he was rolling on the ground, Madame de Montesquiou, his governess, closed the windows and the shutters; the child, forgetting his rage, immediately asked her why she did so.

"For fear you should be heard," she replied.

"Oh! then, I must not cry?"

"And still less scream; do you think the French would wish to have a Prince like you, if they knew that you yielded to these bursts of passion?"

"Do you think they heard me?"

"Certainly."

"I am very sorry—forgive me, Mama Quiou"—such was his name for Madame de Montesquiou—"I will never do so again."

On another occasion, while amusing himself by watching the passers-by, he perceived beneath the

window at which he was standing with his governess, a woman in mourning, carrying a little boy, between three and four years of age, also dressed in black. The child held in his hand a paper, which, from a distance, he showed to the young Prince, as if he wanted to give it to him.

"Why is that poor little boy dressed all in black?" inquired the King of Rome.

"Doubtless, because his father is dead," replied his governess.

The young Prince instantly manifested a desire to speak to the little petitioner, and Madame de Montesquiou ordered that the mother and child should be sent for. They were introduced into the presence of the son of Napoleon, who having learned that the lady was the widow of an officer, killed in the preceding campaign, took charge of the petition, promising to present it to the Emperor.

The following day, at the hour in which it was customary for the King of Rome to pay his respects to his father, he said while kissing him—at the same time presenting the petition of his protégé—

"Here, papa—here is the petition of a little boy dressed all in black, and whose papa died on your account; he wants a pension for his mama, for she is very sad."

"The deuce!" exclaimed the Emperor. "You

giving pensions already? It is excellent."

The order for the pension was despatched during the day, with directions to the treasury to pay to the widow a year's arrears.

There was living at that time a noble and benevolent woman, named the Empress Josephine, the first wife of Napoleon, a model of resignation, who had descended from the throne, to make way for Maria Louisa, when the Emperor desired to have a son of his own blood. Josephine wished to see her husband's child; she begged Napoleon to grant her this interview, and he yielded to her prayer, but in secret, in order that no feeling of jealousy might be excited in the breast of the mother.

The interview took place at Bagatelle; the Emperor wished to accompany his son. At the sight of the child, Josephine experienced a profound emotion: she took him on her knees, and kissed him with true maternal tenderness, whilst the little Prince played with a jewel that she wore.

"That's beautiful!" said he, "but if you gave it to a poor man, he would be rich, would he not, madame?"

"No doubt, dear child."

"Well, I saw a poor man in the wood, shall I tell him to come? He wants a good coat, and I have not money."

"The Emperor would gladly gratify you, if your Imperial Highness were to ask him for his purse."

"That has already been done, madame—he gave it me on leaving Paris; but as you seem so very good, I thought you would do what is so natural."

Josephine promised to take care of the poor man, and exhorted the child to say nothing of this interview, which was to remain a secret.

"Do not fear, madame, I shall say nothing, for I love you; but will you not come to see me at the Tuileries, if I am very good."

"That is impossible," replied Josephine, bursting into tears.

"Why so, since both papa and I wish it?"

Not only was Josephine unable to see the young Prince at the Tuileries, but she was even obliged to give up her visits to Bagatelle; for Maria Louisa, having been informed of this interview, entreated the Emperor not to renew it.

The reign of Napoleon was drawing to a close. After the disastrous affair at Leipsic, the Emperor returned to Paris, to make another appeal to the devotion of the nation. Previous to his last departure for the army, he gave audience at the Tuileries to the officers of the Parisian national guard; there, having the Empress by his side, and holding by the hand the little King of Rome, then three years of age, he said

to the officers who surrounded him, "In leaving the capital, I leave with confidence, under your protection, both the Empress and the King of Rome, my wife and my son, on whom are placed all our hopes. I leave you all that is most dear to me in the world—after France—and I place them in your hands with confidence." At these words a thousand arms were raised to take the oath to defend this precious deposit.

The Emperor embraced his wife and his son, and this embrace was the last they ever received from him.

The 29th March, 1814, the allied armies being at the gates of Paris, the Empress left the capital at ten o'clock in the morning with the intention of going to Blois, where the council of Regency was to be established. They mentioned nothing to the young Prince, beyond a mere pleasure excursion, such as he was in the habit of making to St. Cloud, or Fontainebleau; but, as if the child really understood that it was a crown he was abandoning, he rolled upon the ground, and clinging to the furniture exclaimed, "I will remain in my papa's house; I will not leave my château of the Tuileries."

They were obliged to use force, in order to place him in the carriage with the Empress.

As they passed through Orleans, at which town the royal fugitives stopped for a short time, some of the

children of the nobility were admitted into the presence of the King of Rome. The little Prince distributed some bonbons amongst them, saying with a mournful gravity, "I would gladly give you more, if I had them; but that horrid King of Prussia has taken everything from me."

They were soon compelled to leave Blois, and then France. While on their journey, the little King of Rome, who was travelling in a separate carriage with his governess, one day observed to her, "Ah! I see that I am no longer the little King, for I have no pages now."

Thus did the Imperial Prince commence his apprenticeship in misfortune. Six months later, he was subjected to a trial still more severe. The French attendants, who had obtained permission to accompany the Empress to the Château of Schœnbrunn, to which she and her son had been sent, received orders to return to France; Madame de Montesquiou alone remained with her august pupil. It was in that same fortress of Schœnbrunn, whence Napoleon, as a conqueror, had dated his imperial decrees, that his wife and son were prisoners, guarded by Austrian soldiers. However, Francis of Austria, the grandfather of the King of Rome, and especially Prince Charles, frequently visited the captives. A few of the general officers were also admitted into the presence of the Empress and her son.

One day a visitor was announced in the person of the Prince de Ligne. At this name, the child, who was well aware of the defection of his father's allies, exclaimed—

"Do not receive him, mama, for he is one of those villanous generals who have betrayed papa!"

However, this aversion of the young Prince to a man eminently distinguished by his talents, could not but soon yield to the irresistible amiability of the Prince de Ligne. At the end of half-an-hour, the child and the old Field-Marshal were the best friends in the world.

It was to the Prince de Ligne, that Napoleon the Second one day observed, on seeing the funeral procession of General Belmott pass by, "That is a splendid funeral!"

"At my death you will see something very different," gaily replied the Prince de Ligne, "for the funeral of a field-marshal is the most magnificent sight possible, of this kind."

"And, at mine," replied the young Napoleon, "what will it be?"

"That, no one knows."

"You are right," added the child with a most mournful smile: "perhaps there will not be anyone."

The letters which the Emperor Napoleon sent to his

wife, only reached her unsealed; some even were suppressed, and finally all. She knew not whether her husband might not be dangerously ill; she might even believe him dead! Meanwhile, however, the Emperor had escaped from Elba; he was again in Paris, and had a second time conquered the throne; but it was no longer in his power to regain his wife and son.

Reports were circulated both in the palace of Vienna, and at Schœnbrunn, relative to the miraculous return of the Emperor to his capital; but these reports did not reach the ears of Maria Louisa. However, one night, while the child was asleep, he was awakened by his mother, who covered him with tears and kisses. The young Napoleon opened his eyes and looked at her with alarm, for he was not accustomed to see her on his first waking. "What is the matter, mama?" he said.

Maria Louisa bent over him and softly whispered, "The Emperor is in Paris!"

"Papa is at the Tuileries!" replied the child, "then we shall go to him?"

"Yes; but you must be silent."

Napoleon the Second did preserve his secret, for he had given his promise to his mother. Day after day passed away; the disaster of Waterloo came; and the departure of Napoleon for St. Helena was at lengtl made known at Schœnbrunn.

In pronouncing the definitive dethronement of Napoleon the First, the legislative body had proclaimed Napoleon the Second Emperor of the French. The sovereigns of Europe, fearing lest the young prince should be led to entertain hopes which would never be realised, required of the Emperor Francis of Austria that the son should be separated from his mother, and that no Frenchman should remain in his suite. Maria Louisa set out for Parma, with the title of Grand-Duchess, and Madame de Montesquiou was obliged to return to France.

"Mama Quiou," said the child, as he embraced her at the moment of parting, "oh! how I should like to go with you, but grandpapa says it is impossible; rest assured, however, that when I am grown up I will go to see you in France, and I will go all alone!"

The day he was to take leave of his mother, he accompanied her to the imperial palace at Vienna. Up to that time he had always been addressed by the titles of *Sire, Your Majesty;* therefore, when he was ushered into the presence of his grandfather, and heard the announcement of his Highness the Duke de Reichstadt—

"Who is this new Duke?" he inquired.

"It is yourself, my lord: this is the new title the Emperor Francis has conferred upon you."

"And why? Is it not better to be King of Rome? I prefer being called the King of Rome as hitherto."

"But, your grace, that is impossible now."

"And why? I want to know why?"

At that moment the Emperor Francis advanced to meet his grandson; he took him in his arms, caressed him, and promised to satisfy his curiosity, but at a later period, and if he was very good.

By degrees the new Duke became reconciled to the title, which had at first been a source of grief to him; but as care had been taken to surround him with amiable and distinguished men, he ceased for a time to feel his misfortune.

The belief, generally entertained, that the education of the young Napoleon was confided to instructors whose mission it was to destroy the germs of good in his character, is erroneous; on the contrary, his mind was carefully cultivated, and so far from imposing any restraint upon his military talents, they gave him the command of a regiment, and his grandfather had him conducted to the battle fields of Austerlitz and Wagram. When twelve years old, he was informed of all the conquests of Napoleon; they sought not to obscure the glory of this great man; they reminded him of what he had himself been, and of what he might have become, had not the fate of arms proved treacherous to

the Emperor; but they also explained to him, that on his resignation depended the happiness and peace of Europe. The Prince submitted, and the second Emperor of the French was no longer, even in his own eyes, anything more than the Duke de Reichstadt.

It would also be erroneous to suppose that they endeavoured to stifle his filial love and respect; they took pleasure in adorning his room with everything that could recall to his mind the illustrious father whom he was never to behold again: and after the death of Napoleon, every year, on the 5th of May, the Imperial Prince accompanied his uncle, the Archduke Charles, to a church in Vienna, where a service in commemoration of this great man was performed. In 1826, a young Frenchman, M. Charles Boudeuil, having demanded an audience of the young Napoleon, endeavoured to excite his ambition, by representing to him France as desolate, and eager for his return: he drew from his bosom a tri-coloured cockade, and offered it to the young Prince as a talisman which would facilitate his passage to the throne. At the sight of the national colours, Napoleon the Second was electrified, and exclaimed with enthusiasm, "Tell the French how deep has been the emotion occasioned by the sight of this tri-coloured cockade which you have presented to me, and assure them of the desire

I feel of showing myself worthy of being the son of the Emperor Napoleon."

This burst of enthusiasm lasted but for a moment, for the young Napoleon was afterwards heard to exclaim, with bitterness, "But, good God! what is it they want to do with me? Do they imagine that I have my father's head?"

It was owing to this attempt on the part of M. Charles Boudeuil that the French, resident at Vienna, were forbidden all access to the Duke de Reichstadt. Nevertheless, the Marechal Marmont, Duke of Ragusa, having solicited the favour of a presentation to the young Prince, although the latter at first manifested a visible repugnance to receive a general officer over whom hung grave suspicions of ingratitude towards his benefactor, he consented to see him. What took place during this interview is unknown; but the young Napoleon, when he accompanied the Marechal from his apartment, finding himself in the midst of the officers of his household, said to them, "Gentlemen, I present to you M. le Marechal de Marmont, one of my father's bravest companions in arms. I know him now; and I can say of him, as of the Chevalier Bayard, 'he is without fear, and without reproach.'"

From the autumn of 1831, the health of the young Napoleon visibly declined: the hopes which he had

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"Yes; but you must be silent."

Napoleon the Second did preserve his secret, for he had given his promise to his mother. Day after day passed away; the disaster of Waterloo came; and the departure of Napoleon for St. Helena was at lengtl made known at Schœnbrunn.

In pronouncing the definitive dethronement of Napoleon the First, the legislative body had proclaimed Napoleon the Second Emperor of the French. The sovereigns of Europe, fearing lest the young prince should be led to entertain hopes which would never be realized, required of the Emperor Francis of Austria that the son should be separated from his mother, and that no Frenchman should remain in his suite. Maria Louisa set out for Parma, with the title of Grand-Duchess, and Madame de Montesquiou was obliged to return to France.

"Mama Quiou," said the child, as he embraced her at the moment of parting, "oh! how I should like to go with you, but grandpapa says it is impossible; rest assured, however, that when I am grown up I will go to see you in France, and I will go all alone!"

The day he was to take leave of his mother, he accompanied her to the imperial palace at Vienna. Up to that time he had always been addressed by the titles of *Sire, Your Majesty;* therefore, when he was ushered into the presence of his grandfather, and heard the announcement of his Highness the Duke de Reichstadt—

"Who is this new Duke?" he inquired.

"It is yourself, my lord: this is the new title the Emperor Francis has conferred upon you."

"And why? Is it not better to be King of Rome? I prefer being called the King of Rome as hitherto."

"But, your grace, that is impossible now."

"And why? I want to know why?"

At that moment the Emperor Francis advanced to meet his grandson; he took him in his arms, caressed him, and promised to satisfy his curiosity, but at a later period, and if he was very good.

By degrees the new Duke became reconciled to the title, which had at first been a source of grief to him; but as care had been taken to surround him with amiable and distinguished men, he ceased for a time to feel his misfortune.

The belief, generally entertained, that the education of the young Napoleon was confided to instructors whose mission it was to destroy the germs of good in his character, is erroneous; on the contrary, his mind was carefully cultivated, and so far from imposing any restraint upon his military talents, they gave him the command of a regiment, and his grandfather had him conducted to the battle fields of Austerlitz and Wagram. When twelve years old, he was informed of all the conquests of Napoleon; they sought not to obscure the glory of this great man; they reminded him of what he had himself been, and of what he might have become, had not the fate of arms proved treacherous to

the Emperor; but they also explained to him, that on his resignation depended the happiness and peace of Europe. The Prince submitted, and the second Emperor of the French was no longer, even in his own eyes, anything more than the Duke de Reichstadt.

It would also be erroneous to suppose that they endeavoured to stifle his filial love and respect; they took pleasure in adorning his room with everything that could recall to his mind the illustrious father whom he was never to behold again: and after the death of Napoleon, every year, on the 5th of May, the Imperial Prince accompanied his uncle, the Archduke Charles, to a church in Vienna, where a service in commemoration of this great man was performed. In 1826, a young Frenchman, M. Charles Boudeuil, having demanded an audience of the young Napoleon, endeavoured to excite his ambition, by representing to him France as desolate, and eager for his return: he drew from his bosom a tri-coloured cockade, and offered it to the young Prince as a talisman which would facilitate his passage to the throne. At the sight of the national colours, Napoleon the Second was electrified, and exclaimed with enthusiasm, "Tell the French how deep has been the emotion occasioned by the sight of this tri-coloured cockade which you have presented to me, and assure them of the desire

I feel of showing myself worthy of being the son of the Emperor Napoleon."

This burst of enthusiasm lasted but for a moment, for the young Napoleon was afterwards heard to exclaim, with bitterness, "But, good God! what is it they want to do with me? Do they imagine that I have my father's head?"

It was owing to this attempt on the part of M. Charles Boudeuil that the French, resident at Vienna, were forbidden all access to the Duke de Reichstadt. Nevertheless, the Marechal Marmont, Duke of Ragusa, having solicited the favour of a presentation to the young Prince, although the latter at first manifested a visible repugnance to receive a general officer over whom hung grave suspicions of ingratitude towards his benefactor, he consented to see him. What took place during this interview is unknown; but the young Napoleon, when he accompanied the Marechal from his apartment, finding himself in the midst of the officers of his household, said to them, "Gentlemen, I present to you M. le Marechal de Marmont, one of my father's bravest companions in arms. I know him now; and I can say of him, as of the Chevalier Bayard, 'he is without fear, and without reproach.'"

From the autumn of 1831, the health of the young Napoleon visibly declined: the hopes which he had

been obliged to stifle, after the Revolution of 1830, were the first cause of that malady which secretly undermined his constitution: he felt his end approaching, and said, "So young! is there then no remedy? My birth and my death; these are the only remembrances I shall leave behind me." He desired that the gilded cradle which had been presented to the Empress by the city of Paris, on the birth of the King of Rome, should be sent to him from Parma. When this cradle was placed beside his death-bed, he admired it with a holy enthusiasm, and said to those who surrounded him, "Behold the emblems of the two extremities of my existence: there is between this bed, which will soon be my tomb, and that beautiful cradle, nothing but my twenty-one years, my name and my misfortunes." And he wept.

At length his mother arrived at Schœnbrunn. She shared with the Archduchess Sophia the care of nursing the dying youth; and a month after her arrival, the young Napoleon expired, after a severe struggle. A few words fell from his lips, as they were about to close for ever:—

"Yes .... without glory ..... for France ..... Oh, my father!"

The regiment of Gustavus Vasa, of which Napoleon the Second had been colonel, still bears, by order of the Emperor Francis, the name of the young Prince.

NAPOLEON THE SECOND. P. 70.

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upon its banners. A long epitaph engraved upon his tomb, contains the imperial titles of his father and his own; but the Duke of Reichstadt himself, a few moments before he expired, composed one more simple: it is as follows:—

"Here lies the son of the great Napoleon:
He was born King of Rome;
He died an Austrian Colonel!!"

Edward the Sixth.

THE LAST OF THE TUDORS.

Born, 1537—died, 1553.

THE last of the Tudors was the son of Henry the Eighth and Jane Seymour. The will of his father called him to the throne, in preference to his sisters, Mary and Elizabeth. He was but seven years of age when Henry the Eighth was summoned to render an account of the numerous crimes of his sanguinary reign. The child who succeeded this bad man upon the throne, was of a delicate constitution; more than once, during his infancy, his life had been threatened by constant illness; but, as a compensation for the weakness of his body, he had received from heaven a strength of mind truly extraordinary. One of the most illustrious writers of his time, Jerome Cardan, speaks of him as a prodigy. He was familiar with the French, Italian, and Latin languages; with geography and mathematics. At the age of fourteen, he corresponded in Greek with his young cousin, the unfortunate Lady Jane Grey, and also addressed to her Italian verses, which displayed at once both

refinement of thought, and beauty of style. He was, says one of his biographers, a gentle, affable, attentive, and industrious child, and, better than all, he possessed an excellent heart. When he was still only Prince Royal, that is to say six years of age, he took great delight in walking about London, attended by his suite. Whenever he met any children meanly clad, he stopped to interrogate them.

"What is your father?" he used to say: "if he is not able to buy you good clothes, mine is rich enough to clothe all the poor people in England; will you take me to your house, and I shall see whether your father wants money, and as I get a great deal, I shall not impoverish myself by giving him some of it."

It was sometimes to the house of a poor mechanic that his guide conducted him; sometimes, also, he went to the house of an officer, ruined by the troubles of the times; everywhere, the presence of the Prince Royal was the harbinger of good fortune. Edward never returned to the palace without having found opportunities of disposing, to good account, of the money he carried with him in his alms-bag. Naturally liberal, he conferred favours with so much grace, that he appeared to be the person benefited, rather than the benefactor. If, by chance, he saw a little boy sorrowful and unoccupied, he would say to him, "Have you no playthings?" and when the child

replied that his parents were too poor to buy him any, "Well, never mind," Edward would say, "I will give you some: at the Court every one strives to make me the prettiest presents; I cannot play with all the toys I receive, but I have a right to do what I like with them; call upon me to-morrow, mention your name to my officers, they will let you pass, and when we have had a good game together, you shall take away whatever you like."

More than one child returned home with something more valuable than a plaything, from his visit to the Prince Royal. Often it was the son of a man imprisoned for debt, or for some breach of military discipline, who was admitted to share in the sports of the young Prince. The family of the prisoner did not fail to profit by this circumstance, to present a petition to Henry the Eighth, through his son. Edward willingly took charge of this petition, and the English Monarch, so notorious for his cruelty, was softened by the prayers of that charming child, who, by his intelligence and gentleness, had acquired a great ascendancy over the heart of his father.

It was towards the commencement of his seventh year, that he ascended the throne of England. He had for his guidance sixteen ministers, or rather sixteen regents, who governed the kingdom in his name. As soon as his reign had commenced, prudence

required that the strictest watch should be kept over him, to preserve him from the criminal attempts of his enemies. There was, then, no more of those happy walks, for it was feared that the partizans of his sisters, Mary and Elizabeth, might attempt the life of the young King; then no more of those merry games with the children of the people; but Edward, who did not forget them, commanded his officers and pages to dispense those benefits which he could no longer bestow in person. Thus did his name become popular; thus did his reputation as a generous Prince spread among the people. But, whilst his early virtues made friends for him, and his wonderful learning increased the number of his admirers, Edward the Sixth was compelled, by ambitious ministers, to sign each day some new death-warrant. His young heart bled; he was now less master of the kingdom than when he had only to intercede with his father, to obtain the pardon of a prisoner. One day he ventured to assert his authority, by refusing to ratify a condemnation; the following day he died by poison.

His death took place on the 6th of July, 1553; he was then not quite sixteen years of age.

Martyr Children.

Nicholas Ferry.

It is of the celebrated Bébé, the King of Poland's dwarf, that we wish now to speak. Although the favourite of a king, we do not hesitate to place him amongst the number of those condemned to an unhappy fate; for is it not a misfortune to feel oneself a man, and yet not to be numbered amongst men?—is it not a misfortune to see other human beings elevate themselves by labour, and gain distinction by the services they render to society, whilst we can neither labour nor be of any service, but must submit to be the sport of others, and a constant object of pity. There were some, perhaps, who envied the lot of the subject of this sketch, for the favour of a sovereign always excites envy; he had admirers no doubt, but the admiration he excited was wanting in everything that could add to the moral dignity of man; it was entirely confined to the extraordinary physical peculiarities of he individual; it was the smallness of his body, the delicacy of his limbs, and the feebleness of his voice,

which excited surprise; people wondered that so frail a creature could manage to exist, just as one wonders to see a work of extreme delicacy come unbroken from the hands of the maker.

Our worthy and ingenious Charles Perrault, that friend of all the children of his age, and of all future ages, would seem, when he wrote the history of Tom Thumb, to have had a presentiment of the existence of Nicholas Ferry, as far, at all events, as the size of our hero is concerned.

The favourite of King Stanislaus was born at Plaines on the 13th of November, 1741. It is said, but we do not vouch for the accuracy of the statement, that the worthy peasant who gave him birth, had always before her eyes, a small wax figure, about six inches in height, representing the infant Saviour in his manger. The historian from whom we borrow this fact adds, that the little Nicholas was in all respects an exact counterpart of this image. The mother had prepared for her infant, pretty dresses and caps of the ordinary size, but none of these things could be made use of; and had it not been that a little girl consented to lend her doll's clothes, nothing would have been found small enough for the tiny proportions of the child. When it became necessary to present Nicholas Ferry at the baptismal font, his parents were much puzzled, for he was so very small that they were

afraid to carry him in their arms. A mother is always ingenious when the preservation and well-being of her child is at stake, and the villager could devise no better means of carrying the little creature, than by making him a bed of tow in her *sabot*, or wooden shoe, and in this manner was he conveyed to the church. The sabot, thus lined, became the cradle of Nicholas Ferry, and at the age of six months it was still large enough for him. His mouth was so small, so very small, that it was several days before they could determine what means to adopt for feeding him; a goat supplied the place of his mother, as nurse to the poor child, and it is but fair to state that the faithful creature manifested a perfectly maternal affection for her nursling. Nicholas, or rather Bébé, for by this name is he generally known, grew very slowly; he was two years old before he began to walk. Then he had some shoes made for him which it is said were but an inch and a half in length, and even then his feet slipped about in them but the village shoemaker, accustomed only to work for waggoners, pretended that it was impossible to make anything smaller, so that for want of better, they were obliged to content themselves with these enormous shoes. When Bébé was six years old, Fame had carried his name as far as the capital of the Duchy of Lorraine. Stanislaus, King of Poland, who

was then residing at Lunéville, expressed a desire to see this extraordinary child. His father came to the court, carrying on his arm a small basket. Stanislaus, surprised at seeing the villager alone, asked why he had not brought his son with him. Father Ferry drew from his basket a little fellow, twenty-two inches in height, and weighing about eight pounds. The tiny creature had a pretty face, his limbs were in perfect proportion to his height, the tone of his voice was not louder than that of a child of a few weeks old; it was with difficulty he articulated, and the syllable he most frequently pronounced was bé . . . bé . . . bé— hence his name of Bébé. The peasant returned home bearing with him a handsome recompense, and considering himself but too happy, in having been able to settle so advantageously a child who, in so poor a family as his own, could only be a source of inconvenience. His wife, however, who possessed a true mother's heart, was not so eager to return thanks to God for the good intentions displayed by the King towards her little Bébé; at all risks she determined to see her son; and though her husband incessantly represented to her that it was neither proper nor civil to be constantly disturbing the King, for the sake of a child of whom his Majesty had promised to take care, the good woman turned a deaf ear; she put on her Sunday clothes, and set off for Lunéville. Although one of

Bébé's historians asserts that the child took the separation from his parents so much to heart that he fell ill, we must agree with another, more serious and exact—the learned Doctor Baude—in saying that this fragile being was almost entirely deprived of the organ of memory; so that when he again beheld his mother, at Lunéville, although but a very short time had elapsed between her visit and his establishment at the palace, the unfortunate dwarf did not recognize her.

The version which displays to us this child endowed with a lively sentiment of filial love, is, doubtless, far more pleasing than the contrary opinion; but a falsehood, even when told for the sake of promoting the interests of morality, is still a falsehood; and the first law we imposed upon ourselves in writing these histories, was not to deviate from truth, or, at all events, to keep as near to it as possible.

The cold reception which Bébé gave his mother, did not result from ingratitude towards her, but from the weakness of his intellect. His recollections did not extend as far back into the past as a fortnight; scarcely did he remember the occurrences of the previous day. This fragile being lived only in the present moment; but then all the kindness of his heart was manifest in the affectionate caresses he bestowed on those who took care of him. Bébé had seen his mother's return without experiencing

any joyful emotion; but when the departure of the good villager became a question, his grief was so intense that then, indeed, they really did tremble for his life.

All the means employed to impart instruction to him were unproductive of any satisfactory result: notwithstanding his good will, he did not even succeed in completely mastering the alphabet; he could only remember the vowels: as to the other letters, all were to him a B. King Stanislaus, who was very fond of him, perceiving that it was impossible to teach him either to read or count, was anxious to take advantage of his taste for music, and therefore gave him a singing and a dancing master. Bébé possessed a correct ear, and beat time with precision; he was therefore taught to dance; but so bad was his memory, that it was only by following the signs of the dancing-master that he succeeded in executing the step, which he was made to repeat every day. The child could form no idea of anything which did not strike his senses; that is to say, his intelligence was only able to understand what he could touch with the hand, or see with the eye, so much so, that it was quite impossible to give him the slightest notion either of religion or morality.

The wretched dwarf, useless upon the earth, was only fit to serve as a plaything to his benefactor, and

therefore the King made use of him as a means of affording to the court numberless amusing surprises. One day, at a grand dinner-party, an enormous pie was placed on the King's table. The guests contemplated this magnificent dish with surprise and admiration. They awaited, not without impatience, the moment when the knife should be put into it. All at once, the crust with which it was covered was forcibly pushed back, and from the sides of this superb piece of pastry leaped forth a warrior, armed from head to foot. This warrior was the dwarf Bébé. After going the round of the table in military style, threatening the guests with the point of his sabre, he returned, and stationed himself as sentinel beside the pie, until the dessert was served. Then, upon a signal from Stanislaus, the miniature warrior was assailed with such a prodigious shower of sweetmeats, that he completely disappeared beneath a heap of bonbons.

Some of the sovereigns of Europe envied Stanislaus the good fortune of possessing such a favourite: attempts were even made to steal him. An emissary of the Empress of Russia was detected in the very act of secreting him in the pocket of his cloak. Stanislaus, fearing lest this attempt might be renewed, assigned him pages, and obliged him to remain a prisoner in the palace. The dwarf found this kind of life so irksome,

that he became a prey to a secret melancholy, which compelled his owner to devise some means of diverting his thoughts. There was made for him a small moveable house, the rooms and furniture of which were proportioned to his size. In it were placed animals of the smallest possible dimensions: there was a greyhound smaller than a squirrel, and two turtle doves, as white as snow, and no bigger than a house-sparrow. Stanislaus being obliged to make a journey to Versailles, took Bébé with him. All the ladies of the court of Louis the Fifteenth disputed the pleasure of nursing him; some even endeavoured to steal him, and more than once he was heard to say to Stanislaus—

"My good friend, that lady there wanted to put me in her pocket and carry me away."

On his return to Lunéville, the King of Poland conceived the singular fancy of making Bébé marry. A young peasant girl from the Pays de Vosges was brought to him; she was named Theresa Souvray, and was about twenty-three inches in height. The betrothment took place, but this was the last fête in which Bébé was able to take any part. He was then twenty-one years of age, and already exhibited all the signs of decrepitude. He was carried to that part of the park where the sun had most power, for there only did he seem in some manner to revive. His body was bent, his voice quite gone, and finally, his reason,

always very weak, totally abandoned him. In this manner he vegetated for two years: at length his last day arrived. By an extraordinary effort of nature, the intellect of the dwarf became developed in his last moments, and manifested itself in reasonings of a superior order.

His mother, who had been sent for to the palace, held him on her lap when he breathed his last. After a long and painful struggle, Bébé recovered his voice sufficiently to say, as he expired—

"Shall I not once more be able to kiss the hand of my kind friend?"

Theresa Souvray, his betrothed, appeared in Paris in 1819, at the theatre of M. Comte. She was then seventy-three years of age.

Nicolette de Foix.

IN one of the towers of the seignorial manor of Châteaubriant, in Brittany, was confined, in an apartment hung with black, and the windows of which were blocked up, an unfortunate lady of about twenty-two years of age: this lady was the Countess of Châteaubriant. Married at the age of fourteen to a cruel and jealous man, her husband, the Count of Châteaubriant, thus condemned her to perpetual captivity, as a punishment for having been, during a few months, the brightest ornament of the court of Francis the First.

"At least," she used to say to him, when by chance he visited his victim—"at least, my lord, restore to me my daughter."

The Count was deaf to her prayers, and he was equally so to those of his daughter, the little Nicolette de Foix, who was also a prisoner, but in another apartment of the château, and who used to say to him—

"At least, papa, restore me to my mother."

Madame de Châteaubriant's only clothing was a single gown, and that a mourning one—her only

nourishment was bread and water; bread and water also was the sole allowance of the little Nicolette, although she had never justified, either by disobedience or any evil tendency, this inconceivable rigour on the part of her father.

Although this treatment was indeed bitter, Madame de Châteaubriant submitted with resignation to her unhappy fate, for she trusted that her daughter would one day be restored to her; but the child, who had given up all hope of being reunited to her tender mother, took this separation so deeply to heart that she resolved to starve herself to death.

The person who acted as jailor to both mother and child, having one day perceived that Nicolette had not touched her bread for two days, went to the Count and informed him of the dreadful design which despair had suggested to his daughter. The Count went to her apartment and threatened her; she replied only in these words:—

"What is the use of beating me to-day, when to-morrow I shall be dead?"

These mournful words disarmed the cruel tyrant; he did not set his daughter at liberty, but, what was a far greater blessing to her, he permitted her to share her mother's dungeon.

What must have been the joy of the wretched captive hitherto condemned to suffer alone, when the door

of the prison opened, and the weak and innocent child to whom she had given birth, came to seek in her embraces a new existence!

The Count never thought of ameliorating the fate of his two victims; the clothes which Nicolette had torn in her moments of despair were in rags, but no others were given to her; the only change made was to increase the daily allowance of the Countess, without, however, improving its quality. After a time, Nicolette's health again returned; she even experienced bursts of joy, which revived the drooping spirits of her mother. Generally it is the parents who console and encourage their sorrowing children, but in this case it was the child who endeavoured to cheer and comfort her who was daily sinking beneath her grief.

Nevertheless the Countess created for herself a soothing occupation, in taking charge of the education of her daughter. As little Nicolette had no amusement but work, and as besides Madame de Châteaubriant was more cheerful, and appeared truly happy, whenever her daughter made any fresh advance, the child applied to her studies with so much zeal, that in a short time she was able both to read and write, and the first use she made of her newly acquired talent, in favour of her mother's deliverance. She wrote

Count of Châteaubriant:—

"You see, papa, that I have become clever; it is to my good mama that I owe the power of being able to write to you. Oh! if you knew how I would bless you, the day you permit mama to leave this horrid black room! I am quite sure she will not long remain in it. I must believe that she has offended you since you are so severe to her, but I think, too, that you offend God, who pardons all who have sinned; now pardon mama, for she has wept quite enough.

"I hear, from our room, the children playing in the woods; it is very long since I have either played or run about: if you will not let us be quite free, permit us at least to walk every day; but first of all, send me some shoes, for I am barefoot.

"Farewell, dear papa, I hope to kiss you very soon, but then you must be kind to us, otherwise, I shall think at last that I ought not to love you at all."

Nicolette's letter was watered by the tears of the Countess; she kissed it with transport, for on it were placed all her hopes. They sent it to the Count, and during the remainder of the day, Nicolette watched beside the door, listening to every footstep, in the hope that the much-wished-for answer would arrive. The day passed, and night came on; the lamp went out,

and the mother and daughter retired to their bed, saying—

"It will come to-morrow."

Their hope was vain; for many to-morrows passed away, and no answer arrived. The child wrote a second letter, then a third, and finally a last one, in which were only these words:—

"Papa, you kill us!"

But it was not Nicolette who felt that she was dying; the efforts which for twenty-two months she had made to subdue her own feelings, in order to divert Madame de Châteaubriant from her grief, prevented her from feeling the ravages which the privation of air was making on her fragile frame. As to the Countess, being no longer able to endure the thought of condemning this child to the horrors of the tomb in which her relentless husband had buried her alive, she had ended by abandoning herself to the deepest melancholy. Nicolette too plainly saw, that notwithstanding all her efforts to console her mother, she could not struggle with a sorrow so overwhelming; she ceased, therefore, to feign a cheerfulness, which was no longer of any avail, and her malady grew worse from day to day. More than once, the Countess, herself very weak, holding her exhausted child upon her knees, thought to receive her last breath; but Nicolette, recovering a glimmering of existence, opened

her eyes, tried to smile and said to her wretched mother—

"Do not weep so; I shall not go without you. I have prayed to God too earnestly for Him not to grant us the privilege of dying together."

For three days and three nights Madame de Châteaubriant had never slept, so great was the attention required by the condition of her dying daughter; at last, overpowered by fatigue, this loving mother yielded to sleep; but she was soon awakened by Nicolette, whose hands, already icy cold, sought those of the Countess.

"Mama! mama!" said the child, in a feeble voice, "are you not going to die?"

"Why do you ask, my child?"

"Because I am dying; I can wait no longer for you, and we should have been so happy, never to be separated either in this world or the next! Kiss me once more, it will be the last time .... I .... I would kiss you .... but I have not strength!"

The Countess threw herself upon the body of her child to re-animate it. Nicolette de Foix was no longer a sufferer.

Thus perished, at the age of seven years and a half, this model of young children. The only consolation that Madame de Châteaubriant could hope for, after

so cruel a loss, was a speedy death. She asked it as a boon from her husband, and he did not keep her waiting. Three days afterwards, Françoise de Foix and Nicolette her daughter were lying in the same tomb.

Gaspar Hauser.

If misfortune gives the right of celebrity, none more than Gaspar Hauser have deserved to live in the memory of men. The history we are about to relate is that of an unfortunate being, who died at the age of twenty-two, and yet who may be said to have lived but four years of this period. Such was his destiny, that from the day of his birth, until the completion of his eighteenth year, he remained in ignorance of those things which children unconsciously learn, even in their tenderest years; such, for instance, as that there are flowers in the fields; that there are birds which fly and warble; that there are men, and that these men walk, laugh, or weep, according as they are gay or sad. He knew not that motion existed; and that above, in the heavens, there is, during the day, an immense torch called the sun, which gives light to this world; and that this torch, which rejoices the sight, also imparts heat to the body.

Thus, until the age of eighteen, Gaspar Hauser knew nothing of the society of men, of their joys and

sorrows, or even of the light of the sun. One day, the 26th of May 1828, Gaspar Hauser reached the gates of Nuremburg, in Bavaria; by what means it was not at first known. When he found himself alone and abandoned at the entrance of that great city, he tried mechanically to enter it, leaning upon a stick. With hesitation he advanced one foot before the other, tottering at every step; and this young man, of eighteen years of age, who was now walking for the first time, soon felt his legs give way, for they were not accustomed to support the weight of his body: he fell down in the middle of the street, murmuring some unintelligible words. Had he been able to speak, he might thus have addressed the crowd which curiosity had assembled round him:—

"To-day, for the first time, have I left the dark dungeon in which I have been confined since my birth. I was not born blind, and yet this is the first time that my eyes have beheld the light of the sun; neither am I deaf; nevertheless, until a few moments ago, I was ignorant of the existence of sound: thus, I can neither walk, nor see, nor hear: I am almost a man, and yet I am less than a child."

As he was unable to speak, and as, moreover, the municipal laws against vagrants are very severe in Nuremburg, they tried to make him get up and walk to the next police-station: it was in vain; they

were obliged to carry him: in vain also did the superintendent and the magistrates endeavour to question him; they obtained no answer. Then, some one who happened to be present advised that a pen, ink, and paper should be placed before this singular being. At the sight of these objects, the eyes of Gaspar Hauser seemed to light up: he took the pen, and traced his name in legible characters. This circumstance gave rise to the suspicion that his conduct was the result of imposture; and whilst waiting for an explanation of the mystery, he was sent to the tower prison, which the tribunals of the city usually fill with vagrants and beggars. Gaspard Hauser, who had appeared but little sensible of the care which had at first been bestowed upon him, was not more moved by the severity of the magistrate who thus condemned him in consequence of being unable to understand him.

Amongst those who followed him from the station to the prison, was a worthy man, named Dr. Daumer. He requested the jailor to give his new prisoner some food. The keeper brought a plate of meat and a jug of beer. Gaspar Hauser, who was seated upon the ground in one corner of the apartment, seeing what was placed before him, was seized with such a violent convulsion, that, uttering a cry of horror, he overturned the jug of beer and plate of meat. When he

came to himself, he found, in place of the things which had produced his fainting fit, a piece of bread and a glass of water. The unfortunate youth seized the bread and water with the most lively demonstrations of joy, he ate and drank with avidity, and afterwards fell into a profound sleep.

During the few days that he remained a prisoner in the tower, the unknown youth was visited by a large number of persons, led by curiosity. Some brought him cakes, and such like dainties; others toys; for it was impossible to treat him otherwise than as a child. He was not moved either by toys or sweetmeats; but one of the visitors having brought a little wooden horse, Gaspar stretched out his hands with gestures indicative of an impatient desire to obtain it, and when it was given to him he caressed and pressed it in his arms, as if he had found an old friend whom he had lost all hope of ever seeing again. From this circumstance it was conjectured that he must once have possessed a similar plaything; but this is all that could be known of his past life.

By degrees his eyes became accustomed to light, and his ears to sound. The striking of a neighbouring clock, the sound of which had at first been but indistinct to him, at last excited him even to tears. On one occasion he was taken to the windows when a wedding-partv was passing, headed by a number of

native violinists. The sound of the instruments seemed to produce a still more powerful emotion. Finally, having seen a regiment exercise, the band of which played a march, Gaspar Hauser fainted.

Having no longer any doubt of his sensibility, Dr. Daumer, who had followed the progress of these new sensations step by step, felt that it was not impossible to restore to society a being, who, doubtless, had at first been condemned never to be counted amongst men.

The worthy doctor obtained permission to adopt Gaspar Hauser, and commenced the education of this grown-up child. The progress of the pupil was slow, nevertheless each day brought some advance; so much so, that at the end of the following year, he was in a condition to arrange in his mind all his recollections of the past, and to relate his history, which he did as follows:—

"I know not for how long a time I have existed, for as I was ignorant of what days and nights were, it was impossible for me to calculate years; but for a long time—a very long time—I felt that I lived in a room, where all was dark, and where no one approached me, when one day I felt that I was not alone in the world. I say one day, perhaps it was one night, but a being—a man, though then I knew not what man was; he, however, of whom I wish to speak,

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entered my dungeon, by an opening which I had not before observed. I heard a sound; it proceeded from this man; he had spoken, but neither did I understand the sound of the human voice. He brought my customary food, bread and water. He placed beside me an object which I did not understand, but whose form pleased me: it was a wooden horse. The man left me; I saw him open and close the aperture, and I wanted to walk as I had seen him walk; but after a few steps, I felt my head violently struck; the blow was occasioned by my stumbling against the wall, for as yet, knowing nothing about open or closed doors, I thought that I could easily pass through the opening by which the man had passed. For the first time, I learned that suffering existed, for I long suffered from this blow, but still without being able to account for the pain I experienced.

"I now understand how from time to time I found myself in my dungeon with cleaner clothes, my hair in better order, and my hands whiter. I imagine that the man must have mixed with my food some substance capable of plunging me into a profound sleep, and that during this sleep he changed my linen and clothes. It is also a very long while since he brought me, for the first time, some paper, a pen, and some ink; he traced in my presence some characters, and after many attempts, which may, perhaps, have occupied a year,

I succeeded in imitating those characters that were constantly before my eyes, and which formed my name. This name, doubtless, is not my true name; my father must have borne another; but this, perhaps, I may never know. But I ought to thank that man who charitably bestowed upon me the one I have hitherto retained; for it is owing to his foresight that I shall not have graven on my tomb—THE UNKNOWN!

"I doubtless became a burden to him who took care of me: for one day, at the hour at which he usually brought my food, he came, but without bringing the bread and water, which I impatiently awaited. He placed a bandage on my eyes, took me on his shoulders, and I felt myself carried away, without even asking myself what they intended to do with me.

"Here my memory fails me. I suppose that the effect of the air must have been so painful, that I fainted almost immediately after leaving the house. Did the man come from Nuremburg, or from a greater distance? I cannot tell: all that I can say is that he put me down at the gates of Nuremburg, after having removed the bandage from my eyes. When I was alone, I tried to endure the daylight, and to stand up by the aid of my stick, but my strength must have failed me, since I was soon afterwards picked up in the street."

When Gaspar Hauser had related to the family of his protector all that he remembered of his past life, his history, passing from mouth to mouth, created a great sensation in the world. Strangers came in crowds to visit the protégé of Dr. Daumer. Amongst these, a man succeeded in furtively gaining an entrance into the house, and happening to be for a moment alone with Gaspar, he struck him with a poignard, but with so false an aim, that his victim escaped with a wound in the forehead. At the cries of Gaspar, the people of the house hastened to the apartment, but the man had disappeared, and no traces of him could ever be discovered.

This murderous attempt sufficiently proved that the object of so many persecutions was not secure in Nuremburg. Lord Stanhope, a generous, rich, and powerful English nobleman, who was very much interested in the fate of Gaspar Hauser, determined that he should accompany him to Anspach, there to complete his studies; after which his new protector was to take him to England. Gaspar Hauser passed four years in the house of the celebrated Dr. Fuhrmann, under whose care he became a clever and amiable young man. The period of his departure for England was approaching: one day, while taking his accustomed walk in the gardens of the palace, near the monument of Uzen, he was accosted by a person who

begged him to read a paper. Gaspar took it; and while glancing over it, he felt two poignard-thrusts in the region of the heart. The assassin took flight; and Gaspar, though mortally wounded, had still sufficient strength left to drag himself to the house of Dr. Fuhrmann. The unfortunate victim uttered only these words:—

"Palace!..... Uzen!..... Monument!..... Purse!"

The officers of police were sent to the monument of Uzen; they there found, indeed, a violet silk purse, containing a paper on which was written:—

"Gaspar Hauser, who was born the 30th of April 1812, dies on the 14th of December 1833. You will know that I come from the confines of Bavaria, on the river of..... these are the initials of my name,

"M. L. O."

Lord Stanhope promised a reward of five thousand florins to whomsoever should discover the murderer of his protégé. All the investigations made were fruitless, and Gaspar Hauser, who will never be avenged by the justice of men, expired during the night of the 17th of December 1833.

The Maccabees.

It is recorded in the Holy Scriptures that, about the year of the world 3840, Antiochus, King of Syria, took Jerusalem, profaned the temples of God, and sought to compel the Jews to sacrifice to idols. Amongst those who suffered martyrdom, rather than deny the law of God, was an old man named Eleazer, who, while his body, which bore the weight of eighty years, was submitted to the most cruel tortures, gave utterance to these noble words:—

"O Lord! thou knowest, that having been able to deliver myself from death by denying thy law, I suffer cruel torments for my fidelity to thy holy word; but my soul is filled with gladness, because I suffer for thee and in thy fear."

When Eleazer was dead, King Antiochus, whose anger was not yet appeased, again commanded the people of God to sacrifice to idols. In was then that he ordered before him the seven Maccabees and their mother to answer for their disobedience. The family of the Maccabees was one of the most powerful and respected of the great families of Jerusalem; and such

was the veneration of the people for them, and the confidence which they reposed in them, that had they consented to renounce the law of Moses, the majority would have followed their example.

The mother of the Maccabees, and her seven children, who were still in the bloom of youth, were brought into the presence of Antiochus. He, knowing their influence over the minds of the people, at first overwhelmed them with attentions, and sought to dazzle them by the most brilliant promises, and thus lead them to eat of the meats forbidden by the law. Every one of the seven remained deaf to his promises, and unshaken in determination. Then Antiochus summoned his executioners, delivered to them these rebellious subjects, as he termed them, and commanded that their bodies should be tortured, in revenge for his want of power over their souls.

Here commences that long series of torments to which the seven brothers submitted with so much fortitude, under the eyes of their mother. The eldest was first delivered to the executioners, and whilst his naked body was lacerated beneath the unceasing stripes of his tormentors, his pious resolution of dying never wavered, and he addressed the tyrant in the following words:—

"This is my reply, for myself, and for my brothers, who will not disown me. Learn that we all know

how to die, but that not one of us knows what it is to betray the faith of his fathers, or to violate the law of his God."

The people cried aloud for pardon for the noble boy; but Antiochus, irritated at his constancy in suffering, silenced the voice of the people, and commanded that the stoves and brazen caldrons should be heated.

Whilst the attendants of the executioners obeyed, and the people, silenced by fear, secretly mourned for the victims of Antiochus, the tyrant ordered the tortures of the one who had first spoken to be still continued. They tore the skin from his head, cut off the extremities of his hands and feet, and, thus mutilated, placed him before the fire. But the wretched victim could not yet die, and Antiochus caused him, while still alive, to be cast into the midst of the fiery furnace, and looked on mercilessly, until he saw him consumed.

The mother and her other sons looked on also, and, both by words and gestures, encouraged each other to suffer in their turn as the eldest had suffered.

The first being dead, Antiochus addressed the second brother; he also remained firm in the faith, in spite both of promises and threats. Then the executioners seized him, and tore the skin from his head by the hair.

"I brave your torments for my God," he exclaimed:

"you take from us our present lives, but the King of Heaven, whom we faithfully serve, will one day raise us up to life eternal, since we know how to die for the defence of His law." Uttering these words he expired.

The third brother came forward of his own accord, and offered himself to the slaughter. Placing his hands upon the block, with a resolute air, he said, "God has given me these limbs; I now offer them joyfully for the defence of His word, for I know that He will one day restore them to me." And he also died as his two brothers had done.

The mother of the Maccabees, whose heart had not yet failed her, and who courageously offered up her sorrows in sacrifice to God, could not restrain her tears when she beheld her fourth son prepare for martyrdom.

He was a weak and fragile child, who might be expected to perish at the first touch of the steel or the flame; and yet, while the executioners were torturing him with even more fury than the others, his countenance beamed with joy, and smiling at his tormentors, he said—

"It is good for us to die by the hands of men, in order to be worthy of rising again with God;" and with these words he expired.

The tender age of the three remaining victims

seemed for a moment to excite the pity of Antiochus; for he could not understand whence these children derived their strength; still less could he comprehend the courage of a mother who could thus behold, without a murmur, those to whom she had given birth, suffer death with so much firmness. The fifth brother was called.

"Go!" said his mother: "it was not I who bestowed upon you your soul, or mind, or life; I did not fashion your limbs so as to form your body; it is the Creator of the world who formed you, and He will restore to you both spirit and life, as a recompense for what you now resign."

As she had ceased speaking, the young martyr rushed towards the executioners, and looking at the King, said—

"You see that I am worthy of my God, and of my brothers! You do what you please now, because you command men, though yourself but a mortal man; but flatter not yourself that God will entirely abandon our nation; but a short time, and both you, and your race, shall know His grandeur and power, for you shall all feel His avenging hand." Thus saying, he flung himself into the midst of the flames.

The sixth brother joyfully advanced and gave himself up to the executioners; they were beginning to tear his flesh and burn him, when, seeing that the

resolution of Antiochus was about to fail, he exclaimed—

"Courage, merciless King! after me, there only remains a weak child and a woman."

The last was a very young child; gentleness was impressed upon his countenance; and cruel as was the heart of Antiochus, it was impossible for him to withstand the irresistible charm of this young victim, who offered himself as a sacrifice to God. He ordered him to be brought near.

"My child," said he, "obey my law, and your obedience shall be rewarded beyond your highest expectations. I pity you, and do not wish to have you die; on the contrary, I will enlighten your soul by freeing it from the darkness of its belief; you shall be rich and happy with me."

The child raised his eyes to heaven, and did not reply. Antiochus called the mother.

"You have now but one son," he said. "I am touched by his youth and your grief; persuade him to obey me, for his life depends upon his submission."

The mother having taken her son aside, said to him—

"Have pity on me, my beloved child. On me who for nine months have borne you in my bosom; on me, who for three years have fed you with my milk. I conjure you, in the name of your brothers, to meet

death with the same firmness; I conjure you, also, to despise these executioners, and to look up to Heaven that with your brothers you may be restored to me in that happy life which we hope for from the mercy of God."

The child had no sooner heard these words, than he exclaimed, with holy enthusiasm, that he would not obey the King, but the sacred law of God and of Moses. Then Antiochus, enraged to find that so frail a being dared to resist his power, pronounced his sentence of death, and commanded the executioners to torture him even more severely than the other victims.

And now the mother alone survived the slaughter of her children. Her strength was exhausted—her maternal heart melted into tears. She cried aloud for death, and her only fear was that of having to survive her beloved children. Her prayer was soon granted. Antiochus having said—"Let us complete the extermination of this insolent family," the mother of the Maccabees went to rejoin her children.

Some time afterwards, Judas Maccabeus, the son of Matathias, of the race of Aaron, defeated the troops of Antiochus, and overthrew the idol which the King of Syria had set up on the altar of the temple of Jerusalem. As the merciless persecutor of the Maccabees was returning to his own kingdom, he heard of the revolt of the son of Matathias. At this news, he

hastily retraced his steps, in order to destroy the temple and punish the rebel; but he proceeded with such impetuosity, that he was flung from his chariot and killed.

Thus did this cruel and blasphemous prince terminate a criminal existence by a miserable death.

Marciali,

CALLED THE MAN WITH THE IRON MASK.

God alone knows the secret of his birth, but the following is what the world relates.

Queen Anne of Austria, wife of Louis the Thirteenth, having given birth to the Dauphin, who was destined one day to become our King, Louis the Fourteenth, was presently after delivered of another son; but, in the mean time, the birth of the Dauphin had been proclaimed, and the news that Louis the Thirteenth had a successor, had circulated through the court and through Paris; thus the new-born infant had acquired the right of primogeniture. Nevertheless, his twin brother might dispute with him his privileges, for the laws decree that the last born of two twins shall be accounted the head of the family. Louis the Thirteenth and his ministers could not contemplate, without alarm, the dissensions to which, at some future day, this double birth might give rise in the kingdom; it was therefore resolved that Louis the Fourteenth should reign, and that his twin brother should be sacrificed.

Such is the account given by some of the chroniclers, and this account historians have not ventured to contradict. Is this the origin of the Man with the Iron Mask? We know not—it will never be known; but what matters it, whether the popular tradition be true or false? what matters it whether he was or was not the victim of political interest? There is a fact which cannot be called in question, and that is the existence of the wretched captive, who was doomed never to display to any human eye, either his smiles or his tears.

Although he attained the age of sixty years, we still place him amongst the number of martyr children, for what was his life but one long childhood? What, in fact, is it to be a man? It is to act, to struggle, to triumph, or to fall in the conflict; it is to exert our reason or our strength; it is to be able to walk with head erect in the sight of all men; it is to accomplish well or ill a career, to discharge our obligations to our families, to exercise the rights of citizenship, to be able to ask aid from society, to have the happiness of rendering it services in return; it is, in fine, to die only after having lived; but can the mere dragging from prison to prison an aimless existence, whose pleasantest hope is the tomb—can that be called living?

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this unfortunate being, I say, was mysteriously incarcerated in the fortress of Pignerolles, no personage of any consideration had disappeared from the theatre of the world. Nevertheless, extraordinary precautions were taken that the secret of his imprisonment should not be discovered. The captive must have been of illustrious family, for M. de St. Mars, the Governor of Pignerolles, notwithstanding his political pride, always spoke to him with uncovered head, and never sat down in his presence. As to the other servants of the château, they were ordered to approach him with every mark of the most profound respect; in fine, when Louvois, the proud and haughty minister of Louis the Fourteenth, visited the prisoner, on the part of his royal master, his bearing was as respectful as if he had been in the presence of the great King himself, and he would never consent to sit with him at table, although pressed to do so by Marciali. It is moreover asserted, that the minister thought it no humiliation to wait upon the illustrious unknown at table.

"The Man with the Iron Mask," says Voltaire, in his "Age of Louis the Fourteenth," "was above the middle height, and perfectly proportioned; his skin was dark, but soft; he was fond of fine linen, lace, jewellery, and dress; he appeared to have been carefully educated; reading and music were his only amusements."

Voltaire also asserts, that his features were handsome, and the expression of his countenance mild and pleasing. How, and where had he seen it? This he does not explain; it is, however, certain, that the secret of the Man with the Iron Mask was revealed to him, and that he did not wish to communicate it.

It was a few months after the death of the celebrated minister, Cardinal Mazarin, that the unknown captive was secretly conveyed to the castle of the Island of Sainte Marguerite in Provence. He wore on his journey an iron mask, the chin of which was furnished with steel springs, which allowed him to eat without removing the mask. Orders had been given to kill him, if he uncovered his face.

Marciali had been for a long time in his prison, the iron-barred window of which looked upon the sea, when one day, wearied no doubt by a captivity which he knew was intended to be perpetual, he wrote a few lines with the point of his knife upon a silver plate, which he then threw out of the window. The plate fell into a boat which happened to be near the foot of the tower. Everything that took place on this side of the château was so carefully watched, that the governor was speedily informed of what the prisoner had done; he immediately sent for the boatman, and offered him a reward, at the same time requesting him to read what was written on the plate.

"I cannot read," said the owner of the bark.

The governor detained him until the strictest investigation had been made, and when he had fully ascertained that the man had told him the truth, and that the plate had been seen by no other eyes—

"Go," said M. de Saint Mars to him. "It is very lucky for you that you cannot read."

But from the depths of his prison the Man with the Iron Mask was not discouraged; on another occasion he threw from the window a shirt, upon which he had written, doubtless with his blood, his true name and his sad history.

Two days afterwards the governor returned the shirt to him with these words:—

"Ignorance saved the boatman; he to whom you threw this shirt could read, and he is dead! It is for you to determine whether you will have to reproach yourself with other murders."

Having thus spoken, M. de Saint Mars burned the shirt before the eyes of Marciali, and did not leave the room of the wretched captive until its ashes were completely extinguished. The prisoner no longer attempted to communicate with the outer world, and awaited the termination of his captivity—in other words, of his life.

The Man with the Iron Mask has been the subject of numerous fables, dramas, and tales; history alone is

silent with regard to that imprisoned life, and that face destined to be unmasked only in the tomb. The 19th of November 1703, a few years after the prisoner had been conducted, still under the guard of the same jailor, from Pignerolles to the Bastille, there passed at the close of day, towards the cemetery of the church of St. Paul, a funeral procession which might almost be termed clandestine. A grave was dug, a coffin lowered into it, and the earth quickly covered over. No sign of mourning, not even a simple wooden cross, marked the spot where the wretched captive had found his last resting-place. They merely inscribed in the register of the church the name of Marciali, with the date of his death. The few persons who had assisted at these obsequies separated with these words, "It is all over!" As if society had discharged its duty towards this unfortunate being, because it had given him bread in a prison during his life, and a hole in the ground after his death.

Whilst the miserable obsequies of the Man with the Iron Mask were thus performing, the governor of the Bastille caused everything that had belonged to Marciali to be carefully burned in his presence. The walls of his dungeon were whitewashed, the glass of his window was broken; the minister Louvois visited and scrupulously examined the now restored apartment of the prisoner, and when he had satisfied himself that

no trace whatever remained of his long captivity, he also exclaimed, "It is all over!" and returned to give Louis the Fourteenth an account of what he had seen.

Children, who sport without restraint under a bright sun, and freely breathe the perfumed air of the fields, give a thought to that other child named the Man with the Iron Mask, to that hapless being who felt the wrinkles deepen on his brow, and beheld his hair turn white through that iron face which concealed his own.

And the thought which I claim for him, the Apostle also demands for all other captives, in these pious words—

"Remember them that are in bonds, as bound with them; and them which suffer adversity, as being yourselves also in the body."

Henry of Nemours.

When in the year 1789 the people, masters of the Bastille, rushed forward to destroy everything within the walls of this ancient state-prison, where so many political crimes had been committed, where so many deeds of vengeance had been secretly consummated, a large iron cage was discovered, which was recognized as that in which the Cardinal de la Balue, minister of Louis XI., expiated, during eleven years, the wretched honour of having invented, though for other victims, the instrument which was to serve for his own punishment. In another dungeon was found, turned upside down, a small cage, wide at the top, and terminating in a point at the bottom: so that the wretched being who occupied it could neither stand erect, nor sit, nor lie down. This latter instrument of torture was the only one remaining of two similar cages, which three centuries before had served as prisons to two unfortunate young princes, Henry and Francis de Nemours, sons of Jacques d'Armagnac, high constable of France during the reign of Louis XI. It is known that Jacques d'Armagnac, leagued with the Dukes of

Brittany and Burgundy, had determined to surrender France to the English. The conspiracy was on the point of being carried into effect, perhaps even of being successful, and the sceptre about to be wrested from the hands of the French monarch, when Louis XI., learning from his spies the danger which threatened the country and his crown, caused Jacques d'Armagnac to be arrested, and condemned him to be beheaded.

So far it was justice. In those rebellious times, crimes against royalty were also crimes against the State, for the crown could not be touched without endangering the safety of the nation. But Jacques d'Armagnac had two sons, who, at the period of his arrest and execution, were so young that when asked whether they were not accomplices of their father, they might have replied with the lamb in the fable—

"How should I have done it, if I were not born? I still draw my mother's milk."

Nevertheless, by a refinement of cruelty which even the barbarism of that age cannot justify, Louis XI. ordered the two sons of Jacques d'Armagnac to be dressed in white robes, and thus clad, they were placed at the foot of the scaffold which the High Constable had already ascended, and when he received the fatal blow, the executioner sprinkled their innocent heads and white garments with the blood of this

great criminal. When the crime of the Constable was punished, the vengeance of the King being still unsatiated, the two orphans, stained with their father's blood, were conducted to the Bastille. They were taken down into the subterranean dungeons, and on arriving there, were placed in two iron cages, in which they could neither lie nor sit. At this time, Henry of Nemours was but eight years of age, and his brother Francis not yet seven.

The only consolation of these wretched children, thus condemned to perpetual torture, was to put their arms through the bars of their cages, and hold each other's hands day and night. Francis, the youngest of the two, was also the most depressed.

"I am very miserable here," he said; "we cannot live very long," and he wept.

"Come, come," replied Henry, "what! cry at your age! Besides, papa would not like us to cry. You see that they treat us like men of whom they are afraid; we ought not, therefore, to act like babies; so instead of crying, let us talk about mama."

Then the victims of the cruel policy of Louis XI. returned, in their conversations, to the noble château of Lectoure, where their earliest years had been passed: again they climbed the hills of Armagnac; again they lost themselves amidst their clustering groves; again they trod the wide walks of the

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this unfortunate being, I say, was mysteriously incarcerated in the fortress of Pignerolles, no personage of any consideration had disappeared from the theatre of the world. Nevertheless, extraordinary precautions were taken that the secret of his imprisonment should not be discovered. The captive must have been of illustrious family, for M. de St. Mars, the Governor of Pignerolles, notwithstanding his political pride, always spoke to him with uncovered head, and never sat down in his presence. As to the other servants of the château, they were ordered to approach him with every mark of the most profound respect; in fine, when Louvois, the proud and haughty minister of Louis the Fourteenth, visited the prisoner, on the part of his royal master, his bearing was as respectful as if he had been in the presence of the great King himself, and he would never consent to sit with him at table, although pressed to do so by Marciali. It is moreover asserted, that the minister thought it no humiliation to wait upon the illustrious unknown at table.

"The Man with the Iron Mask," says Voltaire, in his "Age of Louis the Fourteenth," "was above the middle height, and perfectly proportioned; his skin was dark, but soft; he was fond of fine linen, lace, jewellery, and dress; he appeared to have been carefully educated; reading and music were his only amusements."

Voltaire also asserts, that his features were handsome, and the expression of his countenance mild and pleasing. How, and where had he seen it? This he does not explain; it is, however, certain, that the secret of the Man with the Iron Mask was revealed to him, and that he did not wish to communicate it.

It was a few months after the death of the celebrated minister, Cardinal Mazarin, that the unknown captive was secretly conveyed to the castle of the Island of Sainte Marguerite in Provence. He wore on his journey an iron mask, the chin of which was furnished with steel springs, which allowed him to eat without removing the mask. Orders had been given to kill him, if he uncovered his face.

Marciali had been for a long time in his prison, the iron-barred window of which looked upon the sea, when one day, wearied no doubt by a captivity which he knew was intended to be perpetual, he wrote a few lines with the point of his knife upon a silver plate, which he then threw out of the window. The plate fell into a boat which happened to be near the foot of the tower. Everything that took place on this side of the château was so carefully watched, that the governor was speedily informed of what the prisoner had done; he immediately sent for the boatman, and offered him a reward, at the same time requesting him to read what was written on the plate.

"I cannot read," said the owner of the bark.

The governor detained him until the strictest investigation had been made, and when he had fully ascertained that the man had told him the truth, and that the plate had been seen by no other eyes—

"Go," said M. de Saint Mars to him. "It is very lucky for you that you cannot read."

But from the depths of his prison the Man with the Iron Mask was not discouraged; on another occasion he threw from the window a shirt, upon which he had written, doubtless with his blood, his true name and his sad history.

Two days afterwards the governor returned the shirt to him with these words:—

"Ignorance saved the boatman; he to whom you threw this shirt could read, and he is dead! It is for you to determine whether you will have to reproach yourself with other murders."

Having thus spoken, M. de Saint Mars burned the shirt before the eyes of Marciali, and did not leave the room of the wretched captive until its ashes were completely extinguished. The prisoner no longer attempted to communicate with the outer world, and awaited the termination of his captivity—in other words, of his life.

The Man with the Iron Mask has been the subject of numerous fables, dramas, and tales; history alone is

silent with regard to that imprisoned life, and that face destined to be unmasked only in the tomb. The 19th of November 1703, a few years after the prisoner had been conducted, still under the guard of the same jailor, from Pignerolles to the Bastille, there passed at the close of day, towards the cemetery of the church of St. Paul, a funeral procession which might almost be termed clandestine. A grave was dug, a coffin lowered into it, and the earth quickly covered over. No sign of mourning, not even a simple wooden cross, marked the spot where the wretched captive had found his last resting-place. They merely inscribed in the register of the church the name of Marciali, with the date of his death. The few persons who had assisted at these obsequies separated with these words, "It is all over!" As if society had discharged its duty towards this unfortunate being, because it had given him bread in a prison during his life, and a hole in the ground after his death.

Whilst the miserable obsequies of the Man with the Iron Mask were thus performing, the governor of the Bastille caused everything that had belonged to Marciali to be carefully burned in his presence. The walls of his dungeon were whitewashed, the glass of his window was broken; the minister Louvois visited and scrupulously examined the now restored apartment of the prisoner, and when he had satisfied himself that

no trace whatever remained of his long captivity, he also exclaimed, "It is all over!" and returned to give Louis the Fourteenth an account of what he had seen.

Children, who sport without restraint under a bright sun, and freely breathe the perfumed air of the fields, give a thought to that other child named the Man with the Iron Mask, to that hapless being who felt the wrinkles deepen on his brow, and beheld his hair turn white through that iron face which concealed his own.

And the thought which I claim for him, the Apostle also demands for all other captives, in these pious words—

"Remember them that are in bonds, as bound with them; and them which suffer adversity, as being yourselves also in the body."

Henry of Nemours.

WHEN in the year 1789 the people, masters of the Bastille, rushed forward to destroy everything within the walls of this ancient state-prison, where so many political crimes had been committed, where so many deeds of vengeance had been secretly consummated, a large iron cage was discovered, which was recognized as that in which the Cardinal de la Balue, minister of Louis XI., expiated, during eleven years, the wretched honour of having invented, though for other victims, the instrument which was to serve for his own punishment. In another dungeon was found, turned upside down, a small cage, wide at the top, and terminating in a point at the bottom: so that the wretched being who occupied it could neither stand erect, nor sit, nor lie down. This latter instrument of torture was the only one remaining of two similar cages, which three centuries before had served as prisons to two unfortunate young princes, Henry and Francis de Nemours, sons of Jacques d'Armagnac, high constable of France during the reign of Louis XI. It is known that Jacques d'Armagnac, leagued with the Dukes of

Brittany and Burgundy, had determined to surrender France to the English. The conspiracy was on the point of being carried into effect, perhaps even of being successful, and the sceptre about to be wrested from the hands of the French monarch, when Louis XI., learning from his spies the danger which threatened the country and his crown, caused Jacques d'Armagnac to be arrested, and condemned him to be beheaded.

So far it was justice. In those rebellious times, crimes against royalty were also crimes against the State, for the crown could not be touched without endangering the safety of the nation. But Jacques d'Armagnac had two sons, who, at the period of his arrest and execution, were so young that when asked whether they were not accomplices of their father, they might have replied with the lamb in the fable—

"How should I have done it, if I were not born? I still draw my mother's milk."

Nevertheless, by a refinement of cruelty which even the barbarism of that age cannot justify, Louis XI. ordered the two sons of Jacques d'Armagnac to be dressed in white robes, and thus clad, they were placed at the foot of the scaffold which the High Constable had already ascended, and when he received the fatal blow, the executioner sprinkled their innocent heads and white garments with the blood of this

great criminal. When the crime of the Constable was punished, the vengeance of the King being still unsatiated, the two orphans, stained with their father's blood, were conducted to the Bastille. They were taken down into the subterranean dungeons, and on arriving there, were placed in two iron cages, in which they could neither lie nor sit. At this time, Henry of Nemours was but eight years of age, and his brother Francis not yet seven.

The only consolation of these wretched children, thus condemned to perpetual torture, was to put their arms through the bars of their cages, and hold each other's hands day and night. Francis, the youngest of the two, was also the most depressed.

"I am very miserable here," he said; "we cannot live very long," and he wept.

"Come, come," replied Henry, "what! cry at your age! Besides, papa would not like us to cry. You see that they treat us like men of whom they are afraid; we ought not, therefore, to act like babies; so instead of crying, let us talk about mama."

Then the victims of the cruel policy of Louis XI. returned, in their conversations, to the noble château of Lectoure, where their earliest years had been passed: again they climbed the hills of Armagnac; again they lost themselves amidst their clustering groves; again they trod the wide walks of the

seignorial park; but alas! it was in imagination only. Thus, by the aid of that happy enchantment of memory, which obliterates the present by leading us back into the past, did these wretched children obtain a momentary forgetfulness of their sufferings.

Another circumstance also occurred, which took off something of the dreariness of their forlorn condition. A little mouse which had strayed from its hole, being much terrified at the sight of the young dukes, hastily retreated to its hiding-place, until the following day. In vain did the children call it, and try to coax it with gentle tones; the mouse did not make its appearance. At length it occurred to them to throw from their cage, a few crumbs of their prison fare. Pressed by hunger, the mouse, at last, determined to leave its retreat. By degrees it became accustomed to the voice of the brothers, and a few days after its first appearance, it had become so familiar with its protectors, that it even ventured to climb into their cages, and to eat indifferently from the hands of either of them.

But it did not suffice the vindictive spirit of Louis the Eleventh that the blood of d'Armagnac had stained the fair hair and white robes of his children. He knew that the little prisoners of the Bastille bore their torture with patience, and had, at length, become accustomed both to sleep and wake in their iron cages; and he determined to inflict upon them a horrible

cruelty. The executioner was commanded to visit their dungeon once a week, and to extract a tooth from each of them. When the man who was charged with carrying into effect this barbarous decree was introduced into the dungeon, hardened as he was to the sight of suffering, he could not repress a movement of pity, in beholding these two patient and unfortunate beings. Nevertheless, it was necessary to announce the object of his visit. When they had been informed of the sentence of the King, little Francis uttered piercing cries. Henry endeavoured to soften the heart of the executioner.

"Mama," he said, "will die of grief, when she knows that my little brother has suffered so much; I entreat you to spare him: you see how weak and ill he is, already."

The executioner could no longer restrain his tears, he seemed to suffer more than the children themselves from the idea of the torture he was about to inflict. Still he must obey; it was to him a case of life or death.

"It is absolutely necessary," he said, with deep emotion, "that I carry the two teeth to the Governor of the Bastille, in order that he may afterwards show them to the King."

"In that case," replied Henry de Nemours, with animation, "take out two of mine: I am strong, I can

bear the pain, whereas the slightest suffering would kill my brother."

A long and heroic struggle ensued between the two brothers, as to which should suffer for the other. The executioner, softened and amazed, knew not whether he ought to accomplish the revolting deed of his fatal office; perhaps, even he might have ended by yielding to compassion, had not a messenger arrived, and in the name of the Governor, demanded why he deferred the execution of the King's decree. Further delay would have been considered a crime, and the executioner trembled for his own safety. He approached the cage of Henry of Nemours, and extracted one of his teeth. The child repressed the cry of pain, and seeing that the man directed his steps towards his brother's cage, he exclaimed—

"And the other! You know that I pay for both."

This act of firmness again brought the executioner to his side. Henry armed himself with fresh courage, and the Governor of the Bastille was enabled to show to the King the two teeth of the children of Jacques d'Armagnac.

Louis the Eleventh enforced the rigorous fulfilment of his barbarous sentence. Every week the executioner descended to the dungeon of the young dukes of Nemours, and every week did Henry pay his brother's tribute, as well as his own. But so much courage and

devotion, at last exhausted the strength of this wonderful child: a violent fever parched his veins; he grew weaker and weaker; his legs being no longer able to support his weight, he was obliged to maintain a kneeling position in his iron cage; at last, perceiving that he had but a few moments to live, Henry of Nemours endeavoured once more to stretch out his hand to his brother:—

"It is all over," he said, "I shall never again see mama; but you, perhaps, will leave this place: tell her, tell that tender mother, that I often spoke of her, and that I never loved her so fondly as at this moment, when I am about to die. Farewell, Francis," he added, but in a more feeble voice, "give some bread every day to our little white mouse: I depend upon you; you will take great care of it, won't you?"

The martyr waited not for his brother's reply; death had seized his prey, and the young spirit took its flight to those abodes to which the blessed ascend when the angels call them back to heaven. We must believe that the heart of Louis the Eleventh then relented in favour of the last of the Nemours; for after the death of Henry, Francis was removed from his cage, and no worse place was assigned him than an ordinary dungeon, similar to those occupied by the other prisoners of the Bastille.

At length the cruel King died in his turn, and the

reign of Charles the Eighth commenced. Severities ceased, and liberty was restored to those who had been the victims of the suspicious policy of Louis XI. Francis of Nemours quitted the Bastille, he again beheld the heavens, he was enabled again to embrace his mother; but the torture he had endured in that horrible cage, left him lame and deformed for the remainder of his life.

The Sons of Ugolino.

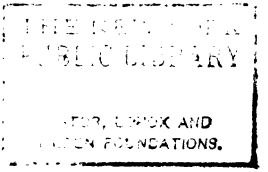
It is not the father who demands our compassion; for if his was a cruel destiny, if he was condemned to a horrible punishment, it must be owned that his heart could not be exempt from remorse, for his hands were not free from blood.

The Count Ugolino Gherardesca, before being cast into that prison which has since been named the *Tower of Famine*, had also committed crimes. Appointed protector of the people, he had been their tyrant; and then, seeing that his ambitious projects to attain sovereign power were overthrown by adversaries as criminal as himself, he had betrayed the republic of Pisa, and surrendered to the enemy the city which it was his duty to defend. When the nephew of the Archbishop Ubaldini came to reproach him with his treachery, Ugolino, who had nothing to urge in his defence, added a fresh crime to those which he had already perpetrated, and replied to his accuser by a thrust of his poignard.

This took place in Italy, and at a time when that country, a prey to ambitious factions, lost in constantly

recurring outbreaks, the bravest of her warrior youth, and the purest of her blood. Fire devoured her cities, the grass grew in her deserted streets, and her fields were laid waste by famine. The republic of Pisa suffered more perhaps than all the other states from the calamities of civil war. Count Ugolino, seeing that the people were exhausted and impoverished, imagined that the murder of the Archbishop's nephew would remain unrevenged, and that notwithstanding his past treasons, they would be but too happy to accept him as their sovereign, on account of his illustrious name, and the immense wealth of his family.

Whilst Ugolino was endeavouring to acquire new partizans, the Archbishop Roger Ubaldini, who could not forget the assassination of his nephew, was preparing in secret a terrible revolt against the powerful Gherardesca. The 1st of July 1288, the Archbishop commanded the tocsin to be sounded from the cathedral; the cry to arms was raised, and the populace rushed towards the palace of the people, which was occupied by Ugolino and his family. The Count and his children, though taken by surprise by this revolt, did not allow themselves to be intimidated by numbers. They defended themselves until the evening against the infuriated besiegers. Gaddo, the youngest of the sons, performed prodigies of valour; twice he saved his father's life by receiving the wound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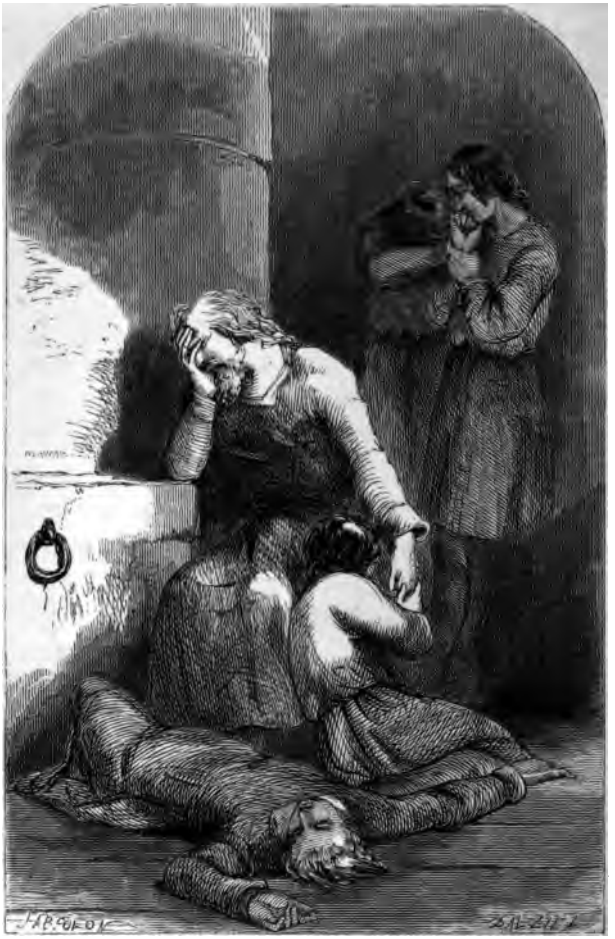

THE SONS OF UGOLINO P. 129.

destined for the Count; but the besiegers set fire to the palace, and the vanquished family were given up into the hands of the Archbishop.

The Archbishop, listening only to the voice of vengeance, sought by one blow to exterminate the whole race of the Gherardesca; he was alike merciless to the children and the father; the age and innocence of Gaddo and his three brothers found no favour in his sight; ordering his five victims to be dragged to a tower situated on the banks of the Arno, he himself carefully closed the door of their dungeon, and then, in the presence of the people, cast the keys of the prison into the river, at the same time fulminating the terrible sentence of excommunication against whomsoever should dare to attempt the deliverance of the prisoners, or even seek to pass food to them through the bars of their dungeon; for according to the horrible sentence pronounced against them, Ugolino and his four sons were doomed to perish by the pangs of hunger.

Let us now leave Dante to speak, who, in his immortal poem of "Hell," has made Ugolino himself tell the tale of his sufferings.

"I slept, and had a fearful dream, which rent for me the veil of the future. The Archbishop of Pisa, who seemed to me to be my lord and master, was pursuing a wolf and her cubs on the side of the mountain which separates Pisa from Lucca. Shortly after the wolf and

her cubs, fatigued by their course, fell down exhausted, and I beheld a troop of famished dogs tear them in pieces.

"Then I awoke; my sons, who had been imprisoned with me, wept in their sleep, and asked for bread. They awoke: it was just the hour when we expected food. Dark presentiments disturbed our hearts: it seemed as if the doors of the horrible dungeon had been locked, never to be reopened. I gazed on my children in silence; a cold chill ran through my veins, and I had not the strength to weep. My children wept, and Anselmo, my young Anselmo, said to me, 'What is the matter, father, and why do you thus fix your eyes on us?' I answered not, I sat motionless, and this state of insensibility lasted until the following day, when the sun again burst forth to gladden the world. A feeble ray penetrated into our dungeon, and I beheld my own sufferings written on the features of my four wretched sons. With rage and despair I bit my hands. My poor children thought that I was tormented by hunger, and approached me, saying, 'Dear father, we suffer much ourselves; but our sufferings would be less horrible, if you would make use of us for food. You have given us this perishable flesh—it is yours; you can resume your gift.'

"I endeavoured to appear calm, in order not to add to their distress. Two days more we passed, without

uttering a word; but, as the fourth began to dawn, Gaddo arose, fell at my feet, and died, crying, 'Father! father! why do you not come to my aid?' The other three pined away one by one. Between the fifth and sixth day I beheld them all expire. At last my strength also was exhausted: stretched on their lifeless bodies, for two days, I called on them; then hunger triumphed over grief."

Ugolino did not renew this horrible banquet. When the Archbishop Ubaldini caused the dungeon of his victims to be opened, Ugolino lay dead with his four children; and there still remained sufficient of the body of Gaddo to show the two wounds which he had received in defending his father.

Children celebrated for their Filial Devotion.

Appius.

It was at a time when the Roman republic was advancing towards its destruction, and the Empire about to dawn. Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus, governed the State, and rendered it desolate by proscriptions and executions. Sedition constantly breaking out, was as constantly suppressed; and every day did fresh sentences of death or exile strike alike the most powerful families of the patricians, and the lowest of the plebeians. The Triumvirs, who then commanded in Rome, passed without distinction over every head, the blood-stained level of their tyranny, so that even the most illustrious did not escape from the requirements of that political expediency which, even when just, has always the air of vengeance.

Amongst those who had been included in one of the latest proscriptions, happened to be an old man who had twice held the office of Consul. He had grown gray, and had become bent beneath the weight of public affairs, and, in consequence, the people held him in

such veneration, that they disputed with each other the honour of becoming his support, when he went from his house to the senate, for scarcely was the Consul Appius able to walk, so old and infirm had he become. When informed of the sentence of the Triumvirs, which banished him from Rome for ever—a sentence against which no one would have dared to protest, such was the power of the proscribers—Appius became indignant at the ingratitude of men, and, being without resources or fortune, and broken down by his labours, he no longer felt sufficient strength to obey the decree of which he was the victim, and still less to undertake a long journey; he therefore determined to remain in his own house, trusting that the Triumvirs would not hesitate to put him to death as a punishment for his disobedience. The aged Consul judged rightly; the strictest orders had been issued, to search out and punish with death those who did not submit to the sentence of banishment. Already had several of the proscribed, who had refused to leave Rome, paid, with their lives, for their imprudent attachment to their native land; and already had it become a matter of wonder that the illustrious old man had not yet shared a similar fate, when the young Appius, his son, who had for some time been travelling, was warned of the danger which threatened his father. Immediately the

devoted youth retraced his steps, and returned to the city with the utmost speed, in order to snatch from the executioners the head of the great Roman.

Fully determined to die, the Consul long resisted the entreaties of the young man, who on his knees, and with tears in his eyes, implored him to obey the decree of banishment.

"Why," said the resigned victim—"why should I take so long a journey? why seek death at such a distance when I can await it here? Besides, at my age and with my infirmities, I could not even reach the gates of Rome; I should be killed in the streets, and I prefer dying in my bed."

Thus spoke the old man, when his son endeavoured by the tenderest expressions, and most earnest solicitations, to induce him to abandon his fatal design. Meanwhile the evening was approaching, and it was on this very evening that the term granted to the Consul to leave Rome, was to expire. The illustrious exile was fearless—he felt no regret for himself; but he could not, without emotion, behold the violent despair of his son.

"You are unable to walk," said the youth: "well, then, trust to my energy; since you must be out of Rome before sunset, be sure that night shall not find you within its walls; if your limbs are unable to bear you, I will carry you myself, and, depend upon it, I

shall not faint by the way, for the gods will give me strength."

Overcome at length by the prayers of his son, the aged Appius consented to do as he desired.

A noble and touching spectacle now presented itself. A mere youth, whose limbs seemed weak, but whose heart was strong, bore through the streets a venerable old man, who pressed upon him with all the weight of age, and yet the youth walked boldly on, with head erect, and joyful countenance. Laden with his precious burden, which filial love rendered light to him, he passed through the most crowded streets and squares of Rome, and everywhere the people respectfully made way for him; the more courageous even ventured to exclaim—

"Long live the Appii!" for they recognized the aged Consul and his son.

The satellites of power, themselves moved by this remarkable instance of filial devotion, hesitated to impose silence on the *vivas* of the multitude; besides, they had no authority to oppose the departure of Appius, for the hour fixed for closing the gates of the city had not yet expired, and they were not commanded to kill the Consul, until after the moment appointed for carrying into effect the sentence of banishment. But this moment was fast approaching, and the people trembled in thinking of the distance

which the young Appius had still to go, before the Consul could be saved from the danger which threatened him.

"Courage!" cried the men, clapping their hands.

"Courage!" repeated the women, with tears of emotion.

All, even to the little children, cried out—

"Courage!"

And the youth pressed onward, the perspiration streaming from his brow, and feeling with terror that his knees trembled beneath him, and that his strength was about to fail.

"Shall I soon be there?" he demanded, panting for breath: his ideas were so much confused, and his eyes so wet with tears, that he had been unable to notice the distance he had gone.

"Still a hundred paces!" was the reply.

He would have stopped to take breath, but it wanted only a few seconds to the expiration of the fatal hour!

"On! on!" shouted the people, and making one last effort he passed the gates, and placing his father on the road-side, sank down and fainted.

But the Consul was not yet saved. It was not sufficient that he should have quitted Rome: in order to render a strict obedience to the law, he must leave the territory of the Republic. Favoured by the night,

Appius succeeded in conducting the exile to the coast; there a vessel was found which conveyed them both to Sicily.

In order that the memory of this virtuous action might not be lost to posterity, it was inscribed in the records of the Republic. Appius, recalled to Rome after the cessation of the proscription, received the honours of a triumph. He was elected Ædile by the unanimous voice of the people, and long did the Republic rejoice in counting him among the number of its magistrates.

Elizabeth Cazotte.

To those courageous and religiously sublime spirits who ask for nothing better than to remain unknown, happy as they are in fulfilling, in the sanctuary of home, their holy mission of daughter, sister, wife, or mother, God assigns days of trial, in order to enhance the lustre of their virtue, and to attract attention towards persons whom he designs to give as examples to the world. Often does he crown them with thorns; often does he place in their hands the sceptre of the reed; often, in a word, does he invest them with the dignity of martyrdom; and the perpetual admiration which these holy victims excite, even makes us forget our horror of their executioners, and think only of envying the majesty of suffering.

It is a consoling thought for humanity that it is always in times most fertile in atrocities, that modest virtues are most prominently displayed; the scaffold erected by crime has always been a pedestal for virtue, and the lower do iniquitous judges sink into infamy, the higher do the victims whom they strike

ascend into the lofty regions to which God calls those who have suffered and mourned.

If there are days of which we cannot speak without horror, there are also names which we can never pronounce without respect. If there are memories of blood which might almost lead us to question, whether man be the work of a God, there are also admirable examples of devotion which prove his celestial origin; and among these, who can forget the courageous resistance of Elizabeth Cazotte, when disputing with the executioners the life of her father. She was a young girl of sixteen, lively, intellectual, and sharing in the literary labours of the ingenious writer to whom she owed her birth.

The hour of proscriptions had sounded, royalty was abolished, religion had shared its fate, the call to arms re-echoed through the streets of Paris, the tocsin pealed, cries of death were heard on all sides, and over all the tumult rose the terrible roar of the cannon; at length the capital of the French Republic became a prey to the seditious movement of the revolutionary fever, whilst in their humble dwelling at Pierry, a village near Epernay, Jacques Cazotte and his daughter passed their days in study, fancying themselves forgotten by that world which they themselves endeavoured to forget. Their manner of life was so simple, they took so much care to conceal even

the blessings they dispensed, that they might very well hope that the political storm would pass over, without reaching them. And, indeed, what could be wanted of an old man of seventy-two, whose sole care was the education of his child? What could be laid to the charge of a young girl of sixteen, a stranger alike to the interests which placed in conflict an ancient and expiring monarchy, and the new-born republic, which had just leaped fully armed from its cradle? The feeling of security entertained by these two beings, who lived wholly for each other, was very natural; nevertheless, the event proved to them, that at a period of popular crisis, no one has a right to remain in obscurity; and that the isolation in which one wishes to live, is, to say the least, an imprudence, at a time when men are gathering together on all sides to count their numbers, as friends or foes, and to hold themselves ready for the combat at the first signal of danger. According to the doctrine of the masses, when contending parties are marching against each other, openly in the face of heaven, the citizen who remains at home is either a coward or a conspirator, and, in those times, not to march with the people, was to conspire against them.

The house inhabited by Jacques Cazotte, was one day entered by the delegates of the National Convention; they seized the old man, but neither the brutal threats

of the soldiers, nor the exhortations of the prisoner, could induce Elizabeth to separate herself from her father; they were both conducted to the prison of the Abbey, and both, also, were confined in the same cell. They remained here for a week, during which time, Elizabeth attended to her father as she had previously done; she rescued him from despair by leading his thoughts back to their literary labours, which had been interrupted by this arrest. The young girl appeared as cheerful, as happy, and as calm, as when dwelling in their pretty house, in the village of Pierry, and by dint of watchful care and attention, she succeeded in making the old man forget, in a measure, the misfortune which had fallen upon him.

On the ninth day of their imprisonment, about two o'clock in the afternoon, frightful clamours struck terror into the hearts of the captives of the Abbey; a mob, maddened by wine and thirsting for blood, burst open the prison door; then taking possession of the place they formed themselves into a kind of revolutionary tribunal, and summoned before them the prisoners, who began to feel that their destruction was at hand. By a singular refinement of cruelty, Maillard, who presided at this impromptu tribunal, pronounced no sentence of death; he listened to the defence of the accused, and when it was terminated, said with a smile—

"Let the citizen be conducted to *La Force*: I see that he has been brought here by mistake."

The wretched victim, in whose breast hope had again revived, left the apartment which had served as a court of justice; he was conducted as far as the last gate of the prison, but scarcely had he set his foot into the court-yard, than he fell beneath the blows of men stationed there by that same Maillard, to kill all who should attempt to pass the threshold of that gateway. The horrible butchery was already in full play: their victims were counted only by heaps of lifeless bodies. For three hours had the court-yard streamed with blood, when Cazotte appeared before the tribunal. Maillard listened to him in silence, as he had done to the other victims. Elizabeth, who was by her father's side, spoke in her turn, and described their simple manner of living, which had nothing whatever to do either with intrigues, or political interests. The President allowed her to speak; at length he said to the old man—

"Very well, citizen, your justification has been heard, and justice shall be done you; but first of all you will be conducted to *La Force*."

Elizabeth uttered a cry of joy, and turned towards Maillard as if to thank him; but, meanwhile, Jacques Cazotte had been dragged away, and had already reached the fatal gateway. The poor girl seeing that

her father was no longer there, rushed forward to follow him: they endeavoured to prevent her passage, but she forced her way through every obstacle. Free at length, she flew down the steps, reached the gateway, rushed into the court-yard, and succeeded in making a passage through the midst of the assassins, whose arms were already uplifted against her father. Once more by his side, Elizabeth threw her arms round the old man, and covering his body, she said to the assassins—

"If he must perish, you shall kill me first!"

At the sight of this young girl, so beautiful and so courageous, who thus abandoned herself to death, the executioners paused; they hesitated, looked at each other, while the mob, touched with compassion, shouted—

"Mercy for the father! Mercy for the daughter!"

Such, on that day of slaughter, was the ascendancy of filial courage, that even the most hardened in crime yielded to the general emotion, and, seized with a holy respect, opened a passage for Jacques Cazotte and the intrepid Elizabeth. The old man, leaning on the arm of his child, was conducted by the crowd, and as it were in triumph, to the house of a friend. Happy was that good father, not for having escaped death, but for owing his life to the devotion of his daughter. Alas! she was not long permitted to

rejoice in her filial courage; a few days later Jacques Cazotte was again arrested, and this time his daughter was not allowed to follow him. She was confined in another prison, where, during a whole year, she had no consolation than that of writing to him. But she never received a line from him in return. The jailor, who took charge of her letters, told the unfortunate girl, that the citizen Cazotte might, indeed, receive letters, but that he was not allowed to answer them. When restored to liberty, Elizabeth went to the house of the same friend who had received them the previous year. For some days she awaited with resignation the return of her father, but seeing that he did not come, she determined to ask permission to see him in the prison, where she was told he was still detained. When she was preparing to carry her design into execution, the family with whom she was staying deemed it necessary to reveal to her the truth. Then it was she learned that for a whole year she had been an orphan, for it was a year since Jacques Cazotte had ascended the revolutionary scaffold. At this intelligence the unhappy girl fell into a decline, which, six months later, bore her to the tomb.

Ji-Ken.

THERE was once in China, in the province of Kiang, an officer of justice who took advantage of the authority with which he was invested, to commit, with impunity, a multitude of crimes; and so great was the terror he inspired, that the most courageous did not dare to raise a voice against him, but each one left the punishment of his crimes in the hands of God. Every day did he render some child an orphan, by ordering the death of some innocent man, whose wealth excited his cupidity. Sometimes he robbed a widow of her patrimony; at others, and for the sole pleasure of doing vil, he condemned to torture poor people who had nothing to reproach themselves with. A merchant, who felt himself strong in the estimation of his fellow-citizens, indignant at the conduct of this officer of justice, went to the palace of the governor, to prefer a complaint against him. He was not listened to; he was sent back, and even threatened with imprisonment, and the ruin both of himself and all his family, if he again attempted to speak against the man whom he had dared to name the tyrant of the people. Hoang—this

was the merchant's name—returned home, filled with a just indignation against those who refused to lend their support to the innocent, and free them from their persecutor. At the turning of a street, he had the misfortune to meet this wicked officer, who that day had caused to be dragged before the tribunal, a poor old woman, whose cries of despair might have softened the hardest hearts. The virtuous citizen, happening to be near a butcher's stall, at the moment when the unprincipled wretch passed by with his victim, and listening only to his indignation, he seized a knife which was close at hand, struck the officer, and then surrendered himself up to justice. In vain his friends endeavoured to excuse his act. Hoang was sentenced to the punishment of murderers. He was the father of a numerous family, and amongst his children was a son named Fi-Ken, who was about fourteen years of age. Fi-Ken had no sooner heard of his father's condemnation, than he went to the palace of the Emperor, in order to solicit the favour of an audience. The Chinese monarch granted his request. Fi-Ken, having prostrated himself at the foot of the imperial throne, said that he had come to ask a favour.

"What favour?" demanded the Emperor.

"That of dying in place of my father; for our family has need of a support, and I, instead of being a support to my mother, should only be an additional

I am the eldest of six children; you see, therefore, that we are none of us either old enough or strong enough to labour for the maintenance of our brothers and little sister. It is sufficient for justice that one of us shall pay with his life for the blood which has been shed: I offer mine, and you cannot refuse it."

The Emperor, surprised at this extraordinary devotion, sent the child before his minister of justice, in order that he might question him, for it was suspected that he had been incited by the friends of the condemned to speak in this manner, for the purpose of surprising the sensibility of the monarch by a false appearance of filial love. When Fi-Ken was in the presence of the minister, the latter said to him,—

"Who suggested to you the thought of offering your life in exchange for that of a culprit?"

"No one but He from whom all good thoughts flow," replied the child.

"But it is an act of folly which you want to commit; if, young and innocent as you are, you expose yourself to death, it must surely be because you do not yet know the value of life."

"Pardon me," replied Fi-Ken, "I do know its value; but the life I enjoy I received from my father, and since there are no other means of preserving his, I do but my duty in sacrificing for him that which I hold from him."

"But you have not considered," objected the minister, "that your mother when a widow may meet with another husband."

"Yes, but where would she find one like him she is about to lose; and how will my little brothers, and my poor little sister, who is not yet three years old, find a father who can love them as our present father does?"

The child having thus spoken, the minister went out to conceal his emotion, saying, as he left,— "Remain here, and when I return you shall obtain your request."

Fi-Ken imagined that they intended to accept the exchange of victims he had proposed, and when the minister returned, he threw himself at his feet, thanking him for the favour he accorded.

"No," replied the minister, "it is not your condemnation that I bear; it is your father's pardon. He who can bring up such noble children cannot be a bad man."

The Emperor wished that a monument should perpetuate the memory of this noble example of filial devotion, but Fi-Ken opposed the wish, "because," said he, "that monument would also recall the condemnation of my father."

Hal-Mehi.

At Mendehli, in Kurdistan, a province of the Persian empire, there lived, under the dominion of Mirza-Abbas, a poor old woman, and her niece, named Hal-Mehi. The latter, though in the happy age of childhood, cherished in the depths of her heart a profound melancholy; in vain did her good aunt daily seek some new means of dispelling the grief which undermined her health. Hal-Mehi showed herself grateful for all the kindness of this excellent woman; but, nevertheless, the deep sorrow which more than once had threatened to consign her to the tomb, was not decreased. In vain her aunt questioned her in order to discover the cause of her melancholy. Hal-Mehi preserved an obstinate silence, or replied only to entreat her aunt to press her no further. She refused every amusement with which they sought to divert her mind, she shunned the society of companions of her own age, and seemed to find pleasure only in solitude; and during the night her aunt was often awakened by sobs which Hal-Mehi had no power to restrain.

A traveller from Bassora having stopped at the cot-

tage inhabited by Hal-Mehi and her aunt, informed them of the death of an old friend of the family, who had formerly visited them at Mendehli, and had conversed in private with Hal-Mehi. Now, it was since this mysterious interview that the heart of the child was oppressed by that deep melancholy which often excited fears for her life. After the departure of the traveller, Hal-Mehi fell at the feet of her aunt, and with clasped hands exclaimed,—

"Pardon me if I have so long maintained silence with regard to a secret which oppresses my heart; but I had bound myself to preserve it so long as our friend lived, and the slightest indiscretion might have proved fatal to him. His death absolves me from my vow; I can now open my heart to you; you shall know the subject of sorrow which is killing me, and then you will understand how much courage was requisite to enable me to keep my secret, especially from you."

The old woman, deeply moved, raised her niece and seated her on her knees; she kissed her forehead, and wiped away her tears; then, with an intense but very natural feeling of curiosity, she said to her—

"Speak, my darling child, for in beholding your sufferings I suffer so much myself, that I need your entire confidence to make me forget the pain occasioned by your silence."

Hal-Mehi then restrained her feelings, and continued:—

"You have always told me, my good aunt, that I was the daughter of a poor weaver, and that my parents had fallen victims to the thunders of heaven . . . . . ."

"Well, my child, all that is true."

"Yes, and no, aunt, for Meli-Abeth my father was at first a poor weaver; but I know that, compelled to fight against the enemies of Persia, he raised himself by his courage to the rank of general in the army of Mirza-Abbas; afterwards he became the favourite of our monarch, he possessed an immense fortune, and magnificent palaces, and it was in one of those palaces that I was born. This was revealed to me by our friend two years ago; is not all this true, aunt?"

The good woman cast down her eyes, sighed, and replied—

"It is true!"

Hal-Mehi continued:—

"The high rank which my father had attained excited jealousy in the breasts of those by whom he was surrounded; they envied him the favour of Mirza-Abbas; his enemies combined to ruin him; they accused him of crimes which he had not committed; they suborned false witnesses who gave

evidence against him; he was deprived of his rank, and his property was confiscated: it was not the lightnings of heaven that struck him, but the anger of our king. In vain my high-minded father sought to justify himself: Mirza-Abbas refused to listen to him, and my mother died of grief. . . . . ."

"And my brother, Meli-Abeth," continued the old lady, for the child could not proceed, so great was her emotion—"my brother was executed by order of that master whom he had served with so much fidelity. Orders were immediately given that the name of the General Meli-Abeth should never more be pronounced, and hence it is, my child, that in obedience to the law I have concealed from you both his grandeur and his fall."

"But," replied Hal-Mehi, when she had dried her tears, "what you could not tell me, and what I nevertheless know, is, that Meli-Abeth, my father, did not die by the hand of the executioner; that Mirza-Abbas recoiled from punishing with death a warrior who had served him with so much zeal; in a word, that I am not an orphan!"

"What say you, my child?" exclaimed the aunt.

"What I learned from that friend who has lately died. No!" repeated Hal-Mehi; "I am not an orphan, my father still lives: for sixteen years has he lan-

[illegible] why I weep; for I feel courage enough to deliver him, but I have neither the strength nor the means."

Again her voice became inaudible from emotion; the aunt mingled her tears with those of her niece, but she returned thanks to Heaven who had preserved to her the brother whom for sixteen years she had mourned as dead.

For some months, Hal-Mehi, when conversing with her aunt relative to the illustrious Persian general to whom she owed her existence, hoped that in the end this worthy woman would approve the project she had conceived of liberating her father, and that her experience would inspire her with the means of attaining the object of all her pious endeavours; but the old lady, although she admired the courage of the child, could not help representing to her the impossibilities which presented themselves in the execution of her design, and sought to divert her from it, but in vain; for it was doubtless written in heaven, that, by her devotion and filial piety, Hal-Mehi should take her place amongst those noble children whose names are imperishable.

Seeing that she must depend upon herself alone, for the happiness of at last liberating that father whom she had scarcely known, Hal-Mehi one day appeared in the presence of her aunt, in

travelling costume, resolutely determined to bid her farewell.

"Where are you going, my poor child?" said the old lady.

"Where I am sent by God," replied Hal-Mehi.

"But your father's prison is very far from here."

"Courage shortens distance: one feels not fatigue when the heart directs the steps."

"Thus, then, you are going to leave me, ungrateful girl!"

"Ingratitude consists in contempt for the lessons one receives, and I prove the respect I bear to yours by consecrating my frail existence to filial love, which is, as you yourself have taught me, the holiest of affections." Hal-Mehi knelt before her aunt, who gave her her blessing and farewell embrace, and the child departed to rejoin her father.

It was no less than thirty-two days' journey from the town of Mendehli, where she dwelt, to the prison in which her father languished. It was in a tower built upon a rock, surrounded on all sides by the waves of the Tigris, that Mirza-Abbas had confined the old Persian general. Hal-Mehi walked, therefore, during thirty-two days, and at length stopped at the town nearest to the prison of Meli-Abeth. The slender resources of the poor girl were exhausted, and her project still needed a great deal

of consideration before she could be in a condition to carry it into execution.

As she was no longer able to live without labour, she offered her services in the house of a manufacturer of printed linens, where she was received in quality of servant. Here she remained for about four months; then, having had an opportunity of learning her master's kindness of heart, she determined to reveal to him her name, and inform him of the perilous design she had conceived.

"But, my child," said the merchant, "you are not aware, then, that the tower can only be approached by boats, and that the boatmen are commanded, under pain of death, to keep at a distance of two hundred fathoms at least. Thus you will find no one to carry you to it."

"Well, then," replied Hal-Mehi, "I will go alone, when I know how to swim, for I must see my father."

For many months the young girl practised the art of struggling against the current of the river, and by degrees she learned to swim. When she felt herself able to resist the violence of the waves, she endeavoured to swim farther and farther from day to day. At first she went but a short distance from the shore, the next day she ventured a little farther, and the third farther still, and so on, by degrees, until at last she

approached within a short distance of the prison, the grated windows of which she constantly kept in view. At last, to her great joy, she caught sight of the prisoner, who was contemplating the heavens through his iron bars. Hal-Mehi sought to attract his attention by signs; but he did not perceive her. The strength of the devoted girl was nearly exhausted, and she returned to the shore, saying, "He will, perhaps, perceive me to-morrow." In this manner did she make many fruitless journeys; for often the captive did not appear at the window at all; and when by good fortune he did so, as he had for sixteen years abandoned all hope of deliverance, he paid no attention to her who came to him at the peril of her life. Hal-Mehi returned once more to her master's, in despair of ever being able to make herself understood by the captive. She passed a painful and sleepless night, uncertain whether she ought again to incur the danger of crossing the river, or whether it would not be better to abandon her virtuous enterprise, rather than uselessly expose her life. She was in this painful state of doubt, when God, taking pity on her, inspired her with a happy thought. Courage immediately revived in her breast; she took a large piece of white linen, and with a pencil dipped in colour, traced her name upon it.

That same evening, towards sunset, Hal-Mehi

again traversed the river. When about a stone's throw from the tower, in which the prisoner was confined, she unfurled her piece of cloth, and uttered a cry in order to attract the attention of Meli-Abeth.

To this cry of filial love, a cry of paternal rapture immediately replied. The prisoner had read the name of his daughter; their hearts understood each other. This was enough for that day, and Hal-Mehi again returned to her master's dwelling.

We leave it to the reader to imagine what must have been the joy of the father, and the happiness of the daughter, when each of them could now exclaim, "I am not alone upon the earth, there lives one being with whom I can communicate. The only consolation of a captive is to think of those who think of him; therefore, whenever we pass the dark walls of a prison, let us not forget to bestow the charity of a thought upon the unhappy victims who languish behind its bars."

Hal-Mehi made another journey, and this time her father awaited her. From the farthest distance that he could perceive her, he passed his arms through the iron bars of his window, and stretched forth his hands as if to bless his child. The young girl at length reached the foot of the tower. Meli-Abeth had passed the night in unravelling, thread by thread, a piece of linen, of which he had succeeded in forming a

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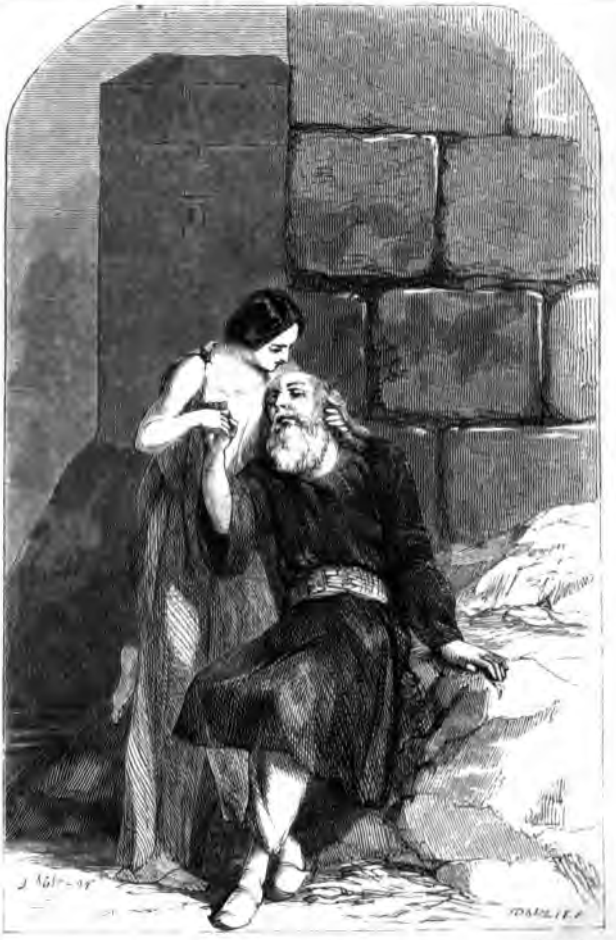

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kind of cord. He lowered it beside the wall of the tower, and Hal-Mehi fastened to it a letter containing two flat files, to enable the prisoner to saw through the iron bars of his window. This letter contained only a few words :—" Try to get down : I will remain concealed among the rocks during the whole night. I await you."

From the place in which she had taken refuge, Hal-Mehi had the happiness of seeing her father labour unremittingly at his deliverance. The poor child could only aid him by her prayers; but these, at least, she offered with the most pious fervour. When it became quite dark, she several times placed her ear against the wall of the tower, in order to assure herself that he was still at work. For a long time she heard him continue his painful occupation; then at last the grating ceased, and a dull cracking sound told her that the bars had given way. She threw herself upon her knees, with her face to the ground, to return thanks to God, and remained in this attitude for a considerable time, listening with anxiety and hope to the slightest sound. At first she heard nothing but the beating of her own heart; then she distinguished a faint rustling like that which might be produced by the clothes of some one rubbing against the exterior wall of the tower. It was, in truth, Meli-Abeth, who, holding by the angles of the stones, with

great difficulty succeeded in descending to the spot where his daughter awaited him with so much anxiety. Hal-Mehi then rising, stretched out her arms to receive him, and he fell exhausted by her side. Her first care was to dry the perspiration which streamed from the forehead of the old man; she then dipped her handkerchief in the water of the river, and returned to bathe the wounds which his hands might have received while clinging to the stones of the tower wall. This duty accomplished, she threw herself into his arms, and by the most tender caresses effaced from his memory sixteen years of suffering. Hal-Mehi's kind master awaited them on the other side of the river, for he had promised her that he would afford protection to the illustrious general, whose misfortunes he deplored. The young Persian was eager to feel that her father was out of danger, and hastened their departure. Meli-Abeth threw himself into the Tigris, and for a few moments swam by the side of his daughter, and succeeded in getting at some distance from his prison; then he became exhausted and unable to support himself in the water: he had been so long debarred all exercise, that he could not bear any considerable amount of fatigue.

"Farewell," he exclaimed, in a feeble voice; "I can go no farther!"

"Father!" she cried, supporting him by his

clothes, and struggling with the current, which was rapidly bearing him away. She exerted her utmost strength, and succeeded in reaching deep water, but her cries had been heard, and the boatmen of the prison, accompanied by soldiers, were already in pursuit of the fugitives. The moon, which until then had been hidden by clouds, now shone brightly upon the stream, and revealed the course taken by Hal-Mehi, who was redoubling her efforts to sustain her father. A shower of arrows was directed against her, her blood stained the waters of the Tigris, and, pierced with wounds, she abandoned herself to death and sank to the bottom, still clasping in her arms the father whom she had sought to save. Nevertheless, their last hour was not yet come; they were both rescued from the water, and conducted before the Governor of Bassora. This cruel man, listening only to the stern voice of duty, condemned both father and daughter to be strangled, and as such judgments are without appeal, the sentence was immediately executed on the spot.

When Mirza-Abbas was informed of the twofold execution of Meli-Abeth and his daughter, he censured the act of the Governor of Bassora, and said—

"For the sake of Hal-Mehi, I would have pardoned her father."

By command of this Prince, a monument was

erected to the heroine. This monument still exists at Bassora, and every year the women and girls of the city make a pilgrimage to kiss her tomb, and adorn it with flowers.

Prascovia Lopouloff;

OR, THE EXILES OF SIBERIA.

Born, 1792—died, 1809.

TOWARDS the close of the reign of Paul the First, Emperor of Russia, there dwelt at Ischim, a miserable hamlet in the government of Tobolsk, a poor family of exiles, composed of three persons, John Lopouloff, formerly a Hungarian captain in the Russian service, Anne his wife, and Prascovia their daughter, who might almost be said to have been born an exile; for she was scarcely a year old when her father was sentenced to end his days in Siberia. Brought up in the midst of a colony of exiles, Prascovia had no idea of any better condition, and found herself sufficiently happy in the love of her parents and the friendship of her neighbours. During the winter season, the child amused herself by going from cabin to cabin to construct little chapels, which she consecrated by her prayers—for above all things Prascovia was pious; then when the fine weather returned to gladden those dreary regions, she ran through the forests of pine, of birch, and of poplars, gathering here and there the

spring gentian, the valerian of Siberia, and the wild everlasting, which unfold their lovely blossoms to the very limits of the snows.

John Lopouloff lived on the small allowance of ten copecks a day, the sum granted to those exiles who were not condemned to labour on the public works. But as Prascovia grew older, this sum became insufficient for the maintenance of the family. The child perceived the straitened circumstances of her parents, and determined to be no longer a burden to them. From that moment her sports were abandoned; there were no more little chapels erected for her neighbours; no more of those delightful rambles through the woods, from which she used to return with a joyous countenance, and laden with flowers and large yellow strawberries, so tempting to the eye, and so sweet to the taste. Prascovia sought employment from all who were able to give it to her, and began to assist the washerwomen and the reapers, who paid her for her day's work in eggs, fruit, or vegetables, which the young Siberian joyfully carried home in the evening to her parents, happy and proud of her youthful energy.

If John Lopouloff, her father, showed himself grateful for her exertions, he did not the less cherish the remembrance of a happier existence, and this remembrance was death to him. Often when alone did

the rough old veteran of Paul I. weep like a child, and strike his breast, praying to God for his recall or his death. His wife well understood his grief, but Prascovia could form no idea of its cause. In vain they spoke to her of the magnificent cities of Russia—of warm and comfortable houses—of the bustle and festivities of the world. She felt so happy, that is to say, so much beloved, in her village of Ischim, that she could not believe greater happiness could exist elsewhere. One day, however, through the crevices of a partition, she beheld her father weeping, and from that moment she began to understand that exile was a misfortune.

From that moment, we repeat, Prascovia had but one thought, that of restoring her father to that world which he so much regretted. But to do this it would be necessary to go to St. Petersburgh, for the Emperor alone had the power of revoking the sentence of exile which weighed upon her father like a chain; and it was not enough that she should have sufficient resolution to venture upon the journey: she must first of all obtain the consent of her parents, and the child dared not allude to her project. One morning, however, after her day's work, as she was returning from a place where she was accustomed to offer up her prayers before entering the house, she felt more than ever strengthened in her design, and resolved to open

her mind to her mother at least, in order to obtain her support in conquering the anticipated opposition of her father. She entered. John Lopouloff held his Bible open, and read aloud this passage: "Now an angel of God called to Hagar out of heaven, and said unto her, What dost thou here? Arise. Fear not."

Prascovia, taking advantage of these words of the sacred volume, which seemed to be especially addressed to her, at once avowed the design she had conceived. At first they only laughed at the idea, but as she dwelt upon it with the warmth of eloquence which a noble determination inspires, her parents, seeing in it nothing beyond the foolish confidence of a child of fourteen, sternly forbade her to think of a project which it was impossible to carry out.

"I consent," replied Prascovia, "but it is only on condition that my father will cease to weep: at the faintest sigh, or smallest tear, I will listen only to the voice of God, and if that says to me, 'Go!'—go I will."

John Lopouloff and his wife had done violence to their feelings, in replying harshly to Prascovia; when she had ceased speaking, therefore, they pressed her in their arms with tears and blessings, and her father resolved that for the future he would act with more fortitude. This promise, however, he was un-

able to keep. His mind constantly reverting to happier times, he again wept, believing that no one beheld his tears. Prascovia, however, beheld them; she said nothing, but this time her resolution was irrevocably fixed. None of the inhabitants of Ischim were permitted even to leave the village without a passport from the military chief of the government of Tobolsk: Prascovia could not write; she therefore entreated one of her neighbours to draw out her request, and above all things not to mention anything of it to her parents. Ischim is situated at a considerable distance from Tobolsk, and more than a month elapsed before she received the Governor's reply. Every day did the impatient child repair to the post station to await the arrival of the courier; but no courier came, or if one chanced to pass through the village he had no letters for her. At last, however, the passport arrived. With what joy did the poor girl welcome it! How she pressed it to her heart and lips! With what eager haste did she bend her steps towards the hut in which her parents dwelt! How she hesitated when she approached it! for she expected their displeasure, and although she was submissive and respectful, neither threats nor prayers could any longer detain her, now that she held in her hand the precious paper, which opened to her the way to St. Petersburgh. She was not opposed

by threats. She was not even entreated to remain, so deeply were they moved with admiration of her firmness. Her parents gave her their blessing and all the money they possessed, which was one rouble, that is to say, about half-a-crown; and as this was the eighth of September, one of the feasts of the Virgin, the young Siberian implored them not to defer her departure until the following day; it was also her own birth-day; she had just reached her fifteenth year.

We will not attempt to describe that painful separation—the religious silence of the moment which preceded the departure of Prascovia from the hut under whose shelter she had grown up. Between her who thus went to fulfil a holy mission of filial love and those whom she left behind, the separation might be eternal; none of them, therefore, had any consolation to offer to the others, or was even able to utter a farewell. Without a word, and without a tear, they pressed each other's hands; the father and mother went no farther than the door, and the child hurried away without once turning back.

As if it had been necessary, in order to heighten the sublimity of her undertaking, that she should receive the baptism of humiliation, Prascovia left the village amidst the hootings of the greater part of the inhabitants, people of gross minds, who were hardened

in misfortune, and who beheld in the project of the noble girl nothing but an act of stupid vanity, which was impelling her to attempt an object utterly unattainable. She pursued her way, however, but not alone, for two exiles, neighbours of John Lopouloff, who better understood the lofty sentiments which supported the young heroine, accompanied her as far as the boundaries of the township. Here, these kind-hearted men commended her to God, and gave her the fruit of their savings—the one, twenty copecks, the other, thirty; in return, Prascovia promised to include them in the petition for pardon which she was going to present to the Emperor, and commissioned them to bear a kiss to her parents.

At the close of her first day's journey, she met with a shelter in the cottage of some worthy peasants. When day returned she again set out, but she lost her way, and after walking for several hours, found herself before the door of the hut in which she had so generously received a shelter for the night. Notwithstanding this unpropitious commencement, she was not discouraged; her host, perceiving her pass by, advised her to return to Ischim. Prascovia replied by asking him the most direct route to St. Petersburgh; the peasant shrugged his shoulders, and pointed out to her the way, and the poor child again resumed her march.

She had many trials to endure during this long journey: sometimes coldly received by those from whom she solicited a shelter, sometimes altogether repulsed as an impostor, she suffered all the humiliations, met with all the obstacles, endured all the privations, which could not fail to present themselves to a poor and feeble traveller of fifteen, traversing, without a guide, the dreary deserts of Siberia. One night she was overtaken by a storm, and obliged to take shelter under a fir-tree, which, however, protected her neither from the cold nor the rain. As the day began to dawn, she dragged herself upon the high road, but, unable to proceed further, remained there covered with mud and half dead with cold. Her last moment was approaching, when a peasant, passing by with his cart, took compassion on her and carried her as far as the next village.

Prascovia went from door to door imploring hospitality, but she was in so miserable a condition that no one would receive her, and some even treated her as a thief. Always trusting in God, and, moreover, sustained by a sacred hope, she went to kneel beneath the porch of a church, the door of which was closed. While there, the Starost, (who filled the office of mayor of the village,) approached to interrogate the stranger: she told him where she had come from, and whither she was going; she showed him her

passport, and immediately, those who had insulted her, touched by the grandeur of her project, bore her, as if in triumph, to one of those houses from which but a few moments before she had been so cruelly repulsed. Here she rested for several days, and they gave her some boots, for she had lost one shoe in the mud of the road. She then resumed her journey, but by short stages, and frequent stoppages, for the weather was becoming bad, and the roads less practicable.

In each of the villages in which she was obliged to stop, our traveller repaid the hospitality she received by washing the linen of her hosts, and mending their clothes. Providence almost always led her to the houses of benevolent people; but one night, while sleeping on the great stove, on which the Russian peasants make their bed, she was awakened by her hosts, who, holding in one hand the pine branch which served them for a torch, shook her rudely by the arm, saying, "You must show us all your money." Prascovia possessed only eighty copecks.

"It is false," said the peasants, "you cannot go with eighty copecks from Tobolsk to St. Petersburgh;" and they began to search her, but finding nothing more, the peasant and his wife took possession of the money and left her unmolested for the remainder of the night. The poor child could sleep no more; and on the following morning, when she was hoping to

escape unperceived from this horrible house, she was stopped by the peasant just as she was crossing the threshold. "Here," said he, returning her leathern purse, "there are indeed but eighty copecks; farewell, child, keep up your courage." When at a short distance from the hut, Prascovia stopped to count her little fortune, and she found herself in possession of a hundred and twenty copecks.

For several days she was able to continue her journey on foot; but the great frosts having set in, and the snow falling unremittingly, she soon found it impossible to proceed farther: she was only a few verstes from a large city, Ekatherinembourg; but, notwithstanding all her efforts to reach it, she was at last obliged to wait upon the high road until a sledge should pass by, in the hope that the driver would take pity on her and carry her to the town. She remained in this condition the whole night, beating the snow with her feet in order to preserve herself from numbness, of which she was much afraid, as she was well aware that death might be its result. The day at length dawned, and at a great distance Prascovia perceived with joy a train of sledges bearing provisions to Ekatherinembourg, for the Christmas festivities.

At the sight of a poor girl, purple with cold, and whose tears were frozen on her cheeks, the conductors of the convoy hastened to wrap her in their pelisses,

and place her in one of their sledges; in this manner she reached the long-wished-for city, in which she hoped to find the shelter she so much needed; but whilst saying to the landlady of the inn, "Madame, you need not fear to receive me, for I can pay for my accommodation," Prascovia perceived that she had lost her leathern purse in the snow.

The hostess did not for a moment doubt the truth of this new misfortune, for the poor girl had so ingenuously related the events of her journey, that it was impossible not to believe in her sincerity. She was, therefore, received into the kharstma, or inn of the country, with as much eagerness and benevolence as if she had been able, as she said on entering, to pay for her accommodation. Prascovia was anxious to continue her journey as soon as possible, for the conductors of the sledges, who were going farther, willingly offered her a seat in their sledges. Knowing, now, who their little protegée was, they combined together to purchase her a good sheepskin pelisse; but the weather was so cold, that none of the inhabitants could be prevailed upon to part, at any price, with their furs.

"Well, then," said the drivers, "we will each of us lend her our pelisse in turn, and in this way the poor child will not feel the cold;" and this generous project was scrupulously carried into effect during the

whole of the long distance they travelled with the young Siberian.

Having reached the end of their journey, they set her down in front of a village church. Prascovia hastened to offer up her prayers, and to thank God for the unexpected assistance afforded her by these worthy people. Whilst in the church, her costume, and the poverty of her dress, attracted the benevolent attention of a lady named Madame Milin, who happened to be there. She approached and interrogated the child, and very soon the young traveller obtained a protectress, who felt as much affection for her as if their friendship had been of long standing.

Madame Milin took her to her house, and would not permit her to depart until the return of the fine weather. She taught her to read and write, and when the season became more favourable she paid her passage in a boat which was to carry her to Nijeni, giving her at the same time a little trunk well filled, money for the remainder of her journey, and a letter of recommendation to a noble lady at Moscow. The religious sentiments of her protectress had only increased the natural piety of Prascovia. While ignorant, her belief in God was but the instinct of an elevated soul which clings to the most sublime of hopes; but since she had been instructed by Madame Milin her piety had become enlightened, and she had laid

aside the superstitious customs of her childhood, henceforward to raise her thoughts only to the great and simple truths of religion.

In this voyage, which lasted for several days, Prascovia ran great risk of losing her life; an awkward boatman was very near upsetting the boat, and Prascovia fell into the water. Saved, but not without great difficulty, from this danger, the young girl, restrained by feelings of modesty, would not consent to change her clothes in the presence of her travelling companions, although they were saturated with wet. On her arrival at Nijéni she was attacked by a severe cold; the nuns of the convent in which, according to Madame Milin's direction, she had sought hospitality, would not allow her to depart until her health was completely re-established, and she remained there so long, that the winter still found her at the convent; and it was impossible for her to continue her journey until the roads became practicable for sledges. Wherever Prascovia stopped, her artless grace, her extreme beauty, and, above all, her modest virtues, gained her friends; thus, when the time arrived for her to leave the convent, the abbess, who loved her as a daughter, was desirous of retaining her with her. Prascovia contented herself with promising that if she were permitted to accomplish her holy mission, she would choose the convent of Ijéni as her last retreat;

but when they wished her to bind herself by vows to return, she refused, saying—

"Yes, certainly I shall be delighted to end my days in this retreat, but how do I know, myself, what God requires of me? I must submit to the will of Providence, whatever it may direct." And she departed.

The superior had provided her with facilities for reaching Moscow and St. Petersburgh. When she arrived in the latter city, eighteen months had elapsed since she had bid farewell to the village of Ischim.

Here, then, was this courageous child in the midst of a vast and populous city, where she knew not a living soul—where no one knew her! She was, indeed, provided with a few letters of recommendation to influential persons; but, as if it were the will of God that she should owe to herself alone the success of her sublime undertaking, some of those to whom she was recommended were not in town, and she was unable to discover the residences of the others.

Learning from some one that the Senate had the power of annulling the sentence which condemned her father to perpetual exile, it was to the Senate that she first proposed to address herself; but, the poor child not knowing there were forms to which it was indispensable that she should submit in order to obtain justice, she went with the utmost simplicity to the Senate-

house, and seating herself on the first step of its wide staircase, awaited the entrance of some senator, in order to implore from him the exile's pardon.

But she knew not what a senator was. She beheld officers in uniform, magistrates in robes of justice, and chamberlains in court-dresses, pass by; but as she did not know that the Senate was composed both of the high dignitaries of the army, the heads of the law, and the officers of the imperial palace, she allowed them all to pass, saying to herself—

"That one is not a senator."

She stationed herself at the same spot for several consecutive days, without knowing to whom she ought to address her petition. At last, one day, she determined to ascend into the house itself; and, having entered the office of one of the chancellors, she went from one clerk to another, inquiring in what room the senators were sitting. Her voice was so feeble, and she spoke from so great a distance, that no one noticed her; the poor child, greatly agitated, turned back, and in doing so, came in contact with one of the guards, who took her by the arm and turned her out; but while treating her with this rudeness, he told her that the Senate could only be addressed by a written petition, and this information was, for Prascovia, a first step towards success.

So far, therefore, from bearing any resentment to-

t ks to God for the ɹn ation she had obtained from him. The i v as soon prepared : a tradesman with wl n s lodged drew it up for her, according to the (ıary forms. Provided with this document, and n knowing what a petition was, the child again r d to the foot of the great staircase, and presented her petition to all who passed by. One took her for a beggar, and said —"God bless you," but gave her nothing; another placed in her hand a note for five roubles; but no one would read her paper. One day, as she was returning from her long and wearisome watch at the door of the Senate-house, the idea occurred to her of climbing up to the statue of Peter the Great, and confiding to the bronze hand of the great Emperor the petition which no one would receive from her.

The Princess of T—— happened at that moment to be crossing the bridge of the Neva, and perceiving the young girl, she commanded one of her attendants to bid her approach, and inquired her motive for placing that paper in the hand of the imperial statue.

"What did you hope to obtain, my child?" said the Princess.

"Madam," replied Prascovia, "I trusted in God, who can make the Emperor descend to me, if I cannot ascend to him."

Interested by this answer, the Princess took the petition from the child, and said—

"I promise you that the Emperor shall read it."

And indeed, two days afterwards, Alexander the First was acquainted with Prascovia's whole history. The Empress even had her brought to the court, but without giving her any intimation that she was to be presented to the imperial family. While passing through the throne-room, and wholly unconscious that those who accompanied her were the Czar and the two Empresses, who did the honours of the imperial palace to this poor child, Prascovia stopped, fell on her knees before the vacant throne, and kissing the steps with a transport of joy, exclaimed—

"Oh, my father! you see how far the power of God has led me. Oh, my God! bless this throne, and grant that he who occupies it, may not be deaf to my prayers, nor insensible to my tears."

Scarcely had she finished speaking when the pardon of John Lopouloff was pronounced by the Emperor, who also, at her earnest request, added that of the two poor exiles who had accompanied her to the confines of her village, saying—"We shall meet again."

They did not meet again, for scarcely had Prascovia brought to a happy issue her difficult enterprise, than she remembered her promise to the nuns of Ijéni.

A month afterwards she took the [illegible] term of her pilgrimage was to be also that of her life, the poor girl, exhausted by fatigue, felt her strength decline from day to day. She awaited with impatience the morning when her family, leaving their place of exile, should seek her at the convent, where she gradually drooped. She expired on the eve of the day marked for their arrival, December 8th, 1809. Her last words were—

"Well, then, I shall see them in heaven."

Laborious Children.

Valentine Jameray Duval.

Born, 1692—died, 1772.

It was in the little village of Artenay, in Champagne, that was born that laborious child, who was one day to become one of the most learned men of his age, the librarian of the Emperor Francis I., and the venerable friend of the imperial family. The father of Valentine Jameray Duval, who was a poor labourer, died when his son was but ten years of age. This death of the sole support of the family occurred at a time when France was desolated by war, and the inhabitants of its towns and villages decimated by famine. The widow of the labourer, reduced to the most frightful indigence, placed the young Valentine, the eldest of her children, with a peasant, who gave him the charge of his turkeys.

It is said that Valentine, who possessed an extremely quick, inquisitive mind, and was always anxious to verify what was taught him, having heard that turkeys had a great dislike to a red colour, determined one day to tie a piece of red cloth round the neck of one of

them, in order to assure himself of the b[illegible] antipathy to that colour. The poor child had no cause to rejoice in the result of his experiment, for the turkey became so furious that it died from the violence of its excitement, and Valentine was dismissed from his situation. He knew too well the unhappy condition of his mother, not to be afraid of again becoming a burden to her, so, placing his trust in Providence, he took the determination of leaving his native village.

It was the commencement of the winter of 1709. Never in the memory of man had the cold been so intense; in vain did Valentine offer his services in the villages and hamlets: the misery was everywhere so great that no one would consent to receive him. Every morning the poor little traveller despaired of reaching the close of the day: he felt persuaded that sooner or later he must perish on the road from cold and hunger. All that we could say, would fall far short of his own narrative of his misfortunes; we will therefore leave him to speak for himself:—

"Whilst going from Provins to Brie, I was seized with so violent a headache, that I felt every moment as if my head would burst. Having reached the door of a farm-house, I entreated the persons who came to me, to let me go at once to some place where I could get warm, and where I could lie down, so as to endure with less inconvenience the intolerable suffering which

overwhelmed me. This person immediately conducted me to the sheep-stable, where the breath of these quiet animals speedily dissipated the numbness which had seized me; but as to the pain which tormented me, its violence was so great that it rendered me delirious.

"The following morning, when the farmer came to see what I was about, he was alarmed on beholding my eyes sparkling and inflamed, my face swelled, and my whole body like scarlet, and covered with pustules. He did not hesitate to tell me that it was the small-pox, and that it would infallibly cause my death, because, not having sufficient for his own maintenance, it would be impossible for him to nurse me through a lengthened illness; and not to mention that the inclemency of the season rendered the disease fatal, he saw that I was not in a condition to be carried within reach of the necessary remedies. Perceiving that I had not sufficient strength to reply to his complaints, he was moved with compassion, and leaving me, he returned a moment after, provided with a bundle of old linen, in which, after taking off my clothes, he wrapped me like a mummy.

"As the dunghills of sheepfolds divide into layers, he removed some of these, filled the place they occupied with oat-chaff, laid me in the midst of it, scattered over me some of the same chaff, and

covered me, as with a counterpane, with the layers of dung which he had removed; and after having thus enveloped me, he made the sign of the cross over me, and commended me to God, fully persuaded that I should not escape death. Here, then, I remained like a second Job, not upon, but buried in the dunghill up to my neck.

"The heat of this dunghill, and the breath of the sheep, saved me. The perspirations into which they threw me, served as a vehicle to the poison with which my body was impregnated; so that the eruption, having formed in a short time, remained on the surface, without producing any greater evil than a considerable number of those erosions, which Beauty justly dreads as the fatal rock on which are wrecked her charms.

"Whilst I was thus, as it were, buried in infection and decay, the winter continued to desolate the country with the most frightful ravages. Behind the sheepfold, in which I triumphed over its rigours, were several clusters of very lofty walnut and oak trees. I passed few nights without being awakened by sudden and violent noises, resembling thunder or artillery; and when in the morning I inquired the cause of this commotion, I was told that the severity of the frost had been so great, that stones of an enormous size had been shattered to pieces, and that

several oak, walnut, and other trees had been cleft asunder, even to the very roots.

"I have before said that the charitable farmer had assured me, that his poverty prevented him from assisting me as he wished; and, indeed, the war and the taxes had so completely ruined him, that his furniture had been seized, and even the cattle required for the cultivation of his land had been sold, nor would his sheep have escaped the same fate had they not belonged to the proprietor of the farm. Thus my host had reason to forewarn me of the treatment I might expect from him. It is true that, at the commencement of my illness, I was not of much expense to him, as for several days I was too ill to take any nourishment whatever, and there is every reason to suppose that I should have died of inanition, if, instead of the nourishing broth of which I was deprived, it had not occurred to the good-natured farmer, to give me a kind of water-broth, flavoured only with sufficient salt to render it less insipid. This he sent to me twice a day, in a vessel resembling a large decanter in form, and furnished with a cork, in order that I might bury it in the dung, to preserve it from the frost. This was the only food I took for more than a fortnight, and as to drink, I was obliged to content myself with pure water, which was often brought to me half frozen. When my appetite seemed to demand more solid food,

were a lit vi ta bri i d some pieces of brown bread, wh had o so hardened by the frost, that it had to be cut with a l tchet; so that, notwithstanding the hunger that tormented me, I was compelled either to suck it or to wait until it was thawed by the same means that I made use of in the case of the bottle.

"Notwithstanding the severity of this regimen, the farmer declared that he could no longer support the expense of it, and that he must look out for some one better able to bear it than himself. He spoke to the Curé of a parish, situated about three-quarters of a league from the farm in which I was staying, and he consented to receive me into a house adjoining his own. I was then withdrawn from my tomb as well as they could manage, and after being wrapped up in some old clothes, and surrounded with two or three trusses of hay, to protect me from the frost, I was strapped upon an ass, and, a person walking by my side to prevent me from falling, I was thus conducted to the village. It was found, on arriving, that I was more than half dead from the effects of the cold, and it was supposed that if I escaped death, I should at least lose the use of some of my limbs. This, doubtless, would have been the case, had I, in the first instance been placed near the fire; but they took the

wise precaution of rubbing my face, hands, and legs, with snow until the circulation was restored; to reanimate the rest of my body I was placed in a situation similar to the one from which I had been removed, and a week afterwards, the cold becoming less severe, they gave me a room and a bed, where, through the generosity and kind care of the benevolent Curé, I was not long in recovering my health and stength. But unhappily I was soon told that I must look out for a place, and I endeavoured to make up my mind to do so."

He was thus obliged to seek another asylum. Proceeding, therefore, in the direction of the rising sun, he traversed Champagne and reached the village of Clésantine, on the borders of Lorraine, where he found a shepherd, who consented to receive him into his service. Here he remained for two years, and chance having conducted him to the Hermitage of Rochette, where lived a pious recluse named Brother Palémon, the young Valentine was fortunate in inspiring the venerable anchorite with a lively interest; so much so that he proposed to the child to share with him his rural labours, and to teach him to read; afterwards, recommended by the good brother Palémon, he passed from his narrow cell to the great Hermitage of Saint Anne, where he was kindly received by the four hermits who occupied that house, and placed in charge

of the six cows, which served to cultivate their twelve acres of land. Jameray Duval continues his narrative in the following terms:—

"I commenced a new career; I learned to write. One of our old men traced for me, with a decrepid and trembling hand, the first principles of this ingenious art. So defective a model could only be productive of bad copies. In order not to inconvenience the old man, and to be able to dispense with his lessons, the following is the plan I adopted: I took a pane of glass from my window, and placing it on my copy, I traced upon the surface the same letters that I saw beneath, and it was by the repetition of this exercise, that in a short time I acquired a considerable facility in writing badly. A short treatise on arithmetic, which I found in an old book of the blue library, taught me the first four rules of that admirable science, which, by the boldness of its calculations, bears the torch of argument even into the dark regions of numerical infinitude, and it became to me a source of recreation and delight. I sought out in the wood some spot in which I could conveniently study, and here I not unfrequently passed a portion of the fine nights of summer in meditation. One evening, whilst I amused myself in contemplating that mass of lights spread over the vast expanse of heaven, I remembered that the almanacs announced that on certain days of

the year, the sun entered into signs, distinguished by the names of animals, such as the ram, the bull, &c., I thought I would endeavour to find out what those signs were; and supposing that there might be in the heavens clusters of stars representing the forms of these animals, I made this inquiry the object of my speculations. For this purpose I chose one of the loftiest oaks of the forest, at the top of which I formed a kind of tissue composed of several branches of viburnum and osier interlaced, which from a distance nearly resembled the nest of a stork.

"Every evening I repaired to this observatory, where, seated on an old beehive or basket, I turned towards the different regions of the heavens in order to discover the form of a bull or a ram. As the mysteries of optics were then unknown to me, I had nothing but my eyes for a telescope. After having for a long time fatigued them in vain, I was on the point of giving up my project, when chance supplied me with juster notions, and revived my attempts. Having been sent to Lunéville one fair-day, I observed a quantity of pictures exposed for sale along a wall; amongst them was a planisphere, on which the stars were indicated with their names and relative sizes. This planisphere, a map of the world, together with maps of its four quarters, exhausted the whole of my

finances, which then amounted to five or six francs. The votaries of avarice and ambition would almost be excusable, if the passions by which they are governed afforded them a pleasure as real and as vivid as the possession of these six sheets of paper afforded me. A few days sufficed for learning upon the map the relative positions of most of the constellations, but to make a just application of this knowledge, it was necessary to have a fixed point in the heavens, to serve as a basis for my observations. I had heard that the pole-star was the only one in our hemisphere which was fixed, and that its situation determined that of the North Pole; but how to discover this star, and ocularly determine its immobility! After many inquiries, I heard of a steel needle which possessed the property of turning towards the poles of the earth, a wonder which I could hardly believe even in seeing it. Fortunately for me, the most aged of our Druids had in his possession a mariner's compass, which he was kind enough to lend me. By the aid of this wonderful needle, the four opposite regions of the horizon, called the four cardinal points, were soon known to me, as well as the divisions of the different winds, which were engraved upon a plate of this compass. But as I was ignorant of the elevation of the pole-star, and it was necessary to know it, the following was the method I adopted for ascertaining it. I selected

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a star which appeared to me of the third magnitude, and then pierced with a gimlet a moderate-sized branch of a tree opposite to this star. As a follower of Ptolemy I argued thus: this star is either fixed or not: if it be fixed, I shall always see it through the hole I have pierced, and in that case I shall have attained my object; if otherwise, I shall soon cease to see it, and then I must repeat my operation, which indeed I did, with no other result than that of breaking my gimlet. This accident led me to have recourse to another expedient.

"I took a good-sized shoot of elder, and having split it lengthwise, and removed the pith, I joined the two parts together again with some string, and suspended this tube to the highest branch of the oak which served me for an observatory. By this means, and with the facility I possessed of directing and fixing my tube towards whatever star I wished to examine, I at last obtained the knowledge I sought. It became an easy matter for me afterwards to find out the situation of the principal constellations by drawing imaginary lines from one star to another, according to the projection of my planisphere, and then I knew what I ought to think of that quantity of animals with which the poets have peopled the heavens, perhaps for want of a sufficient number of men deserving of the same honour.

"After having, in some degree, mastered the map of the heavens, I thought I ought to know something about that of the earth, the more so as Plutarch's Lives of Illustrious Men, and the History of Quintus Curtius, which chance threw in my way, recalled to me the mighty deeds of the Paladins I had read of in the wonderful histories of the Blue Library. Wishing, therefore, to become acquainted with the cities, kingdoms, and empires, in which these illustrious fools had signalized themselves, I determined to trace their course; but I was very near becoming as great a fool as themselves. My only introduction to the science of geography consisted of the five maps purchased with the planisphere before mentioned; and my most strenuous efforts to understand what could be the use of the circles traced upon the map of the world, such as the meridians, the tropics, the zodiac, &c. &c., were very near proving entire failures.

"Ignorance must certainly be very natural to man, since he requires so much labour to free himself from it. I formed a thousand conjectures, in order to discover what could be the meaning of the three hundred and sixty little black and white spaces which divided the equator. At last I settled that they must be leagues, and without hesitation concluded that the terrestrial globe must be three hundred and sixty leagues in circumference. Having communicated this great dis-

covery to one of the old hermits, who had been to St. Nicolas-de-Barry, in Calabria, he assured me that in order to reach that place he had travelled more than three hundred and sixty leagues, without perceiving that he had made the circuit of the earth. I thus saw the error I had committed, and was annoyed to the last degree. I might, perhaps, have fallen into despair, had it not been for the following accident.

"As I was accustomed every Sunday to attend divine service at the church of the Carmelites, at Lunéville, I took a fancy to enter the garden of the monastery, where I perceived Master Remy, who had the direction of it, seated at the end of a walk with a book in his hand: it was the method of studying geography, by the Sieur Delaunay. I entreated Master Remy to lend it to me, which he did very willingly. It was my intention to copy it out; but my impatience to ascertain its contents was so great, that I read it all through on my way back to my desert, and before my arrival there, I had learned the reduction of the degrees of the equator to the itinerary measures of the different nations. It was then I discovered the real insignificance of our globe, by comparing it with the vast abysses of space, which terrified my imagination.

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and entirely destitute of all means of perfecting myself in this study, I resolved to find resources against my poverty. In order to do so, I declared war against the animals of the forest for the sole purpose of profiting by their spoils, in order to purchase maps and books. I compelled the fox, the martin, and the polecat, to yield me their furs, which I sold to a furrier at Lunéville; many hares were foolish enough to fall into my snares; even the birds contributed to my instruction by the loss of their liberty, and thus in a few months my industry had rendered me the possessor of thirty or forty crowns. I went, or rather ran, to Nancy with this sum, to buy books. A translation of Pliny's Natural History, Titus Livius, the History of the Incas, that of the cruelties exercised in America by the Spaniards, written by Bartholomew de Las Casas, the letters of Bussy-Rabutin, the characters of Theophrastus, the Political Testament of Louvois, the Fables of the ingenious La Fontaine, a few other works, and several maps, exhausted my finances and my credit; for not having sufficient money to pay for all the books I have specified, the worthy Truain, my bookseller, without having ever seen me, or heard of me before, placed me, in spite of myself, on his list of debtors, to the amount of twenty or thirty francs. Having asked him on what grounds he founded his confidence in me, he replied, 'Upon your physiog-

nomy, and your love of study. I read in your countenance that you will not deceive me.' Although his good opinion rested on very questionable foundations, I nevertheless felt grateful to him, and assured him that I would do all in my power to justify the horoscope with which he honoured me.

"Bending beneath the weight of my scientific load, I walked five leagues to regain my solitude, and this implies much fatigue, and more than one stoppage by the way. From that time, my cell became a world in miniature; its walls were covered with painted provinces and kingdoms, and as it was very small, I fastened the planisphere above my pallet, so that I could never wake without beholding above me clusters of stars, whose light was only for the mind."

So great an amount of ingenious labour and perseverance could not fail of being speedily rewarded. First of all, Valentine, having found a gold seal with armorial bearings, caused it to be advertised at church. Mr. Forster, a distinguished English scholar, was the owner of the seal. Touched by the honesty of the young cowherd, and soon afterwards charmed by his conversation, which already betrayed the man of science, Mr. Forster invited Valentine to his house; and thanks to the generosity of the Englishman, the servant of the hermits of Saint Anne numbered more than a hundred volumes in his library. This good fortune

was soon followed by another event still more fortunate for the studious Valentine. In the woods which he had made his place of study, and where he surrounded himself with his maps, he was one day accosted by a stranger who asked him what he was about.

"I am studying geography," replied the child.

"But," resumed the stranger, "do you understand anything about it?"

"Why should I trouble myself about it, if I did not understand something of it?"

"And what are you looking for at this moment, my friend?" continued his interrogator, contemplating the little cowherd geographer, who continued poring over his map.

"I was tracing the route to Quebec, in order to continue my studies at the university of that city!"

"Indeed!" exclaimed the stranger; "but I think there are universities more within your reach, than the one you have mentioned, and I shall have great pleasure in pointing one out to you."

While thus conversing with the child, several gentlemen, followed by their attendants, approached the stranger with respect, and saluted him by the title of your Highness. Valentine was confounded when he discovered that it was with the Sovereign Duke of Lor-

raine that he had been conversing. The Prince had promised him his protection, and he took care to fulfil this promise. Thanks to his benevolence, Valentine entered the College of the Jesuits at Pont-à-Mousson, and at the end of two years, his studies being completed, he was nominated librarian to the Duke, and professor of history at the Academy of Lunéville.

At a later period, he entered the service of the Emperor Francis, who had summoned him to Vienna, to superintend the formation of a cabinet of coins. Previous to his finally settling in his new country, this virtuous and learned man wished once more to behold his native village; and in the place of the hut in which he was born, he had a substantial and convenient house erected, of which he made a present to the Commune to serve as a residence for the schoolmaster. As a proof of the natural benevolence of his disposition, it is related that having one day, while passing through a village, asked for a glass of water, and being kept waiting a considerable time, he learned that this water had to be brought from a distance of more than half a league, because there were neither wells nor springs in the village. He paid for his glass of water by giving four hundred francs (about sixteen pounds), in order that a well might be sunk in the midst of these poor dwellings. He then went where fortune

and the friendship of a powerful monarch had summoned him. Valentine Jameray Duval attained the advanced age of eighty years, and died at Vienna in 1772.

Peter Laramée, or Ramus.

In the year 1510, a little boy, dressed in a linen frock and woollen cap, his countenance attenuated by hunger, and his eyes widely staring, if not with the desire of coveting, at least with a feeling of wonder at the sight of all the beautiful things he beheld, entered Paris by the Faubourg St. Denis. Instinct directed his steps towards the Rue du Fouare, or de la Paille. It was there that, during the hours of recreation, the numerous students of the various colleges established in that quarter of the city were accustomed to amuse themselves. The young peasant thus fell like a prey into the hands of these roguish, and for the most part mischievous children, who felt no scruple whatever in intimidating the weak, and even in attacking those who were both bigger and stronger than themselves.

Peter Laramée, for this was the name of the new comer, had to endure no small amount of mischievous questionings, and no small number of painful blows. But when the first burst of mirth and mischief had subsided, the best-natured of the young rogues, who

had been tormenting him for upwards of an hour; seeing that he was hungry, gave him part of his bread; and when the poor boy said, "I have walked a great distance: I am very tired," the others made room for him on the straw with which the street was strewn. Laramée, refreshed and comfortably seated, having been questioned a second time by his new companions as to his life and journey to Paris, began the simple and artless narrative which we will endeavour to reproduce.

"I was born in the village of Cuth, in Vermandois, it may be eight years ago. I lost my father and mother just as I was able to walk alone, and as I had no longer any one to take care of me, I was obliged to depend on the charity of the good people of the neighbourhood; I begged from door to door, and thought myself very fortunate when I was able to spread a little white cheese upon the slice of black bread which had been given me for charity, or when I could get a raw onion with a few grains of salt, to help me to eat this bread, which was sometimes very hard. When I got a little bigger, the neighbours would no longer support me in idleness: then they put a long pole in my hand, and I had to drive the geese to the public pond.

"One day I became weary of this kind of life; I was tired of conducting an intractable flock, which

went here and there without obeying my voice, or the movements of my stick, and which I did not always succeed in leading back undiminished to the farm. One fine day, I resolved to leave my geese to return to the farmer to whom they belonged as well as they could; I threw my pole into a bush, and set out on my journey to Paris. I was obliged to beg on my way, as I had formerly done in my native village, and had the good fortune to fall in with a monk, in whose company I have travelled, and who must be a learned doctor, as at bed-time he taught me the names of all the letters of the alphabet, and even the art of putting them together so as to form words.

"Now that I have reached this great city, I cannot say that I am any richer, but I have at least acquired on my journey the wish to be learned: may God preserve me, and grant that amongst you gentlemen I may find some one who will be kind enough to take charge of my education, which is hardly yet begun."

After his recital, which he concluded with this prayer, Peter Laramée offered to enter the service of the students, and to act as valet to them all, demanding no other recompense than a little bread and a few lessons. For some months his days were spent in executing the commissions of the students in the town, and in enduring with admirable patience their ill-humour, or the caprices of their mischievous disposi-

tions; here and there picking up a crust of hard bread, and a few odds and ends of Greek and Latin, with which he stored his memory, and which he frequently repeated to himself. When the evening returned, the poor child laid himself down under one of the arches of the Pont de la Cité, which he had selected as his dwelling-place.

Peter Laramée was very contented with his lot; for not to die of hunger, and to be able to gain instruction, was all that this industrious child demanded. One day his happiness was interrupted. The vacations had arrived, the students deserted the colleges to return to the bosoms of their families. The servants of the university removed the straw from the street, and Peter Laramée found himself without masters to serve, bread to earn, or lessons of Greek and Latin with which to store his memory. He would willingly have continued to live on charity until the schools reopened; but the plague broke out in Paris: he became alarmed, and determined, though with great grief, to retrace his steps to his native village of Cuth.

Here we must leave him to vegetate during a period of four years. Then in 1515, about the time when the good King Louis XII. died, there might be seen at the college of Navarre, a little valet, about twelve years old, whose business it was to sweep out

the school-rooms, and work all day for the service of the house. At night, when every one was asleep, this child, either by blowing upon a little charcoal, or taking advantage of a clear moonlight, read over the lessons of the teachers, or wrote down what he could remember of them, by having listened at the door of the school-rooms. This little valet of the college of Navarre was Peter Laramée. He had returned to Paris as soon as he knew that the plague had disappeared; and, at his entreaty, the Principal of the college had consented to receive him, not for the purpose of waiting upon the professors, or even upon the students, but to be the servant of the servants.

The exercise-book of Laramée, so laboriously filled up, happened to fall into the hands of one of the professors. Surprised at the learning, intelligence, and extraordinary powers of reasoning displayed by the child who had written those pages, he summoned the young valet, and closely questioned him, in order to discover whether this writing were really his own, and how he had been able to learn so much without having been taught anything.

Peter Laramée explained by what means he had stolen, so to speak, the lessons of the professors; and he entreated the master to examine him, as he was not quite sure of knowing properly what he had been able to learn only by stealth. The professor, who began to

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take a warm interest in this laborious child, put to him a great number of questions, to which Laramée replied with wonderful accuracy. Then the professor, embracing him, told him that he might prepare to sustain his public *thesis*, for he was entitled to aspire to the rank of master of arts. This thesis the child sustained with such marvellous success, that on that very day the learned body of the university conferred on him the dignity of doctor.

Few have acquired a greater reputation, have had more admirers, and, in the end, have excited more envy than the celebrated Ramus. That distinguished doctor, who fell a sacrifice to his religious belief, at the Massacre of the Protestants on St. Bartholomew's day, was no other than the poor servant of the students, the little Peter Laramée, who, according to the custom of the times, had latinized his name.

Charles Linnæus.

Born, 1707—died, 1778.

Fame comes not with rapid strides, but it cannot fail to come at last to those men of genius who are, at the same time, men of perseverance. If the entire life of Charles Linnæus might be proposed to studious youth as the best model for imitation, the first half of his long career ought especially to be offered as an example to those who seek for glory on easy terms, and are ready to despair the moment any obstacle threatens to arrest their first effort.

He was the son of a poor Protestant clergyman, of the town of Roëshult, in the province of Smaland, in Sweden. Destined for the church, he was sent, like the young students of the neighbouring villages, to the college of Vexiæ; but his inclinations led him towards the natural sciences. Instead of studying the books of men, he consulted the great book of nature; and passing by the poets of antiquity, he endeavoured to understand that poetry which is contained in the opening leaf and budding flower.

While his father supposed him sedulously engaged

in his college duties, he was rambling hither and there about the country, asking from the moss which grows upon the tree, from the vegetation which clings round the damp stone, from every leaf, from every blade of grass, the secret of its reproduction; and these curious investigations so completely absorbed his mind, and gave him such intense delight, that the whole day was spent in this fascinating study, and night often surprised him, without his having once thought of the flight of time, or of the uneasiness which his protracted absence might give to his parents.

The professors of the college declared that Linnæus was incapable of learning anything. His excursions into the country were attributed to a natural propensity for rambling, and his father, indignant at what he termed the bad conduct of his son, at last removed him from college and bound him apprentice to a shoemaker. Here he passed many miserable years. During the winter he resigned himself with less difficulty to his fate, because there were no plants to study; but when the snow had melted, and the sun beamed forth—when its beneficent warmth called into new life those clusters of leaves and wreaths of flowers which the spring, with bounteous hand, scatters over the trees of the forest and the grass of the meadow—oh! then it was that the poor apprentice

found his condition sad indeed. To see himself obliged to sit in the house, when a few steps would have enabled him to have assisted at the re-awakening of nature! To be forced to remain in that smoky shop while others were inhaling the perfumed breath of spring! To feel himself nailed to his ignoble stool, while so many insects had regained their wings, and joyously buzzed around the opening flowers! Charles Linnæus wept; his tears were laughed at, and he was derided for his disgust for an occupation against which his genius revolted.

The child rebelled in secret, but he did not dare to let his indignation burst forth; for there was by his side a cruel master, ever ready to punish the slightest murmur. Nevertheless Sunday came, and for a few hours, this day of rest restored him to liberty. Contented, with a morsel of bread in his pocket, Linnæus buried himself in the depths of the forest, and, alone with his cherished flowers, he did not quit them until he had surprised some of their secrets. Thus he observed the time of their sleeping. He knew what flowers closed, or drooped upon their stems, when the atmosphere was charged with rain. In this manner he composed his *Flora's Dial.* Each of his walks was a new conquest, of which he was so proud and happy, that often on a Sunday evening, when he returned home to his master's, he found, still untouched, in his

pocket, the piece of bread which he had taken in the morning for his day's allowance.

Charles Linnæus knew all that could be known of botany at his age, even when it has been made the study of every moment. One Sunday, while herborising in the fields, he was surprised in the midst of his occupations by a stranger, who also was collecting flowers for study. The two botanists entered into conversation, and the stranger, charmed with the intelligence of the lad, lent him a book which he carried under his arm. It was Tournefort's Elementary Botany. Dr. Rothman—such was the name of the obliging gentleman with whom Linnæus had just become acquainted—did not confine his kindness to the young apprentice to merely lending him a book, he recommended him to Stobæus, Professor of Natural History at the University of Lunden; and thanks to the protection of Dr. Rothman, Linnæus left the shoemaker, to go and study the natural sciences under this learned professor. Such was the destitution to which the young botanist found himself reduced, that, in order to procure the mere necessaries of life, he was obliged to mend the shoes of his companions. Thus did that trade, which had caused his despair, become to him a valuable resource; and thus does all that one knows, sooner or later, find its application, so that nothing that can be learned should be dis-

dained. A professor, named Olaüs Celsius, withdrew him from this state of distress; he associated him in his labours, and offered him his table and the use of a rich library. Finally, the learned Rudbeck proposed to him to give some lectures on botany, in the gardens of the University of Upsal. He emerged from obscurity; but a long time had still to elapse before he could arrive at fortune. Endowed with an extraordinary activity, he travelled on foot as far as the almost deserted regions of Lapland, for the purpose of studying his favourite science. Having returned from this perilous journey, he proceeded to Holland; and to escape want, he found himself under the necessity of taking a situation as gardener with a horticulturist. At this time his reputation was already European; but he did not the less feel the stings of poverty. He was at last recognized under the mean clothing, and in the humble occupation which he had chosen, in order to provide for the necessities of life. The person into whose service he had entered as gardener was a celebrated and rich amateur, named Cliffort. When he discovered the precious treasure he had the honour of possessing, he offered him his friendship, and appointed him director of his magnificent garden. It was at the expense of this generous man that Linnæus' first work was published.

However, the great naturalist's period of trial had

not yet expired; but if he did not speedily attain the rank to which his genius destined him, he at least advanced, in the painful path he had still to tread, surrounded by the esteem of the learned world. Persevering courageously in his laborious career, he at last beheld the day of reward arrive. He became the most illustrious professor of the university of Upsal, where he had once been the poorest of students. At his death the whole city of Upsal went into mourning; the King of Sweden, Gustavus the Third, caused a tomb to be erected to his memory in the cathedral, and himself composed his funeral oration, and pronounced the eulogium of this great man before the assembly of the States.

Over the door of his study, Linnæus had inscribed these words :—

"Live in innocence,
God is present!"

His work entitled "The System of Nature," begins thus :—

"Eternal, immense, all wise, all powerful! Let God show Himself, and I am confounded. I have gathered some traces of Him in His creation, and everywhere, even in the least of His works, what power, what infinite perfection! Animals, vegetables, and minerals, borrowing from the earth, and returning to it

the elements which enter into their composition; the earth borne in its undeviating course round the sun, from which it receives life; the sun itself revolving with the other luminaries, and the entire system of the stars suspended in motion, in the abyss of space, by Him, who is incomprehensible, the first mover, the being of beings, the cause of causes, the preserver, the universal protector, the sovereign architect of the universe! Let Him be called Destiny, He is so: on Him all things depend. Let Him be called Nature, He is so: He is the giver of all life. Let Him be called Providence, He is so; for it is His will alone which sustains the universe."

Michael Perino.

So many flattering illusions crowd around a cradle; the future is so lavish in promises for the new-born infant, that it is impossible to contemplate without profound emotion, all the bright hopes which vanish as the coffin of childhood passes by. Yes; the death of an old man may excite deep regret, but at least we know what he was; whereas it is impossible to predict what the child might have become.

Our country can never have too many useful citizens; therefore does she mourn, in the death of each of these little ones, the extinction of a torch which might have enlightened her. It is because we feel the worth of men of genius that the child who gives promise of high talent is lamented by all, as if his loss, so grievous to his family, was also an irreparable one for the public; and then, too, youth has so many charms, and the anguish of a mother is so heart-rending.

Thus, one day in the month of June 1502, the funeral procession of a child passed through the Porta del Popolo, at Rome. It was followed by more than

three thousand persons: all that the capital of the Christian world contained of learned and illustrious personages, walked bare-headed behind the coffin, which was surrounded by the students of the various schools of the city. He who slept the sleep of death beneath the silver cross of that dark pall, was worthy of the regrets of the entire world. Death had seized upon that noble heart, in which every virtue seemed to find a home, and had laid his icy finger on that fair brow, which had already been adorned with more than one wreath of glory.

He had been named the studious child, the prodigy, the admirable child: but the title which most pleased himself was that of the truthful child. Never had a falsehood sullied his lips; he knew not what it was to excuse himself for a fault at the expense of truth, or rather, to speak more truly ourselves, he knew not what it was to commit a fault. Sent from Florence to Rome when he was about eight years of age, he required but two years to complete his humanity studies. Michael Verino acquired knowledge as if by a miracle in this short space of time. He was not fourteen when he published, under the title of *Moral Distichs*, a work which speedily became classic: it was translated into all the languages of Europe, and adopted by most of the Universities as the best treatise on morality for the use of youth. It was in the study

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of the Greek and Latin poets that he obtained the subject of his work.

He was not only a useful and ingenious writer, he was also a boy of high principles; and it was from the purity of his own heart that flowed the purity of his style: so true it is that virtue is the best guide of genius.

His high intelligence did not repress in him the natural buoyancy of his age; though first among his class-mates, he was not the least merry among them; nor did he ever assume with them a tone of reserve, except when their sports outstepped the limits of propriety; then, with a look of regret, he would go away from them, and this modest reserve failed not to bring them back to reason. The learned Paolo Lascia, who had the honour of being Verino's master, had also another pupil who was equally eager in his studies, but whose mind was not so happily constituted as Verino's. Belvicino, as this second pupil was named, worked night and day in order to surpass his young rival, but he could never approach him. Jealousy, which is a vice, not only because it renders us unjust, but because also it renders unhappy those who are its victims, and may even ultimately cause their death—jealousy took possession of the mind of Belvicino; he fell ill, he was even in danger of dying; but he would not divulge to any one the cause of the

suffering which undermined his constitution. Verino, however, guessed it, and as he loved the companion of his studies with fraternal affection, he tried to do his own tasks badly. This was a painful effort to one to whom it was so easy to do well, but for several days he made use of this generous stratagem. Belvicino obtained the first place, and the joy of triumphing over such an adversary, restored him to life.

This generous action would for ever have remained a secret, had it not been for Verino's aversion to falsehood. His master, unable to comprehend how he could repeatedly commit such gross errors, pressed him with questions, and Verino, incapable of uttering a falsehood, ingenuously owned the truth, begging his master to preserve his secret, and to leave Belvicino long in possession of the place he had gained.

Verino was now fifteen years old; his name resounded through the learned world, and Italy with joy beheld his progress, as that of a genius destined to become the brightest ornament of his country: but death struck him. His loss was a subject of regret for Florence, which had given him birth, and for Rome, which had gloried in possessing him. All mourned him: his death was a public calamity; but his mother did not long demand pity, for she soon rejoined in heaven the child who had been her joy on earth.

Courageous Children.

Silvina d'Aubencourt.

A SINGLE day, a single moment, sufficed to ensure immortality to the name of Silvina d'Aubencourt. The noble action to which this generous child owes at once her eternal glory and her premature death, will not be numbered amongst those great events which strike the imaginations of men, and the fame of which resounds throughout the whole world. This noble deed cannot, at the utmost, form more than the subject of one of those simple and touching fireside narratives, on which the aged love to found their lessons of morality, when seeking to impress the minds of their children with the excellence of fraternal and sisterly affection—with the beauty of that devotedness which seeks to protect, even at the sacrifice of one's own life, those who are weaker than ourselves.

Silvina d'Aubencourt had two brothers, much younger than herself, although she, too, was very young; she was her father's pride, not because she was endowed with extraordinary talents, but because she was amiable and modest. Possessed of great good sense, she superintended, when only twelve years old, the

household of M. d'Aubencourt, with as much judgment as the most economical and experienced housewife. Her good conduct and prudence were equalled only by her perfect grace. She did the honours of her father's house with a ready politeness and a delightful cheerfulness. Every one admired the little housekeeper, and it may be said that she herself was the only one who never forgot that she was still but a child.

Neither her household occupations, nor the tender and anxious care she lavished on her little brothers, made her neglect the studies necessary for her education. She was not destined to become a prodigy of learning, but a model of virtue. She did not seek to acquire knowledge in order to shine in the eyes of the world, but she cultivated her heart and mind, in order to become more useful, and more and more deserving of the friendship of which she was the object; and she succeeded so well, that every mother proposed her as a model to her daughters.

Silvina was accustomed to walk with her brothers in the neighbourhood of her father's château. One day, when they were alone, playing in the fields, they were surprised by a storm. It had burst over the country with so much suddenness and violence, that Silvina and her brothers had not time to look out for shelter: a furious wind tore up the trees by their roots, and the roofs of the cottages flew about in all

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SILVINA D'AUBENCOURT. P. 220.

directions. Seized with terror, the two little boys were unable to move a step; Silvina took them in her arms, and, drenched with the rain which fell in torrents, she endeavoured to regain the château by the shortest way; while the people of the house, alarmed at their absence, ran to meet them by the ordinary route. What was Silvina's despair, when she found her path crossed by a ravine, through which now flowed a rapid and swollen stream, which must be passed before she could reach home! To cross with the two children in her arms was impossible, for the force of the current would have borne them away; she, therefore, set one of them down, and with the other attempted this dangerous passage. Repeatedly was she near losing her footing, from the violence of the wind and the rapidity of the current, and as often was she in danger of being engulphed, yet she succeeded in passing the stream, though the water was up to her waist; then depositing the child whom she had preserved in a place of safety, and entreating him not to cry, but to wait for her, she commended her soul to God, and prepared to save her other brother. Again, therefore, she ventured into the perilous ravine, now stumbling against some stone concealed in the gulf, now clinging to a tree to resist the sudden gusts of wind. At last she reached the other side, and calmed the cries of the child who had believed himself lost, when he found he was left alone

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and exposed to the fury of the [illegible] by dint of labour and courage, Silvina accomplished her holy mission of fraternal devotion, and had the happiness of taking back to the château the two children, over whom she had watched with all a mother's care.

The moment she was perceived, the inmates of the house rushed out to meet her. Her father carried her in his arms, she was placed in bed, but to the deadly chillness which had seized her on her arrival succeeded a violent fever and a subsequent delirium, during the paroxysms of which she incessantly repeated—

"Do not weep, papa; my little brothers are here; I am well, since they are saved."

She still continued to utter these heart-rending words, even at the moment of her death. This wonderful event took place at Pierrefort, in Auvergne, in 1735. Silvina Joliotte d'Aubencourt had then just entered her fifteenth year.

Ambrose de Boufflers.

Born, 1734—died, 1744.

In the ancient electorate of Mayence, on the banks of the Maine, a beautiful river of the German Confederation, there is a little village called Ettingen, where, towards the middle of the eighteenth century, George the Second, King of England, was in great danger of losing, at once, his army and his life.

A war of succession was raging at the time, and, as a faithful ally, the English monarch, accompanied by his youngest son and the flower of his army, had repaired to the above mentioned village, to replace upon the head of Maria Theresa of Austria, daughter of the Emperor Charles the Sixth, the imperial crown which the French endeavoured to retain upon the brow of the Elector of Bavaria.

During the last three years our arms, which had at first been victorious, had met with a constant succession of defeats in that struggle with the power and right of a courageous Princess, whom history has saluted by the title of *great man*. We had been

driven from the Danube to the Maine, [illegible] peror of the west, whom we had determined to conduct in triumph to Vienna, disgracefully awaited at Frankfort, where he had taken refuge, until the news of a final defeat should compel him to abandon altogether the imperial territory. Notwithstanding these continual reverses, such was still the importance attached throughout Europe, to the good or ill success of our military enterprises, that George the Second did not hesitate to cross the channel in order to engage in person with the exhausted and almost annihilated army which Louis the Fifteenth contented himself with commanding from his palace at Versailles. Thus on the opposite banks of the Maine did two great rival nations, France and England, find themselves in presence of each other. They were both so well represented by their most valiant soldiers, that each could boast of warriors equally famous; but amongst these illustrious names, there was one which was heard above all the rest, one which every lip delighted to repeat with equal admiration. And yet this name, which had become so celebrated, was that of a little French officer, still so young that he had but just left his mother's knee to make his first essay in arms, under the eyes of his father and uncle the Count and Duke of Boufflers Remiancourt.

About six months before the present time, when the

young Ambrose de Boufflers had scarcely numbered ten years, he was one day amusing himself in his mother's room in manœuvering his little wooden soldiers before a strong citadel of cardboard, when his father received a message from the minister, commanding him to leave Paris and proceed to Germany to join the French army, under the command of the Marechal de Noailles. At this news the child felt his young heart beat; his eyes sparkled with delight; he pushed aside his playthings, and throwing his arms round his mother's neck, exclaimed, as he kissed her a thousand times,—

"Mama, you will let me go with papa to fight the English, won't you?"

To the idea of a separation, a mother can only reply by tears. Madame de Boufflers wept; she looked at her husband as if to entreat him not to grant a request which displayed all the enthusiasm of an imperious vocation. The eyes of the Count were also dimmed, but his tears were tears of joy; he was proud to behold his noble boy thus anxious to enter upon a career in which his ancestors had acquired so much renown.

Military courage was a family virtue, which Ambrose de Boufflers could not be wanting in. He had received too chivalrous an education for that. His first toys were arms, and as early as the age of six,

he managed them with all the skill and caution of an old soldier. The first lessons he received were drawn from the lives of the great captains of ancient and modern times, and then what an instructor had our young hero! Ambrose de Boufflers had but one teacher, but he who undertook the task of adorning his mind and forming his heart was no other than his grandfather Joseph-Marie Duke of Boufflers, governor of Flanders, an illustrious commander, whose name has been gloriously inscribed amongst the other glorious names of the reign of Louis the Fourteenth.

At an age when other children can scarcely read with ease their mother-tongue, Ambrose de Boufflers could relate in German, English, Spanish, and Italian, the achievements of the heroes of Germany, England, Spain, and Italy. At an age when we are only beginning to become familiar with life, he already knew what it was to die with honour, little thinking, unfortunate boy! how soon he was to practise the grave teachings with which a severe master loved to nourish the memory of his attentive pupil! It is needless to observe, that his amusements, as well as his studies, had but one object, that of attaining a thorough knowledge of the art of war. When the young Count had been duly obedient as a soldier, he was permitted, for his recreation, to command as an officer his little wooden regiment. Often in their leisure hours did the grandfather and

grandson, each taking an equal number of men, fight upon the study-table terrible battles, in which no blood was shed, but in which the old general taxed his ingenuity to place the enemy in perilous positions, in order to exercise the skill of his pupil, and prepare his mind for the trials of the future. But, as before observed, Ambrose de Boufflers had attained his tenth year; the time for harmless warfare was past for him, and to the sports of the mind were now to succeed the fatigues of the body, for the child burned to carry into practice the great lessons he had received from his grandfather.

When the Count de Boufflers had heard his son speak in the manner just related, he replied, "Yes, you shall come with me." The child immediately bade farewell to his playthings, and to his venerable preceptor, and departed full of hope in the future, for he carried with him the blessing and loving prayers of his mother.

Having reached the camp, Ambrose, notwithstanding the privileges of his birth, and the weakness natural to his age, was determined to gain, step by step, the various gradations in the regiment commanded by the Count de Boufflers. After much entreaty, he obtained his father's permission to share the bed, the rations, and the severe duty of the common soldiers: these, touched no doubt by his

gentleness, delighted to render less [illegible] kind of life so little in accordance with his strength; but the child was so thoroughly impressed with the sense of his military duties, that he claimed his share of all fatigues and dangers, and complained of injustice when the old veterans were entrusted with difficult undertakings in which he was not permitted to participate. He therefore learned to sleep on the bare ground; but at ten years of age one sleeps so soundly anywhere, that after the first night's experiment, when his father came to him, anxious for the result of this first essay of a soldier's life, the child, fresh, smiling, and full of spirits, threw himself on his neck, saying, as he embraced him, "How could I regret my comfortable bed in Paris? I have been dreaming that I was marshal of the camp."

A few days afterwards, Ambrose de Boufflers had merited his first epaulettes: the old Duke de Noailles wished to attach them himself, in the presence of his principal officers and of the whole regiment commanded by the Count de Boufflers. How they clapped hands when the chief of the army, kissing the brow of the youngest, but not the least courageous of his soldiers, said to him, "And when shall we exchange these worsted epaulettes for a beautiful one of silver?"

"In a week, my lord," replied the child, "for I shall then have merited it."

And indeed, at the end of a week, the young Count de Boufflers was raised to the rank of ensign, but it was not from paternal indulgence that his father determined to confide to him the colours; the entire regiment claimed this reward for the brave child. The following is the letter which he addressed to his mother the day after his nomination :—

"DEAR MAMA,—Do not be uneasy or grieved at perceiving that my writing is so trembling; I am not yet accustomed to write with my left hand, and yesterday I received a slight wound in my right from the sabre of a Tartar, who wanted to seize my pretty flag. It would have been a fine thing, indeed, to have allowed it to be carried off by the enemy, when I had only received it three hours before, for it was but yesterday that papa confided to me the colours which I can assure you I bravely defended. Scarcely had I received my rank of officer, when I had to escort a detachment of a hundred and twenty horse on a foraging expedition. We went as if on a pleasure excursion; and, indeed, it was very pleasant, especially for me who saw, for the first time, so many brave fellows under my orders. But on our return we were surrounded by a band of those horrid Germans, who fell upon us, uttering cries that would have frightened you not a little could you have heard

them. At first I was somewhat l[illegible] h[illegible] my seat, and fell under my horse; but soon my presence of mind returned. I remounted, and discharged my pistols against those who rushed upon me with wild fury.

"We did not lose a man, and my poor hat suffered most in the affair, for it was pierced with three balls. Fortunately it can be replaced; but I feared I should have had to sustain in this combat a loss that would have been irreparable, viz., that of my brave servant, Francis, who risked his life ten times over to save mine. I need not tell you, dear mama, whether papa kissed me on my return to the camp. Never did he love me so much as at that moment; and yet, you know how he does love me. He will himself tell you whether I conducted myself well in this my first engagement. As for me, my left hand is so tired that I can only add that every morning and evening I pray God may grant me the happiness of seeing you again when the campaign is over."

This campaign lasted three months longer for the young hero. Every day a decisive battle was expected, for the English army, shut up on the opposite bank of the Maine, was in such want of provisions that it had already become a question w[illegible]ether they

must not end by eating the horses, which, as they had nothing to give them, had now become useless. During the three months which preceded the disastrous affair of Ettingen, Ambrose de Boufflers had to endure many toils, and brave many dangers. Sometimes he had to pass a sleepless night in reconnoitring the enemy's posts, at the risk of being slaughtered by the detachments which watched over the safety of the army of George II. Sometimes he had to maintain a difficult position, in order to guard the French army against the dangers of a surprise; but whether it was necesssary to advance and meet death, or stand and await it where he was, Ambrose de Boufflers always obeyed his orders, without a murmur, and often afforded to others an example of submission and courage. Never did a tear or a sigh escape him, and when he had greatly suffered, either from privation or cold, he was always the first to remember his age, and to laugh, as only a child of ten can laugh, at the slightest subject of mirth which presented itself to his mind. At last arrived the long-wished-for day of that great battle, which was to put an end to the sanguinary disputes of Maria Theresa and Charles Albert of Bavaria, relative to the possession of the imperial crown.

It may be seen in the memoirs of the time, in what manner the Duke de Noailles, by the prudent dis-

position of his men, had secured for [illegible] of that day; an order misunderstood, a culpable precipitation deranged the plan conceived by the chief of our army, and instead of conquering, as we had a right to expect, we had to deplore the loss of many thousands of brave men, uselessly sacrificed in a cause that was not ours. The morning of this great day the Count de Boufflers took his son in his arms; and as the child said, with artless confidence, "It is to-day that we shall acquire glory;"—"May God grant it, my child!" replied his father; "but I think the field will be warmly disputed with us. In case we should meet no more, let us not have to regret that we separated without a parting kiss." They clasped each other in a loving embrace. "Now a kiss for your mother," added M. de Boufflers, as they were about to commence their march, "and then think of fulfilling your duty with honour."

The father and son separated, and did not meet again during the day. The conflict was terrible at all points. The fires of the two armies crossed each other for many hours without intermission, and cannon replying to cannon, swept down whole lines of combatants. Ambrose de Boufflers, stationed at a post which he could not quit without an order from his superior, beheld all his brave companions fall dead at his side. He remained faithful at his post,

a passing ball fractured his left leg; then the rapid child uttered a cry of agony, called his mother, and fainted.

Some time afterwards, as the battle was lost, and the French abandoned the ground on which they had just fought, a soldier, whilst flying from the enemy, perceived the child stretched beneath his horse. Ambrose de Boufflers was too well known to the whole army for the soldier not to recognize, at the first glance, the young officer whom he beheld stretched upon the earth, amidst a heap of slain. Forgetful of his own safety, the brave fellow took the child upon his shoulders, and proceeded with him towards the camp of reserve. Thrice was he stopped by detachments of Austrians, who intercepted his passage, and thrice did he point to the wounded child and pronounce the name of Boufflers. At that name the enemy made the military salute, and allowed him to pass on unmolested, out of respect for the officer of ten years and a half old. At last he reached the French camp. The young Count having recovered his senses, it became necessary to inform him that his wound was so serious that amputation was unavoidable.

"Well, then," said he, "since it must be done, I would rather lose my leg than my head," and he was on the point of submitting courageously to the opera-

tion, when a thought struck him.

death, may it not?" he inquired of the surgeon.

The surgeon mournfully bent his head. Then did the child understand the seriousness of his situation: he asked for half an hour's respite, not because he feared the operation, but he wished, before submitting to it, to write once more to his mother. The agony he endured rendered this letter still more trembling than the first one. It was as follows:—

"DEAREST MOTHER,—I have just received a wound in the leg. I will not conceal from you that amputation is absolutely necessary. I suffer more than I can tell you, but it is not so much on my own account as for the grief you will feel at this misfortune. I hope to survive the operation; but if God ordains otherwise, let me at least have the consolation of embracing you in this letter. May it be to you, my dearest mama, a fresh proof of my affectionate remembrance and of my gratitude for all your kindness."

When he had finished, Ambrose de Boufflers submitted, with resignation, his wounded leg to the surgeon's knife. His father was by his side, and while holding his hands said, weeping—

"Courage! my child, courage!"

"I have more courage than you," replied the child with a smile. But all at once the smile faded, the brave boy turned pale. "Oh, I am dying!" he exclaimed in a stifled voice. A moment after, Ambrose de Boufflers was no more.

Thus did that great soul abandon its youthful body on the disastrous day of Ettingen. The noble child was born in 1734.

David.

'Now," says the Holy Bible in the book of Samuel, 'the Philistines gathered together their armies to battle, and were gathered together at Shochoh, which belongeth to Judah, and pitched between Shochoh and Azekah, in Ephes-dammim.

"And the Philistines stood on a mountain on the one side, and Israel stood on a mountain on the other side: and there was a valley between them."

The Philistines and the Israelites watched each other during forty days, neither side daring to begin the combat; but every morning, at the rising of the sun, a Philistine named Goliath, who was of the town of Gath, advanced to the borders of the valley, and thus addressed Saul and his soldiers, "Choose you a man for you, and let him come down to me.

"If he be able to fight with me, and to kill me, then will we be your servants; but if I prevail against him, and kill him, then shall ye be our servants, and serve us."

He who thus challenged the [illegible] single combat was six cubits and a span in [illegible]. [illegible] wore

a helmet of brass, and a coat of mail of the same metal; his greaves and his buckler were also of brass; the iron with which the end of his spear was armed weighed twenty pounds, and he had by his side a long and heavy sword: in fact, it is said that the entire armour of the giant must have weighed at least two hundred and eighty pounds. His strength appeared enormous. His formidable voice seemed to fill the valley, and struck with dismay the whole army of King Saul, so that no one dared to accept his challenge. Each time that he descended the hill to defy the Israelites, he awaited, leaning on his spear, until the evening sun was sufficiently low to prolong his shadow until it reached the tent of Saul. He then returned to the camp of the Philistines, insulting his terrified enemies with these contemptuous words: "This day have I dishonoured the armed ranks of Israel, in saying to them, Give me a man and we will fight together; and in the whole army of King Saul there has not been found one to accept the battle."

But whilst all this was passing on the frontier of Dammim, there was at Bethlehem of Judah a man named Isaï, or rather Jesse, whose flocks were tended by his young son David. This same Jesse was the father of eight children, three of whom served in the army of Saul. He one day said to David, "Take now for thy brethren an ephah of this parched corn,

and these ten loaves and ten cheeses, ___ ___un to the camp of the Israelites."

David having taken his load, did as his father had commanded, leaving his sheep to the care of a shepherd. As he approached the camp, he witnessed the terrors of the soldiers, for Goliath had just defied the army of Israel for the fortieth time. David demanded why the children of God fled from before this man, and why his challenge had caused them so much dread? "It is," they answered on all sides, "because there is no one amongst us strong enough to fight this man, who thus comes every day to dishonour Israel; but should there be found one who will kill him, the king will enrich him with great riches, and will give him his daughter, and make his father's house free in Israel."

Immediately David went to King Saul, and said to him, "Let no man's heart fail because of him; thy servant will go and fight with this Philistine.

"And Saul said to David, Thou art not able to go against this Philistine, to fight with him, for thou art but a youth, and he a man of war from his youth."

David, throwing back the fair hair which fell over his eyes, leaned upon his shepherd's staff, and, assuming an air of modest assurance, replied:—

"Thy servant kept his father's sheep, and there came a lion and a bear and took a lamb from out of the flock.

"And I went out after him, and smote him, and delivered it out of his mouth: and when he arose against me, I caught him by his beard, and smote him and slew him.

"Thy servant slew both the lion and the bear, and this uncircumcised Philistine shall be as one of them, seeing he hath defied the armies of the living God.

"The Lord that delivered me out of the paw of the lion, and out of the paw of the bear, he will deliver me out of the hand of this Philistine."

Saul listened to him in silent admiration, for he who had uttered these courageous words was but a boy of sixteen years. The king, seeing that David had been sent by God, armed him with his own arms, put a helmet of brass upon his head, and himself fastened upon the shoulders of the young shepherd the straps of his cuirass, sparkling with gold and steel. David girded on the royal sword, but when he beheld himself thus accoutred, he felt that he could neither walk nor fight with these arms, and, disengaging himself from them, he said to the King, "I needed neither helmet of brass nor royal sword, to slay the lion and the bear which sought to devour my father's sheep, and without them I can slay this Philistine, who for forty days has dishonoured the army of Israel."

"Do as thou wilt," replied Saul; "go, and may the Lord be with thee!"

David took only his shepherd's staff in his hand: h chose five smooth pebbles from the brook, and put ting them in his bag, advanced to meet the Philistine who awaited as usual until the army of Israel shoul send an adversary worthy of him. When he perceive this child of fair and delicate complexion, who ha nothing remarkable about him but the celestial expres sion of his eye, and the air of frankness impresse upon his beautiful countenance, he thought that the wanted to insult him or to soften him, and Goliath wa not a man either to suffer insult or to feel com passionate at the sight of a child. He cried out to hi in a voice of thunder, "Come to me and I will giv thy flesh unto the fowls of the air, and to the beasts o the field." So saying, he brandished his lance.

David only replied by displaying his shepherd' staff.

"Am I a dog," cried Goliath, "that thou comest t me with staves?"

"Then said David to the Philistine, Thou comes to me with a sword, and with a spear, and with shield, but I come to thee in the name of the Lord o hosts, the God of the armies of Israel, whom tho hast defied.

"This day will the Lord deliver thee into min hand, and I will smite thee and take thine head fro thee; and I will give the carcasses of the host of th

Philistines this day unto the fowls of the air, and to the wild beasts of the earth, that all the earth may know there is a God in Israel.

"And all this assembly shall know that the Lord saveth not with sword and spear, for the battle is the Lord's, and he will give you into our hands."

Indignant at beholding himself the object of the taunts of a boy, Goliath, without listening any further, advanced towards him, in order with one blow to crush his frail adversary. David, perceiving that the time for threats was past, and that the combat must begin, put his hand into his bag, and took from it a stone which he placed in his sling.

On either side of the valley, the armies of the Israelites and the Philistines awaited with anxiety the issue of this terrible combat. In neither of the camps was there the least doubt as to the success of Goliath; nor could adversaries, any more than friends, help pitying the courageous child, who came to offer himself in sacrifice to the giant, to avenge the injury done to the people of Israel. On both sides there reigned so religious a silence, that one might hear the rustling of a leaf shaken by the slightest breeze, or even the movement of a reptile gliding through the grass.

Repeatedly did David whirl his sling above his head, the better to ensure the force and direction of his stone. It whizzed through the air, and struck the

enemy of the Israelites in the forehead. The blow had been so dexterously aimed, and so vigorously impelled, that the stone broke the skull of the Philistine, and sunk deep into his head.

The giant fell. David approached the spot where his enemy lay stretched upon the ground; having no sword of his own, the young shepherd drew the giant's weapon from its sheath, and with a single blow severed his head from his body.

"Then the Philistines, seeing that their champion was slain, abandoned their camp and fled.

"And the men of Israel and of Judah arose and shouted and pursued the Philistines, until thou comest to the valley and the gates of Ekron. And the wounded of the Philistines fell down by the way to Shaaraim even unto Gath," the city from which the giant had proceeded to terrify the army of Judah and Israel.

David the conqueror of Goliath having been chosen by Samuel to reign after Saul, was consecrated king at Hebron in the year 1040 before Christ.

Mathew Goffin.

On the memorable day of Friday the 28th of February 1812, Hubert Goffin, a courageous workman, a good father, and one of the most worthy men of Ans, a little village near Liége, descended into his mine, by the shaft of Beaujon, with the hundred and twenty-six workmen under his orders. He was accompanied by his son Mathew, a lad about twelve years of age, who for a considerable time had been working with spirit. Hubert Goffin, in descending five hundred feet into the bosom of the earth, left upon its surface a wife and six little children. A rough and perilous life is that of a miner. When he has taken with him his axe, his hammer, and other implements of his labour, and stepped into the basket, which like the bucket of a well sinks to the bottom of the pit, he must bid adieu to the glad sunshine, and to all that he most loves on earth, for danger threatens him at every step.

There is the vapour which suffocates, the gas which

explodes, the fi

neath their weight; nevertheless even in these gas found caverns the miner sings at his work, and feel as much at ease beneath the low vault of his subterranean gallery as if he were breathing the perfumed air of the fields.

Hubert Goffin, then, was in the mine directing the operations, and teaching his son the art of extracting the ore from the rocks in which it is embedded, when about ten o'clock in the morning, the water burst through some old cuttings, and flowing in all directions speedily inundated the Beaujon shaft. Calm in danger, Hubert Goffin wished to collect his workmen in order to direct their return to the surface, but the water increased with such rapidity, that it was impossible to reach the alarm-bell to warn them of their danger. To ring that bell, beaten as it was on all sides by the torrent, without the sacrifice of a life, was out of the question; yet a miner, whose name has never reached us, though doubtless it still lives in the memories of the people of Liége, nobly devoted himself, in order to save his comrades. He reached the bell and sounded its funereal peal, but the torrent speedily gained the post to which he clung, and he was engulfed beneath its waves. His sacrifice was of no avail, for by the time the workmen had collected all retreat was impossible.

We make the following quotations from a celebrated poet, Millevoye, who has consecrated some beautiful verses to the memory of this great calamity :—

"Then the water, piercing the vein of the sulphureous rock, burst suddenly upon the affrighted miners. All rush to seize the cable, and each seeking to be the first to leave the mine, they stumble against each other, roll into the stream, and many perish in its waters. At last the generous Goffin, taking his son in his arms, proposes to quit this tomb of the living, but the thought of those he is about to leave suddenly arrests him. 'No,' he said, 'these friends would not be able to follow me; I will save them or die with them.' Then, seizing his pickaxe, he began to open a passage to the light."

Meanwhile, he ordered his son to ascend instead of him, but the workman of twelve years old, disregarding, for the first time, the voice of his chief, replied—

"Father, I came with you, and I will not go without you," and he followed Hubert Goffin, who was endeavouring to effect a passage for his companions. "If we cannot make our escape by Beaujon, we will try to do so by Manoster" (this was the name of another shaft). "It is a point of life and death," he added : "let us make an opening."

"On the outside of the mine the alarm-bell had

already collected a crowd [illegible] women; but the magistra[illegible], with compassionate severity, forced them away. Within the mine, Goffin, with well-directed labour, endeavoured to oppose a dyke to the fury of the torrent, while by his orders other workmen sounded the depths of the neighbouring mines. Guided by the compass, they endeavour to cut a passage through the rock: they advance but slowly, in this almost hopeless attempt, and at last their arms fall wearied by their sides. Then they shout, but a death-like silence succeeds. Then twice the powder explodes, and far through the deep earth the sound reverberates, but still in vain. The sound dies, and with it hope. Night passes, and another day approaches. Again they pause, and listen; still no sound. Alas! the wretched beings buried in this abyss waste alike their complaints and cries."

Yes, for two days had they been exerting their strength against the vein, which but slowly yielded to their strokes. Once they fancied they heard an indistinct sound, and they shouted, "Deliverance!" but the sound died away, and the younger portion of the miners falling on their knees around Goffin, exclaimed, "Master! dear master, we cannot die so young! You brought us here, and you ought to take us out."

All had lost courage. Hubert Goffin himself fell

overwhelmed. One person alone remained standing, full of ardour, full of hope, and striking the resisting rock with heavy blows. He who thus afforded so bright an example to the others, was Mathew Goffin, the miner of twelve years old.

"Since *you* cry like children," he said, "I must work like a man."

He made, indeed, but little progress, but his example once more revived hope in the breast of his companions, and encouraged them to resume their labour. Suddenly a fearful cry is heard. It is the *crouin*, that life-destroying gas, with which the labourers are now threatened. Hubert rushed towards the opening which the workmen had just made for the passage of the deadly vapour, and notwithstanding the cries of his companions, who wished at all risks to leave the passage free, he filled up the hole, and directed his men towards another part of the mine.

"Lavish of assistance and soothing care, Goffin seeks to encourage his fainting comrades; imploring by turns the brother for the sake of his brother, the father for his son, the son for his father, and promising to extricate them at last from their perilous situation. But none listen to him, none follow him. 'Cowards,' he exclaimed at last, 'I pardon you! Come, my son, let us work for those who forsake us. If no human

can avail, why then we will retu
n, and die.'

"None heeded his words. 'Off! off!' they shouted. Seek not to impose on us a useless labour; had it not been for you, our sufferings would have been over long ago!' Thus in their mad rage did these ungrateful men pour forth insults and threats against their benefactor; nay, they even dared to lift against his head the instrument which might have saved them. Goffin stood unmoved, thinking only of their misfortunes. 'Come, then, my son,' he said, 'let us end this wearisome life. They demand it. Well! let us leave them to their fate. In abandoning them, we hasten their death.'

"At these words their terrors return; their menaces expire and give place to tears; and the rebels, falling on their knees, exclaimed, with outstretched arms,—'Goffin, save us!' But the younger Goffin, looking at them with a fearless brow, and a heart unmoved, made them blush for their cowardice. 'Are we to weep,' he said, 'when we ought to act? Let us strike: this is the direction;' and his consoling voice revived their failing strength."

For six and thirty hours had these scenes been en acting five hundred feet beneath the surface of th earth. The last candle was burned out, they could longer see each other, and nothing was heard

sobs and cries of rage. Mathew, still undismayed, felt from time to time his father's pulse, and said—

"Courage, father! we are going on well."

Nevertheless, hunger and fatigue thinned their numbers, and so great were their sufferings, that these appalling words were heard:—

"So much the better if one of us die: we will eat him!"

They remained thus for five days and five nights; the child had not yet despaired of saving his companions; they, however, expected nothing but death.

"An indistinct sound—oh, transport! has pierced the rock: it increases, it approaches. Now the ear can detect eager strokes, and shout responds to shout on either side, and the last effort is about to force the barrier which separates day from night. Suddenly the dark sides of the rock give way, and in a burst of thunder the light streams through. 'They are saved!' shouts an eager crowd. 'Saved! saved!' re-echoes the delivered band."

Goffin and his son were the last to leave the mine.

"If I had had the misfortune to abandon my workmen," said the courageous miner, "I should never have dared to behold the light." "And I," added Mathew, "would never have left my father."

The Emperor Napoleon presented to Hubert Gof the Cross of Honour, and placed his son at the Lyce of Liége. The lad died three years afterward, and father lost his life by the explosion of a mine, on t 11th of June, 1821.

Joan of Arc.

Born, 1412—died, 1431.

If, which God forbid, the temples, the triumphal columns, the vast and rich palaces—in a word, if all the riches of monumental France were swept from the earth, and nothing remained but the huts of her peasantry, there would still be a monument which would suffice to proclaim, that France was once a great and glorious nation, and this monument, which, from one end of Europe to the other, strangers would come to contemplate with holy reverence, is the simple cottage of Domremy, in which Joan of Arc was born, in the year 1412; a rustic dwelling, which the Princes of the House of Austria came to admire four centuries later, carrying away some splinters from the boards of its flooring, in order to preserve them as precious relics.

"Joan," says Philip de Bergamo, who traces her portrait from the description of one who had seen her—"Joan passed her childhood in sewing, spinning, and leading her flocks to the fields. She was mild and

timid, and her devotion was tender and elevated. She was of middle size, of fair complexion, with large black eyes, and hair of the same colour, descending to her knees; she did not spend her leisure hours in games, dances, or evening amusements; every moment that she could steal from her laborious duties, was consecrated to prayer. She often went to the village church; sometimes, also, it was into an ancient wood called the *Bois Chenu*, where, at night, according to tradition, the fairies sang under the thick shade, that Joan retired to meditate, and hold communion with the angels; but she most often prayed in her father's garden."

This is how she relates her first vision:—

"When I heard these voices, it was just noon; it was in the summer-time, on a fast-day; I was in my father's garden, and the voices proceeded from the direction of the church; the angels appeared to me bodily, environed with a great light. When they departed, I wept, and could have wished that they had carried me with them."

At this disastrous period, the kingdom of France was nothing more than a province conquered by the English, who treated the inhabitants with so much severity, that on all sides both the French and the people of Lorraine groaned under the depredations committed by them, and the young and unfortu-

Charles the Seventh beheld day by day the fairest flowers torn from his crown. This great national calamity became the subject of conversation at Domremy as everywhere else, and Joan in her prayers never forgot either France or her King.

One day, after having remained a long time in a state of ecstasy, she left her village and went straight to Vaucouleurs, to present herself before Captain Baudricourt, the governor of the city. When in his presence, she told him that she had come to transmit to him a command which she had received from her Lord.

"And who is your Lord?" demanded Baudricourt, contemplating, not without surprise, the young shepherdess of Domremy, who spoke to him with a tone of noble assurance.

"My Lord," replied Joan, "is the King of Heaven, who has commanded me to deliver Orleans, and to cause the Dauphin to be crowned at Rheims." The old soldier shrugged his shoulders and contemptuously replied, that the girl must either be possessed by a demon or mad; that if the former, she ought to be exorcised, and if the latter she at least deserved to be severely punished. Joan was in no way disconcerted by this threat. She even declared that she had twice more to submit to similar insults, as it had been revealed to her that she would be refused three times.

Two gentlemen happened to [illegible] view, one named William Boulanger, the other John Metz. When they heard this girl, who was scarcely sixteen, reply with such noble firmness, they took his part against Captain Baudricourt, and swore upon their swords that they would conduct and defend the Maid of Domremy as far as the castle of Chinon where the unfortunate Charles, who was afterward styled the Victorious, was then staying.

The Governor, seeing himself obliged to yield to the representations of the two gentlemen, said to Joan—

"Go, and let the result be what it may." He then presented her with his sword and dismissed her.

Joan returned for the last time to Domremy. On her knees she bid her parents farewell, at the same time revealing to them the glorious mission with which she had been entrusted. These worthy people were alarmed, for they also deemed her mad; but the two gentlemen who were to accompany her having come to seek her at her cottage, they were obliged to allow her to depart. She caused her long hair to be cut off, assumed a masculine attire, and bade farewell to Domremy, escorted by the two knights, and by one of her brothers who would not leave her.

After a journey of a hundred and fifty leagues, Joan and her companions at last reached the royal resi-

dence. She was at first refused admittance, but Charles said—

"She must be heard, were it only for amusement. I will assume the simplest dress, and conceal myself in the midst of you; Dunois will take my place, and we will test the inspiration of this girl: if she be sent by God, she will know which of us is the King."

All being arranged according to the caprice of the monarch, for the audience which Joan demanded, Charles caused her to be summoned. The courtiers were arrayed in magnificent attire, while the King had nothing about him which could lead to his recognition. Nevertheless, Joan was not deceived: she went direct to him, and knelt down with respect.

"I am not the King," exclaimed Charles; "there he is," he said, pointing to Dunois.

"No, gentle Prince! you, and you only, are the King. I am sent from God to bring aid to you and to your kingdom. The King of Heaven announces to you, through me, that Orleans shall be delivered; that you shall be crowned in the city of Rheims; and that you shall reign as Vicegerent of the King of Heaven, who is likewise the King of France. Charles, having asked her how she could prove to him that she was sent by God, she replied—

"Were I to tell you of things so secret that they

can be known only to God and to yourself, would you believe that I am sent by God?"

"I should," replied the King.

"Last year," continued the Maid of Domremy, "on the festival of All Saints, being alone in the chapel of the Château de Loches, you demanded three things of the Lord: first, that if you were not the true heir to the kingdom of France, it might please Him to deprive you of the courage to pursue this inheritance, in order that you might no longer be the cause of a war, from which so many evils arise; secondly, you prayed that if the manifold adversities and tribulations, endured by the nation, resulted from your sin, that it might please Him to deliver His people, and that you alone might be punished, either by death, or by whatever other penalty it might be His pleasure to inflict; and thirdly, that if the sin of the people was the cause of these various calamities, that it might please Him to pardon them, and remove from the kingdom the evils by which it had been afflicted for upwards of twelve years."

Then some one said:—

"But if it be the will of God to deliver the kingdom, he needs neither guards nor soldiers. Therefore, why do you ask for them?"

"The soldiers will fight," replied Joan, "but it is God who will give the victory."

Wishing to embarrass her, they even asked her to perform a miracle; Joan replied:—

"I came not here to perform miracles; the miracle you require shall be the raising of the siege of Orleans. Give me some troops, and, however small their number, I am ready to march."

The fire which sparkled in her eyes at each of these replies, inspired the most timid with the confidence which she herself possessed, in the success of her holy mission. The King ordered her a military retinue; she had heralds-at-arms, squires, and pages. She was presented with a suit of complete armour, and a standard, the form and colour of which she herself selected. It was composed of white linen, strewn with *fleurs de lis* and bordered with silk fringe. On it was represented the Son of God, seated in the clouds and holding a globe in his hand: on his right were two angels, kneeling, one of whom held the *fleur-de-lis*, which Christ was in the act of blessing, while the other bore the legend *Jesus and Mary*.

As to the sword required to complete her armour, the most illustrious generals disputed the honour of presenting her with one. But Joan refused them all, saying that she had been commanded by God to dig behind the high altar of the church of Saint Catherine de Fier-Bois, and that there would be found concealed the sword with which she was to deliver Orleans. Her

orders were therefore obeyed, and they found the weapon exactly as she had predicted: that is to say, they discovered on its blade the figure of the cross five times impressed.

The enthusiasm both of the people and the army was at it height, when they found all the predictions of the Virgin of Domremy so fully realized. The army commenced its march with alacrity, and the inspired maiden, confident of victory, sent the following threatening letter to the King of England:—

"*Jesus Maria!*—King of England, and you Duke of Bedford, who style yourself Regent of the kingdom of France, you also William Poll, you Earl of Suffolk, Lord John Talbot, and you Thomas Escalles, who call yourself lieutenant of the aforesaid Bedford, obey the King of Heaven. Yield to her who is sent by God, the keys of all those towns which ye have taken and desolated in France. Return to your own country, otherwise you may expect news from Joan, who will shortly visit you, much to your disadvantage."

These menaces were followed up by prompt action. Notwithstanding the numerous troops by which Orleans was besieged, Joan entered the city on the 3rd of May, 1429, at the head of a convoy of provisions and munitions of war, which her panic-struck

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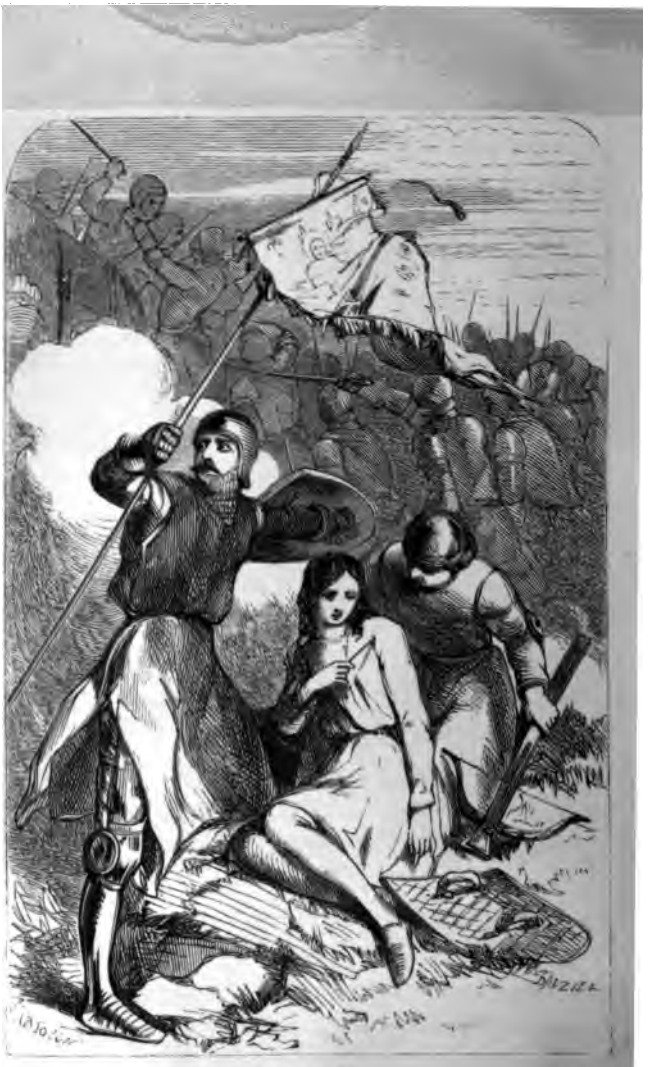

JOAN OF ARC. P. 263.

enemies dared not attack. When the Orleanese beheld her within their walls they no longer doubted of their deliverance. In fact, a few days later, viz., the day after the Feast of the Ascension, she rushed, armed only with her standard, towards the English entrenchments, seized the first ladder, and planted her colours on the ramparts. An arrow struck her in the shoulder, and she fell to the ground; the English raised a shout of triumph, and the French fell back discouraged. Joan, perceiving that victory was about to turn in favour of the enemy, tore with her own hand the arrow from her deep wound, sprang from the ground, rallied her soldiers, and penetrated with them into the English entrenchments.

"Thus," says an historian, "that famous siege, which had lasted seven months—during which all the efforts of the chivalry of France had only succeeded in repelling a few assaults—was raised in a few hours by the courage of a heroine of seventeen. A week after the arrival of Joan of Arc in Orleans, the enemy had fled from the walls of the delivered city.

"The Virgin of Domremy, impatient to accomplish her mission, went to the King and entreated him to follow her with all speed to Rheims. We will not here dwell upon the capture of Gergeau, nor on the famous battle of Patay, in which three thousand men were slain, and many knights taken prisoners, amongst

whom was that great and illustri... ...glishman, Lord John Talbot."

Wherever Joan presented herself the enemy fled before her. If she but struck the gates of a stronghold with the handle of her standard, those gates immediately opened to her, and the city surrendered. Rheims was still in the power of the English and Burgundians. Joan promised the King that within three days the town should surrender, either voluntarily or by force. Three days afterwards, the inhabitants having risen against the garrison, the English and Burgundians were compelled to evacuate the city, and the gates opened to receive the King.

The 14th of July, 1429, the Virgin of Domremy, having assisted at the ceremony of the coronation, during which she held her standard unfurled before the high altar, exclaimed, when it was ended—

"Now I shall not regret to die!" Then, throwing herself at the feet of Charles, she added: "Gentle Prince, Orleans is delivered; you are victorious, you are King. My mission is accomplished: restore me to my peaceful fields, and to the obscurity from which I have emerged, only in obedience to the command of God. Permit me at once to lay down my arms and return to my native village, to serve my father and

mother in keeping their sheep. Oh! if you knew how my brothers and sisters would rejoice to see me once more amongst them!"

The King would not consent to her departure: he commanded her to remain and still fight for his cause. Joan, who knew that her mission was accomplished, but who could not disobey the King, replied, "I will remain," and she wept.

Some time afterwards, having rendered fresh services to the royal cause, the simple and modest girl once more demanded as her only recompense, the permission to return to Domremy; the King answered her only by a refusal.

Wounded at the siege of Paris, on the spot that now forms the Butte de Saint Roch, but which was then outside the walls of the city, Joan not wishing to die without once more beholding the home and companions of her childhood, for the third time demanded of the King the permission which he constantly refused. Charles was unmoved by her prayers, and contented himself with ennobling her father and mother; he gave them the name of Du Lys, and permitted them to bear in their arms two *fleurs-de-lis*, with the sword.

Scarcely had a year elapsed since the glorious day on which she had delivered Orleans, when the courageous girl, having remained till the very last,

while the French were r[illegible] seige of Compiègne, saw herself [illegible]ounded by a troop of Burgundian archers. By parrying their blows and receding step by step, as she fought, she at last succeeded in gaining the foot of the ramparts. One step more and she would have entered the town. But whether from jealousy, or bad management, or treachery, those who guarded the entrance into the city closed the gate; the drawbridge was immediately raised, and Joan was a prisoner. John of Luxembourg delivered her over to the English for the sum of ten thousand livres; they, ashamed of having been conquered by a young girl, thought to efface the memory of their defeats by accusing her of witchcraft.

"Were I condemned," said Joan—"were I to behold the fire kindled, the wood prepared, the executioner ready to tie me to the stake—were I even in the midst of the flames—I would say only what I have already said, and maintain it until death. I submit with resignation to whatever torments you have to inflict. I know not if I have more to suffer, but my trust is in God."

She was, in fact, condemned to pass the remainder of her days in prison, to eat the bread of suffering and of agony: such were the terms of her sentence. This sentence was afterwa[illegible] altered, [illegible]

the people were for her, and fearing lest she might be torn from their grasp, the judges condemned her to death.

It was on the 31st of May 1431—that is to say, when Joan was verging on her twentieth year—that she was falsely declared a heretic, and led to the stake on the old market-place at Rouen. Eight hundred English soldiers escorted the victim. The priest said to her—

"The Church cannot defend you: she surrenders you into the hands of secular justice. Depart in peace."

The magistrate of Rouen commanded the executioner to take Joan and place her on the pile. The English soldiers seeing that she spoke with her confessor, lost all patience, and exclaimed—

"Do you intend to make us dine here?"

They then seized her themselves, and tied her to the fatal stake, saying to the executioner, "Do your duty."

In her last moment Joan pronounced the name of Jesus; the assistants, unable to restrain their tears, exclaimed,—

"She is innocent! she is truly a Christian!"

A secretary of the English monarch being present at this scene, said weeping to one of the judges,—

"You have ruined us, for they [illegible] holy creature whose soul is in the hands of God."

Her ashes were scattered to the winds. Her memory is immortal.

Frances Mariette.

In a miserable hut of the village of Rochebaucour, on the confines of a wood, there lived, in 1763, a little girl and boy named Frances and John Mariette, the former eleven years old, the latter about two. They were orphans; their father, who had formerly been a collector of taxes, had died a ruined man, and his wife had sunk under the grief occasioned by the loss of her husband. The poor children lived on very little; but nevertheless that little had to be bought, and to buy it Frances was obliged to sell, piece by piece, the effects of her little household. She had, indeed, been offered employment at a farm, to keep cows or to work in the fields; but no one would burden themselves with her little brother, and Frances could not bear the idea of separating herself from him.

Early accustomed to work with her fingers, Frances was able both to sew, to knit, and to spin. With the price of a piece of furniture which she had just sold, she bought some flax and cotton, and worked from morning till night beside her little brother, never losing a moment, so that, at the end of a fortnight, the

laborious child had earned sufficient ... provide for the fortnight which was to come.

How touching a picture is here presented! A child of eleven years of age watching, with all a mother's tenderness, beside the cradle of her little brother, singing as she worked, and happy in labouring and enduring privations, in order that he might not feel himself an orphan. Who would not be deeply interested in the fate of these two children? The neighbours soon vied with each other in encouraging the little workwoman. All eyes were turned with interest towards the cottage whence emanated an example of such rare virtue.

Misery had ceased to be the companion of Frances and John Mariette. The industrious child had even been enabled to take an assistant to help her in her sewing; the cottage had been re-roofed, the walls repaired; the furniture was more comfortable, and the hearth better supplied with wood; the press began to fill with linen; and she was able to pay for the schooling of her little brother, who was as nicely dressed as any child in the village; but what is more, Frances had a servant, that is to say, a poor old woman who was reduced to indigence, and whom she had taken rather from motives of charity than because she required her in her little household.

At fifteen years of age, Frances Mar... te was ...

strong and handsome girl; the beauty of her heart was depicted on her countenance. Beloved by all, she had merited the happiness of being sought in marriage by a wealthy farmer, who deemed himself but too fortunate in making her his wife, although she was portionless. They were to be married at the return of spring, and it was then the middle of a rigorous winter. For five weeks the ground had been covered with snow: the country was desolated by famished wolves, which came down in packs even into the villages, attacking everything that came in their way. The strongest men were not safe from their rage, and every day there were fresh victims.

Frances Mariette was one morning occupied in taking some bread from the oven adjoining her house, when she was attacked by a she-wolf, followed by her five cubs. Armed with a knotty stick, she struck the wolf with so much violence that it was preparing to beat a retreat, when Frances suddenly ceased to defend herself, in order to fly to the assistance of her little brother, who was threatened by the cubs; she seized the child and bore him into the house; but the animals pursued her, so that she had only time enough to open a bin and put the child into it, thus securing him from all danger.

Then the combat was renewed: she placed herself before the bin, leaning upon it with one hand, while

the other, armed with her stick, her furious assailants. But soon, lacerated with wounds, and her arm weakened by too long a resistance, she fell, and was strangled on that bin which, even to the last, she had covered with her body, in order to protect her brother. John Mariette was saved, but at what a price!

Volney Bekner.

THIS is an anecdote selected from a thousand other similar ones: for interrogate our young sailors and aged seamen; tell them of the rough training and courageous daring of young Volney Bekner, and they will all reply, "I have not been brought up more tenderly; I have suffered as much; I have a hundred times displayed the same courage; and yet history will know nothing of all this."

Doubtless, the noble and generous action that cut short the days of our little pilot of twelve years old, is one of very common occurrence in the life of a mariner; but such of his companions as can boast of having done as much as he, have not had the misfortune, or, we should rather say, the glory, of losing their lives for the preservation of that of another; and as it is by a glorious death that immortality is purchased, it is but just that the name of Volney Bekner should be loudly proclaimed, while so many others remain unknown.

He was the son of a poor Irish sailor, and was born about the year 1748. He was taught nothing of

in a city; but soon as could regulate his own movements, his her tau it him to struggle with the waves, or to allow hims f to be borne away by them, laughing at the storms of the air and the fury of the sea. You should have seen the father of Volney with his son, then about three years of age, in his arms, leap himself from the poop of a vessel into the abyss of waters, then remount with the billow which again flung him back into the gulf. You should have seen him swimming on the surface, supporting with one arm the little child, who endeavoured to imitate the movements of his father, and to turn and re-turn upon the water, until he was exhausted with fatigue; for the old tar, who thus early taught him the art of swimming, considered the lesson incomplete unless at its termination the strength of his pupil was utterly exhausted.

Volney Bekner soon became an indefatigable swimmer; for scarcely was he five years old, when he could follow the vessel on which he had been brought up for the distance of two leagues. Thus accustomed to make a sport of the dangers of the sea, Volney Bekner became an important personage, especially in stormy weather. None of the crew could mount the yards with such rapidity: he was always the first to ascend the mast, always the

amongst the rigging; and if his arms were not the strongest in executing the evolutions, his example was so encouraging that every one seemed to redouble his emulation, not to be conquered by the intrepidity of so young a child. Moreover, Volney Bekner was often able to render great services by himself alone. Sometimes but a slight effort is required to free a rope which interferes with the working of the sails: he sprung with greater rapidity than a man could have done; he made his way through places where it would have been impossible for a man to have passed; and quick in seizing the word of command, and skilful in executing it, with a turn of a hand, Volney Bekner had repaired the mischief. Submissive to all the privations of his adventurous calling, accustomed to look dangers in the face without emotion, the young sailor, who was a model of obedience and courage, early understood that to be worthy of attaining a rank — that is to say, to have the right of commanding in his turn — it was not sufficient that he should inspire those under his command with respect, and show himself the bravest amongst them — he must also be the best informed, in order to deserve their confidence. His father could only teach him to be a brave man, and on this point the education of Volney Bekner was perfect. His captain undertook to make him a well-informed man, and by the age

of twelve he had attained the head of the pilot-apprentices. He had double rations and doub pay.

"If," said the commander of the vessel, "th little fellow continues to conduct himself with the sam bravery and prudence, he will, I am sure, attain position far above mine." Then turning toward Bekner he added, "Is it not true, my lad, that yo love glory?"

"Yes, captain," respectfully replied the child.

"And do you know what glory is?" added th captain.

"It is," replied the child, "faithfully to serve one country, and honourably to fulfil the duties of one station."

During a voyage from Port-au-Prince to France, happened that the daughter of a rich American, wh was on board with her father and governess, had mad her escape from the latter while she had fallen asleep The little girl imprudently went upon the deck; sh played, she ran about, she got her feet entangled in th ropes, fell down and rose again, laughing at her ac cident; she faced the billows which covered her wit spray, and she laughed still louder than before. Th sailors told her to take care, but the child foresaw n danger; she leaned over the deck, the vessel heave the little American lost her balance, uttered a shrie

and disappeared beneath the waters. A sailor, perceiving her fall, immediately leaped into the sea, plunged, and swimming for a few fathoms, caught the imprudent child, and re-appeared with her upon the surface of the waves. This sailor was the father of Volney Bekner. But, in the mean time, the vessel had veered, and although but a few minutes had elapsed since the intrepid swimmer had plunged into the water to rescue the child from inevitable death, the vessel was already at a considerable distance from him. Nevertheless he still swam on; a few efforts more and he would restore to the arms of a despairing father, who awaited him on the deck, the child whom he had believed for ever lost to him. All at once the sailor stopped, and ceased to follow the direct line; he struggled with the waves to take a contrary direction, and shouted—

"Help! help! a shark!"

It was, indeed, one of those voracious and monstrous animals, that was coming direct towards him, and threatened to devour both the deliverer and the child whom he held firmly pressed against his heart. The whole of the crew were assembled upon deck; they fired at the shark, but the monster was undismayed, and continued to pursue his double prey, which he unceasingly harassed. The sailor swam double fathoms, so to speak, but the shark swam still faster,

and every moment gained upon his victim. All w
beheld this sight, were struck with horror; the
spair of the American, who thus saw his child ab
to perish before his eyes, amounted to madness:
wanted to throw himself into the water, but the cr
restrained him; he offered the whole of his fortune
any one who would kill the monster: no one dared
attempt so perilous an enterprise: but at the ve
moment when the unfortunate father believed hims
abandoned both by God and man, young Volne
Bekner was seen in the distance, gliding beneath t
shark, and thrusting into his body, up to the hilt,
large and sharp sabre with which he was armed. T
one had perceived him plunge into the sea, and if
was now recognized, it was by the velocity of h
course through the water, for Volney Bekner was
skilful in this kind of exercise, that he seemed mo
like a cavalier borne upon a fiery steed, than a m
swimming. The shark, dreadfully wounded, ceased
pursue the sailor, but only to direct his fury against
new victim; he allowed not a moment's respite
him who had struck him. By a generous impul
Volney Bekner, fearing lest the monster might he
tate between him and his father, directed his cou
away from the vessel, whilst the sailor, who still pr
tected the little American, gained the ship.

However stout a swimmer our youthful pilot mig

be, it was impossible for him to maintain a lengthened contest with his terrible enemy. When he perceived that his father had seized the rope thrown to him from the deck, he then thought of his own safety. Darting from right to left in oblique lines, in order to embarrass the enemy, who was close upon him, he too succeeded in reaching a rope. "He is saved!" was shouted with enthusiasm from the deck. The rope was hastily drawn in, and already had it reached the height of fifteen feet above the surface of the water, when the shark, who had just disappeared, and had only plunged to take a more vigorous spring, darted in pursuit of his victim, caught him by the middle of the body, and snapped in two the courageous Volney.

Thus died, in 1760, a child who had promised to add another great man to the English navy.

Poet-Children.

Francis de Beauchateau.

THE wonderful child whose history we are about to relate, lived, so to speak, only long enough to inscribe his name in the temple of immortality. He then disappeared from the theatre of the world; none being able to discover what had become of him. Born to fulfil a glorious career, was it by his own will that he stopped in his course? Was the early celebrity which he had acquired sufficient to satisfy his poet's pride? Was it some unaccountable whim which led him to envelope with a veil of mystery the remainder of his days? Or was it death itself which surprised him, when he had only attained his thirteenth year? These are the questions which naturally present themselves, but they are questions which can never receive a satisfactory answer.

Francis de Beauchâteau was the son of a celebrated comedian of the Hotel de Bourgogne, who was not only a man of talent, but also a citizen estimable for his character, and distinguished for his learning. He bestowed a brilliant education on his son, and although the little Beauchâteau studied but three hours a day,

yet at [illegible] nguages, and composed in [illegible]e with extreme facility. At eight he was familiar with the Greek and Latin authors; but if his precc ous learning was a matter of surprise, it was something still more wonderful to see this youthful poet exercising his talents indifferently on every subject which happened to be proposed to him.

For example, it once happened when he was with the Duchess of Montmorency, that she took a fancy to ask him what he least admired in her; the poet of eight years old replied by this gallant impromptu:—

"What rare qualities do we admire in thee! The graces, the virtues, and every charm blend into one incomparable whole. Oh! that I could sing like the great bards of old! Then, admirable princess, image of the gods, then would I celebrate thy countless attractions, and above all, that kindness of heart which renders thee so adorable. Still, feeble as is my voice, it will tell thee in four words that of all thy happy gifts, the very least is that of being the daughter, the wife, and the mother of a hero."

This madrigal, which was inserted in the journals of the day, was the commencement of the poetic renown of Beauchâteau. The mother of Louis the Fourteenth, Anne of Austria, was curious to see the extraordinary child; she therefore [illegible] brought

to the Louvre, and in order to puzzle him, put to him various questions in Italian and Spanish. The child replied with the same grace, with the same ingenious *naiveté* in both languages, so that the Queen, surprised and delighed at hearing him speak with equal precision and ease, asked him,—

"But how happens it, that at your age, you possess so much learning and wit?"

"Oh!" replied Francis de Beauchâteau, "when we approach the gods of the earth, it would be difficult not to be *spirituel*."

The Queen repeatedly kissed him; she admitted to her table the son of the comedian, and dismissed him loaded with presents.

It was also about this time that Francis de Beauchâteau addressed to the daughter of a confectioner, who lived opposite the college of Cardinal Lemoine, these four lines, in which one admires the arch and lively wit of this remarkable child:—

"You have, I know, numberless charms: you sing, you dance, you speak like an angel; how happy should I be could I touch your heart, and above all, your bon-bons and orange-flower water."

All the nobles of the time were eager for the pleasure of receiving at their tables this talented child. Cardinal Mazarin, who was then prime minister, also wished to entertain one of whom all spoke with admi-

ration; but, notwithstanding his popularity, Francis de Beauchâteau was still only a timid child. Queen Anne of Austria had received him without display, and with her he had retained all his presence of mind; the reception given him by Mazarin was of a more public and ceremonious kind, so that when the young poet saw himself in the midst of a brilliant and formal court, he trembled, and was utterly confused; and however witty the remarks that were addressed to him, he could not find a word of reply. At last, a gracious lady, the beautiful Hortensia de Mancini, having bent to the ear of the little visitor, sought to encourage him to sustain his reputation; she spoke to him with so much kindness, that he became a little less timid with her, and whispered to her this new impromptu :—

"All this splendour, I confess, has troubled and surprised me. I seek for wit, pity my hapless fate; how should I find any, when every one here has stolen it all from me."

The niece of Mazarin repeated aloud this madrigal, and the high reputation of Beauchâteau, which was beginning to suffer from his timidity, was immediately re-established, amidst the plaudits of the illustrious company.

What is most to be admired in the young Beauchâteau, is not the precocity of his talent, nor the

amiable turn of his mind, but that rare union of poetic genius with the happy simplicity of childhood. It was no matter that he was treated as a great man; this rendered him neither more grave nor more presumptuous: he cheerfully and readily acceded to all that was required from his muse; he set to work the moment he was ordered; but as soon as he had laid aside his poetic character, he ran and played about, and seemed delighted to remember, and to make others also remember, that he was still but a child.

One day, when he had been reproached with his love of sports, which though natural to his age, were unsuited to a mind of so high an order as his, Francis de Beauchâteau began to laugh, and replied:—

"Poetry and play have equal attractions for me, for I must submit to the law which my age imposes, and a poet at ten years old, I cannot help feeling that to me the finest of sonnets is not worth a ball."

As he had applied himself with ardour to the study of the English language, he begged his father to allow him to visit England, in order to perfect himself in a tongue, at that time, so little understood even by the best educated persons.

He set off in company with the French Ambassador, and was as eagerly received in the palace of Cromwell

as he had been at the court of France. The most noble ladies delighted to caress and pet him, so much was the amiable child gifted with the art of pleasing. Besides, although he was then thirteen years old, he was so small that he would scarcely have been taken for more than nine or ten at the utmost. The lively impromptu he composed on the celebrated Henrietta of Windsor, is well known :—

"When seated on your knee I feel that more than one god inspires me. I could form a thousand verses in praise of your charms; but no sooner does Apollo touch my lyre, than the urchin Love wounds me with his dart."

The book, entititled "The Muse of Little Beauchâteau," had carried his reputation to the highest pitch, and Europe re-echoed with his name. The child, consumed by a thirst for knowledge, turned his attention to the East, and embarked at Plymouth with two learned geometricians of Oxford, who were about to visit Persia. This is all that is known of the life of Francis de Beauchâteau. Some assert that he perished by shipwreck, others believe that he was taken by pirates, and sold as a slave at Tunis or Algiers. Many venture to affirm that he arrived safe and sound in the Persian empire, and that having rendered himself remarkable by the vivacity of his genius, and his aptitude for every kind of learning, he exchanged his

European name for one altogether Oriental, and forgetting that it was sufficient glory for any man to hold a distinguished place on the Parnassus of France, and still impelled by his poetic genius, he became emulous of rendering himself illustrious in a language so celebrated by the beautiful writings of the great poet Saadi.

Milton.

Born, 1608—died, 1674.

We will relate but a single anecdote of the childhood of the great Milton—that sublime poet who was blind like Homer, who possessed the genius of Dante, and who died without knowing that his country would one day inscribe his name in the list of her most distinguished men: for let it be always borne in mind, in order that we may never despair of the future, that the author of "Paradise Lost," in the eyes of his contemporaries, was nothing more than an obscure poet, and that England did not think of counting this divine work amongst her national treasures until many years after its author's death. During his lifetime scarcely would any one consent to read even a few fragments of "Paradise Lost"; and even those who possessed what they termed the courage of wading through the beautiful verses of the poet-schoolmaster pronounced the work deserving of the utmost contempt. All you, therefore, who feel the noble desire of honourable fame—who can think well enough of

your powers to be able to say, "I will go far"—be not arrested on your way because no one comes to tell you that the path in which you tread is a glorious one, and that you worthily pursue it. Advance—always advance—and never be discouraged; if you fail of applause to-day, remember that half a century after his death Milton had statues erected to his honour.

He was so handsome and so modest, that his companions at Christchurch College surnamed him the Beautiful Virgin. His hair fell in thick curls on each side of his forehead, and floated over his shoulders; his eyes possessed the most touching expression of benevolence; and his countenance, usually pale, was, at the slightest praise, suffused with a modest blush which rendered it still more beautiful.

One day during the summer, Milton, after a long walk, lay down under a tree by the side of the high road, and fell asleep. Two ladies, who were passing by in their carriage, struck with the beauty of the young student, stopped and dismounted, in order to look at him more closely. One of the two, who might have been about fifteen years of age, after contemplating him for a moment in a kind of ecstasy, took a pencil from her pocket, wrote a few lines, tore the leaf from her pocket-book, and slipped it, trembling as she did so, into Milton's hand.

The two strangers then [illegible] rriage, and drove off. Awakened by [illegible] companions, who, concealed near by, had been [illegible]et spectators of this silent scene, Milton was soon informed of what had taken place. The handsome student of Christchurch hastened to open the note which had been placed in his hand. It contained these lines taken fro [illegible] the poet Guarini:—

"Beauteous eyes, stars of earth, if, closed in slumber you have wounded my heart, what must be your power when you shine out unveiled?"

The friends of the young [illegible]eeper rallied him much upon this adventure; as for himself, he was greatly disturbed by it. One thought alone filled his mind—that of discovering the beautiful stranger, who had honoured him with so flattering an application of the lines of the Italian poet. Thanks to her whom he was never to know, Milton studied the language of Petrarch and of Tasso. Incessantly pursued by the desire of meeting this lady, he left England, and visited Genoa, Venice, Rome, and Naples. He familiarized himself with the poets which she seemed to love; he became a poet himself; and it is, perhaps, to this meeting, on a summer's day, under a tree by the roadside, that England is indebted for "Paradise Lost."

Glory to the unknown, who profited by the sleep of the child to make him a great man.

Lucretia Davidson.

THERE are flowers destined never to unfold; there are fruits which fall before they attain maturity; there are geniuses that die unknown, like a lamp that has grown dim on an unfrequented shrine,—like the song of a bird poured out in deep solitudes, where the foot of man has never penetrated.

Lucretia Davidson was one of those geniuses, and if her name has not remained unknown to the world, it is because a few devoted friends have wished that others should share in the admiration awakened in themselves by this young poet of sixteen, who has passed away without leaving any work behind her.

She was born at Plattsburgh, on Lake Champlain, the 27th of September, 1808. Her parents were in straitened circumstances; they had several children, each of whom, according to their strength, had to share in the cares of the household. Lucretia was not four years old, when she already fulfilled the office of nurse to a younger sister. These duties occupied her during the whole day, but at night, when the rest of the family were in bed, such was her thirst for knowledge,

that, instead of seeking repose, she shut herself up in her little room, where, surrounded with her books, she repaired by long hours of study what she called her lost time. Her readings having developed her active imagination, she felt herself born to be a poet, at an age when other children, by a very natural ignorance, do not even know what poetry is.

Lucretia Davidson composed, and her verses were addressed sometimes to a favourite bird, sometimes to the flower she most admired, or to the star which she beheld shooting across the heavens, or to the little sister whom she nursed, but most frequently of all to her mother, whom she loved most devotedly.

She wrote in secret; but with whatever mysteriousness her nightly labours were pursued, she consumed such an enormous quantity of paper, that her parents at last discovered the use she made of her long vigils. Modest and retiring, the young poet blushed, and with tears confessed her dawning genius, as a fault. Her father, Dr. Oliver Davidson, asked to see some of her poetic productions; "They are all burned," she replied; and such was really the case; for scarcely had Lucretia completed one of these little compositions, than she threw it into the fire, preserving no more remembrance of it than does the Æolian harp of its harmonious sighs, when the breeze has ceased to vibrate its chords.

Lucretia promised that for the future she would not destroy the fruits of her youthful inspirations, before submitting them to the criticism of her parents; but this promise was like a mantle of ice cast over her imagination. The idea of being no longer able to preserve to herself alone the secret of her thoughts and of her vigils, led her to renounce for a time her cherished occupations. She read, but she no longer wrote. At length, borne away by destiny, she recommenced her poetic existence; but, notwithstanding her promise, she could not bring herself to let her father know what she did. The better to preserve her secret, and that it might not be discovered by her consumption of paper, she wrote on the margin of her books,—at the top, at the bottom, on all the sides; she crossed and re-crossed her lines again and again, until her writings, though they had a meaning for herself, were totally illegible to every one else.

To this very decided poetic vocation, Lucretia Davidson united an irresistible tendency for drawing. Her father's means were too limited to enable him to give her a master, and she required none; she applied to nature, who would have made her a painter, as she had made her a poet. It was upon these same books, the depositaries of the inspirations of her youthful muse, that the child pencilled her imperfect sketches.

As she was careful to accomplish even more scrupu-

[illegible] ies, it was

[illegible] that [illegible] ced her poetic labours; [illegible] day, while se [illegible] in a cupboard, her mother [illegible] overed one of these bo[illegible], filled at all points with drawings and verses. For the second time, the child thought it necessary to blush for her mysterious studies: it was a long time before she would explain the meaning of those illegible lines; but as they threatened not to restore the book until she had deciphered what no one but herself could read, Lucretia obeyed. The book was restored to her, with kisses and tears of admiration; and the poor child, who had fallen ill since the precious manuscript had passed from her own keeping into her mother's hands, had no sooner regained it than she tore it leaf by leaf, and burned it as she had burned her earlier effusions.

Her elder sister died; her mother fell ill; her duties were augmented. However dear to her were her intellectual labours, they could not but be affected by these circumstances. Her wh[illegible]e happiness consisted in her studies, in her compositi[illegible], in her drawings: she ceased to study, to compose, to draw, in order to nurse her mother, and to replace in her family the sister who was no more.

Nevertheless, Fame had already begun to spread her name abroad; some one having heard her writings spoken of, and knowing the limi[illegible] of their

family, sent her a bank-note of twenty dollars, begging that it might be employed in laying the foundation of a little library, of which the poet-child must stand in need.

Lucretia was beside her mother's bed, when she received the letter of her unknown benefactor. At first, the thought of being able to purchase some of those beautiful books which she had so much desired, made her utter a cry of joy, but suddenly thinking of her who lay there stretched on a bed of suffering—of the physician who was coming to visit her, and whom it would be necessary to pay—of all that he would order, and which would cost so much—tears suffused her eyes, and she held out the bank-note to her father, saying—

"Take it, papa, it will help to take care of my mother: I can do without books."

Lucretia was then eleven years of age.

To renounce the possession of these books, was, however, but a slight sacrifice for Lucretia. Having heard that her parents were blamed for an education which, however, she had given herself, and that it was thought she ought to have learned what was necessary for a girl of humble position, she locked up her books and threw away the key, in order to resist the temptation of recommencing her studies; but in acting thus, she consulted her heart, rather than her strength;

she fell into a state of profound melancholy, she grew thin, became ill in her turn, and soon ceased to be able to nurse her mother, who was, nevertheless, too feeble to dispense with her care.

"My child," said Mrs. Davidson to her, one day, "it is a long time since you have written anything."

"I have given up writing," replied Lucretia, bursting into tears. "I have been made to understand, that since the death of my sister, it is my duty to think only of comforting my parents."

"But to do this, my child, it is not necessary that you should make yourself ill, and since both your happiness and life depend upon your studies, continue to study in order that we may not lose a child who is so necessary and so precious to us."

This prudent decision on the part of her mother was to Lucretia the saving balm required to restore her to health and happiness.

We will not follow step by step the labours of the young poetess. Placed at school by an anonymous benefactor, Lucretia worked with so much ardour, that her health suffered from it. It was then that she addressed the following stanzas to a friend whom she had not seen for a long time:—

"And thou hast marked in childhood's hour,
The fearless boundings of my breast,
When, fresh as summer's opening flower,
I freely frolicked and was blessed.

"Oh! say, was not this eye more bright?
Were not these lips more wont to smile?
Methinks that then my heart was light,
And I a fearless, joyous child.

"And thou didst mark me gay and wild,
My careless, reckless laugh of mirth,
The simple pleasures of a child,
The holiday of man on earth.

"Then thou hast seen me in that hour,
When every nerve of life was new,
When pleasure fanned youth's infant flower,
And Hope her witcheries round it threw.

"That hour is fading—it has fled;
And I am left in darkness now;
A wanderer towards a lowly bed,
The grave—that home of all below."*

Lucretia Davidson felt but too deeply that her days were drawing to a close: she was drooping under the effects of that malady which makes us cling more fondly to life, the nearer death approaches.

She left school and returned to Plattsburgh, once more to behold those parents who had founded on her all their hopes of glory and happiness.

* Poetical Remains of Lucretia Davidson, p. 287.

In her last illness, the physician who attende forbade all reading, but as Lucretia's existence dep on her books, she had them placed upon her bed, s she might be able to touch them; she kissed th thousand times a day, and when by chance the h her recovery recurred to her, she would exclaim, ing them to her mother,—

"Ah! mama, what a happy day will it be to me I am able to open one of them."

That day, however, never came. The time appc for this star to shine upon the earth, and then retu its native heaven, had expired. Lucretia Maria D son died on the 27th of August 1825.

Metastasio.

Born, 1698—died, 1782.

His name was Trapassi; and under this obscure denomination the child endeavoured to attain that celebrity which he was one day to shed with lavish hand on his borrowed one of Metastasio. The lyric poet who was destined at a later period to charm by his melodious numbers the refined ears of kings and princes was, at the age of ten, but an humble poet of the lower orders—a simple *Improvisatore* of the market-place. Crowds eagerly sought the corners of the streets of Rome to hear the clever *canzonetti* of this pretty fair child, who was filled with poetic inspiration, whose numbers flowed sweet and perfumed from his lips, like drops of limpid honey upon the petals of the rose. When the fit of inspiration was exhausted, the child smiled graciously on his audience, descended from the stone bench on which he had mounted, for the purpose of commanding the crowd, and took leave of the spectators, without wishing to receive from them anything beyond caresses and bonbons; for Trapassi was no beggar, and although

his father was but a poor artizan, he earned sufficient to provide for the wants of his family, without having recourse to public charity.

The people feel for these poets more real enthusiasm, perhaps, than the artistic and the learned do for men of genius. They are as zealous in pleasure as in religion, for pleasure is as much a worship as genius is a sovereignty. Thus two great poets, two great painters, or two great artists, each pursuing different routes, with equal talent, would separate into two rival camps their several admirers, just as two kings, each possessing an equal right to the throne, would separate the nation into two rival factions.

I make this remark to show how the people of Rome were divided, at that time, between the youthful poet, who poured into his songs a deep sensibility and a pleasing melancholy, and another improvisatore, the aged Bellucci, a wild harsh poet—a genius to whom his muse inspired only songs of despair, who evoked only monstrous images, and who could paint only terrific pictures. While the child allowed his imagination to wander in the enchanted gardens of Armida, the old improvisatore mercilessly transported his audience into those infernal regions which Dante sought, in order to catch the raging cries of the damned.

Every day there was some fresh struggle between the partizans of Trapassi and the followers of Bellucci.

Amongst the admirers of the child, was a hair-dresser, named Zaverio, who numbered amongst his customers the learned lawyer Gravina. One day, when Zaverio came later than usual to attend the celebrated founder of the Academy of Arcadians, Gravina, who loved punctuality, complained of his delay. Zaverio excused himself by urging a literary dispute which he, as an admirer of the young improvisatore, had been obliged to sustain against a zealous partizan of old Bellucci.

Gravina, who moved in an elevated sphere, into which the name of the little improvisatore had not yet penetrated, made inquiries respecting this child of genius, of whom Zaverio spoke with such warm enthusiasm. Although the lawyer, who was himself a poet, did not place much confidence in the literary sympathies of his hair-dresser, he was nevertheless desirous of seeing this beardless improvisatore, who had so strongly excited the admiration of Zaverio. In the evening, therefore, he repaired to the Campus Martius, to listen to the improvisation of the child, who had accepted the poetic challenge offered him by Bellucci. The two factions were commingled into one vast crowd, through which Gravina had great difficulty in making his way. At last, however, he succeeded in reaching the first rank.

Whether from respect for the age of his adversary, from a praiseworthy feeling of modesty, or from mere

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ugh all the degrees terror; he bore them, so to speak, from rock to rock, through paths bordered with briars and thorns, and then, when he had conducted them to the summit, by a last effort of his genius he flashed forth his lightning, launched his thunders, and hurled into the lowest abyss his confounded victims.

After this stormy peroration, he folded his arms, and looked proudly on the crowd, who seemed petrified with terror and admiration. Then, turning towards his young rival, who was seated with his head leaning on his hand, and spell-bound, like the rest, by the power of that terrible genius—

"Well!" said Bellucci to him, "speak! Victory will now be difficult, for I have not left them even the power of applauding me."

Recalled to his character of improvisatore by the proud speech by his fiery rival, the young Trapani arose, mounted the eminence from which Bellucci, with the air of a conqueror, had just descended, and in his turn began to speak.

Do you remember to have contemplated the sky when the atmosphere was heavy, and charged with tempest? Have you felt how the so long

oppressed, breathes more easily? how the air circulates more freely through the lungs, in proportion as the sunbeam penetrates the gloom? and how the eye lingers with delight on the pure azure of the sky, as the dark masses of the clouds vanish one by one? Well, even as you breathe more freely, even as the heart is solaced, even as the eye delights to behold the blue expanse, even as life seems to revive with the returning sun, so did the soothing eloquence of Trapassi restore to gentle thoughts the souls of his audience—so did his harmonious numbers heal the wounds which Bellucci had made. The latter had gathered tears upon the hearts of his hearers; but Trapassi, more happy still, made them flow from their eyes. The one seemed to have parched, by his burning breath, everything around him; the other, by his pure and gentle breathings, restored everything to life and freshness; the soul expanded to his voice, the beatings of the heart harmonized with the measured tones of his soft music, and, as at the breath of the Creator, all nature seemed to awaken and sing with him.

The victory of young Trapassi was complete; and we must own, that if the pride of his rival was wounded, he did not, at all events, add to the misfortune of his defeat the disgrace of appearing in the character of a jealous man, for he was the first to hasten and embrace

the child; then raising him in l howed him to the crowd, saying, "This child is a poet indeed."

Their applauses burst forth on all sides—applauses of which Bellucci received his share—for if the people admired the precocious genius of the child, they were also profoundly touched by the generous emotion of his redoubtable adversary. Trapassi was borne in triumph to his father's house, and for a long time the crowd surrounded the humble dwelling of the improvisatore. The poor father wept for joy on beholding his son the worthy object of such homage. "Good God!" he exclaimed, "why am I not richer? then I would make a scholar of him."

A man approached the father of the poet, and replied—"I am rich, I will adopt your son; I will give him a name—he shall be called Metastasio; for there is in him a reflection of the genius of the Grecian poets, and I therefore wish him to bear a Grecian name."

Thus spoke the illustrious Gravina; for still concealed amongst the crowd, he had entered with it the dwelling of the poor artizan.

The protector, faithful to his promise, guided by his counsels the child whom he had adopted. At fourteen years of age Metastasio composed his first play, and it obtained for him the surname of the Racine of Italy. Gravina died, leaving his pupil a considerable fortune. In his long dramatic career stasio met

with nothing but success; he died at the age of eighty-two, after having given to the world sixty-three lyric tragedies, twelve oratorios, innumerable cantatas, elegies, idyls, and sonnets, among which are many inimitable master-pieces of composition.

Lucius Valerius.

In the reign of the Emperor Trajan the city of Hisconium gave birth to a child whose life was destined to be brief, but his glory immortal. For nearly two thousand years had the veil of oblivion been cast over his rapid and successful career, and it is owing solely to an inscription discovered by the son of the President of Lamoignon, that the existence of Lucius Valerius was revealed to the world; but as time, in passing over great men and great deeds, adds a new lustre to their name, that of Valerius has become almost as popular in our day as it was in ancient times. He had been surnamed *Pudens*, which means modest. His poetic talents were so early developed, that at the age of thirteen, he competed for the prize of poetry awarded by his native city, every five years, at the period of the census.

On the day of the *Lustrum*, as this popular festival was called, the poem of Lucius Valerius was publicly read, and the judges were unanimous in awarding to him the gold medal and the lyre of ivory—the prize assigned to the successful competitor. The Roman

inscription states that the poem was so beautiful, that it had to be read for eight consecutive days, and in all the public places of the city, to the astonished multitudes who were never weary of listening to it. Admiration was carried to such a height, that the fellow-citizens of the young Valerius voted him a bronze statue, and the most skilful casters of Rome were summoned to Hisconium to work night and day at the monument destined to perpetuate the memory of the poet.

It was at the time when public morals were becoming corrupt, and when the Roman magistrates were endeavouring to revive in the hearts of the young the love of true glory and of ancient virtue.

Marcus Mummius, prefect of the Pretorium, then commanded in the native city of Valerius: he felt that the triumph of this child would be a motive of emulation for all who aspired to distinction; for national rewards have this advantage, that they always draw from the crowd some hidden virtues. The day of the inauguration having been announced by sound of trumpets throughout all the towns of Italy, the Roman youth repaired in vast numbers to Hisconium. The streets were strewn with flowers, and festoons and garlands adorned the houses; the whole length of the route by which the procession was to pass, was planted with a double row of poplars, rose-trees, and

orange-trees; [illegible] robe, wearing a wr[illegible]n his head, and holding in his hand the scep[illegible] of g[illegible]ius, was mounted on a triumphal car, drawn by six white horses. The most beautiful girls of the city, representing the Muses and Graces, surrounded the triumphal car, singing the praises of the conqueror; heralds preceded the procession, crying, "Largess to the people!" and scattering amongst the crowd little silver medals, bearing the effigy of the young poet. In this manner he made the circuit of the city; and during eight consecutive days, the same triumphal procession traversed Hiconium. The dwelling of Valerius was illuminated; and when he lay down at night to dream of his triumph, harmonious music lulled him to rest, and continued even during his sleep. At last the day arrived when Marcus Mummius was to place upon the bronze statue of the victor the crown of *Immortelles*. Just as he was placing it, Lucius Valerius perceived in the crowd the competitor who, next him, had gained the highest number of suffrages. He immediately snatched the crown from the statue, ran towards his rival, and adjudging the prize to him, exclaimed, "Accept this crown, you are more worthy of it than I am; if I have gained it, it is only on account of my age, which the judges wished to encourage." The two rivals embraced each other with fraternal

affection, and this trait of generosity won for Valerius the surname of *Pudens*.

Time has destroyed the poem of the young victor of Hisconium; but it has left us the memory of his virtues as a proof of this moral truth—the most glorious works may perish, but noble deeds are immortal.

Learned Children.

James Crichton.

A Scottish youth about fifteen years of age, having come to Paris, towards the year 1575, caused a placard to be placed on the doors of all the colleges, purporting that he, James Crichton, gentleman, born in the county of Perth, offered to dispute with every competitor, in verse or in prose, and in twelve different languages, on any science whatever. These ambitious proposals were laughed at by the students. Fifty of the most accomplished amongst them accepted the challenge, and a day was appointed for this literary and scientific combat. They thought to terrify the young Scotchman, by informing him that he would have to reply to fifteen hundred questions at least. James Crichton merely said, that provided they made the day long enough, they might put two thousand, if they pleased, for that five hundred questions, more or less, were to him a matter of time merely, and not of study; and he spoke truly; for whilst his adversaries were laboriously preparing themselves to dispute with him, and passed whole days and nights in consulting their books, the young Scotchman spent his time in sports and hunt-

ing. He frequented the public [illegible] feast to feast, and took part in the [illegible] and court balls.

The day of the combat arrived: it was at the College of Navarre, that this memorable meeting took place. Crichton was a little after time; already had the assembly begun to murmur, already had his adversaries proclaimed him conquered, and declared that he had disgracefully fled from Paris, frightened at the contest which he had provoked; but these injurious suspicions did not last long, for James Crichton, announced in the distance by the acclamations of the populace, entered the hall. He bowed with grace, and excused himself for his involuntary delay, on the ground that having been challenged by one of the most inveterate duellists of that period, he had been obliged to stop, but only long enough to send his terrible antagonist to his last account. This excuse, as may be imagined, was received with great applause, and the audience began to wish success to one who had proved himself so skilful in the use of his sword. The president of the assembly announced, with a loud voice, that the lists were opened.

Crichton's fifty rivals began to address him in Hebrew, in Arabic, in Greek, in Latin, in Spanish, in English, in Italian, in French, and in German. The youth gracefully returned every thrust [illegible]ed at him,

and by a singularity of his ingenious mind, he replied in Hebrew to the question put to him in Arabic, in Arabic to the question stated in Greek; and thus, making use by turns of these various languages, all of which he managed with extraordinary skill, according to his fancy, he translated, as many as twelve times, the same word into twelve different languages, or pursued a long sentence, every clause of which presented a different idiom. The entire contest was but a succession of victories.

This monster genius, as Scaliger designates him, to express in strong terms his opinion of the marvellous youth, in one single day ran through the vast domain of all the sciences, philosophy, theology, mathematics, and literature. His glance embraced all, his thought sounded all; he went here, there, in every direction; he soared as high as they desired, he descended into the depths of science, he followed his adversaries wherever they showed a disposition to oppose him, and then, overwhelming them by the thunders of his eloquence, he compelled them to sue for mercy. Then the regent of the college, rising from the presidential chair, embraced him, and presented him with a diamond and purse of gold—the prize awarded to the victor—at the same time proclaiming him the most learned man of his age.

He was also the most active, for, that same even-

ing, forgetting the fatigues of [illegible] ball, and prepared himself by t[illegible], which he excelled, to pass the night at a tavern, celebrated at that time, and which even the first noblemen of the court did not disdain to frequent. After this night, so joyously spent, we find the indefatigable Crichton running at the ring in a tournament at the Louvre, and always with the same success; for fifteen times in succession was he proclaimed victor. He then went to Venice, to Rome, to Padua; in each of these towns he sustained contests, for three consecutive days, and fresh successes were constantly adding to his celebrity.

"He struck us with a panic-terror," says an author of the time, "for he knew more than a man could know, and he was believed to be Antichrist."

Having reached the age of twenty-two, we find him at Mantua, as tutor to Prince Vincent of Gonzalvo. Crichton was rather the friend than the preceptor of the heir to the ducal crown. At that time there was at Mantua a formidable duellist, who might almost be said to have made a new victim every day. The reigning duke, having granted an audience to three widows, whose husbands had fallen by the sword of this wretch, was so much distressed by the grief of these poor women, that he offered a reward of fifteen hundred pistoles to whomsoever should challenge and kill the murderer. Crichton challenged [illegible], and [illegible]

had undertaken to avenge these three widows, he pierced his adversary with three wounds, so skilfully placed, that each of them was mortal, and all three in the exact spots in which the duellist had struck his three last victims.

The Duke of Mantua gave the fifteen hundred pistoles to the conqueror, but he accepted the recompense only to divide it equally between the three widows. The Duke's son profited but ill by Crichton's lessons. Wearied with hearing his father incessantly repeat, that the young Scotchman would always be his superior in learning, in address, in generous conduct, and in elevation of mind, the Prince conceived an invincible hatred for one whom he had at first received as a brother.

Crichton was fond of walking of an evening in the environs of Mantua, and used to leave the palace, carrying with him only his sword and guitar, for to his other accomplishments he added that of being an excellent musician. One beautiful summer's night, as he was returning from his accustomed walk, and while traversing the streets of Mantua, on his way to the palace, he was suddenly surrounded by twelve men, wearing masks, who fiercely attacked him. Crichton threw aside his guitar, and, drawing his sword, defended himself with so much courage, that there soon remained but one adversary, whom he disarmed by a

skilful movement. [illegible] at he was lost if he continued to [illegible] ain his disguise, immediately tore off his [illegible] sk, and displayed to the astonished gaze of Cricl [illegible] the countenance of Prince Vincent of Gonzalvo.

At the sight of his pupil, the brave scholar apologized for having pressed him so rudely, but he could not have suspected that the one whom he loved could be among the number of his assassins. After having endeavoured to make the Prince ashamed of his criminal act, Crichton took his sword by the point and respectfully presented it to Vincent of Gonzalvo. So noble a pardon ought to have disarmed the hatred of the Prince, but the superiority of the master humbled the pupil too much to permit him to listen to the voice of remorse. The moment that he beheld Crichton unarmed, he rushed upon him, and plunged his own sword into his heart.

James Crichton, at the period of his death, had not attained the age of twenty-three.

Giovanni Pico della Mirandola.

Born, 1463—died, 1494.

Were we to credit tradition, miracles had revealed to the mother of this extraordinary child the celebrity he was destined one day to attain: on this account she would not entrust to any one the care of his early education. Giovanni Pico, Count of Mirandola and Concordia, was born on the 24th of February, 1463. Most historians make him a reigning prince, but this is an error; it was his elder brother Galeoti Pico who possessed the state of Mirandola and Concordia, after the death of their father. This, however, is a point of no consequence. If he did not wear, by right of succession, a temporary crown, he acquired by his talents one of which even death did not deprive him, —that crown of immortality which can only be attained by being, not the first of a state, but one of the first of mankind. His extraordinary memory rendered him a prodigy of learning. Even in early childhood, when he had heard a book read three times,

he could repeat the words of
their natural order, or in an in[illegible].

At ten years of age Giovanni Pico was, by universal consent, ranked amongst the best poets and most celebrated orators of the day; at fourteen he went to study law at Bologna, and afterwards visited the most celebrated colleges of France and Italy.

It is asserted that at eighteen he understood twenty-two languages—a fact hardly credible, since there is no language that can be properly acquired with less than a year's study. At twenty he went to Rome to maintain fourteen hundred general conclusions in science. His arrival in this city created an extraordinary sensation, so great was the reputation that had preceded him. His wonderful success necessarily raised him enemies; he was accused of magic, and thirteen of his propositions were publicly censured as heretical, by order of Pope Innocent the Eighth. An idea may be formed of the ignorance of some of the theologians of that period from the explanation which one of the censurers gives of the word *Cabala*, which happened to be used in one of the theses of the young *savant*, and of which the council of censure did not understand the meaning:—

"Cabala," said the theologian, "was a heretic, who in former times wrote against Christ, and whose followers were called cabalists."

By the advice of these excellent judges, Giovanni Pico was banished from the Roman states, and retired to France, but he remained there only a short time, being attracted to Italy by a desire of breathing his native air. His passion for study became so strong, that he renounced his patrimonial wealth, and shut himself up in one of his castles, with no other companions of his solitude but his books.

We should be greatly deceived did we endeavour to establish a parallel between the science of that period and the science of the present day. However extraordinary may have been the learning of Giovanni della Mirandola, his knowledge would in these times appear extremely limited. His works bear sufficient testimony to the quickness of his mind, but they prove nothing in favour of his judgment. He somewhere asserts, "that there is no virtue either in heaven or on earth which a magician cannot call into action," and he pretends "that words are efficacious in magic, because it was by His word that God created the world." He says elsewhere, "that animals and plants originate solely from the corruption of living substances." In a word, his writings are a mass of errors, which, though they gained for their author extravagant praise, deserve in our days little beyond the compassion due to the unfortunate blind who grope in darkness. The true merit of Pico della Mirandola consists in his

having united in hi[illegible]ich it was possible for a man to pos[illegible] in those times. He died at Florence the 17th of November, 1494, at the age of thirty-one, on the very day on which Charles the Eighth made his entrance into that city. The King of France having learned t[illegible] he was on his deathbed, sent to him two of his ph[illegible]ns, but their skill was of no avail.

The manners of Giovanni Pico della Mirandola were as pure as his mind was active. If he possessed but little knowledge that can be called accurate and useful, says one of his historians, the fault was not his, but that of his age.

Vicenzio Viviani.

A CHILD who might be about twelve years of age, and whose costume was that of the peasantry of the neighbourhood of Florence, entered one day in the year 1638, the capital of the Grand Duchy of Tuscany. He carried a small bundle slung over his shoulder by his stick; his pocket was very scantily supplied, yet he had taken from home all the money which his father had to bestow, to enable him to subsist until he was in a position to provide for himself.

"You are now a great boy, strong and intelligent," said his father to him; "you are old enough to work, and I have no longer the means of maintaining you; be prudent, be industrious, and if you keep the fear of God before your eyes, wherever your guardian angel shall conduct you, be assured, you will always find some charitable person who will be glad to assist you."

The father and child wept, and then parted. The little exile, having taken the direction of the city, endeavoured to economize as well as he was able the trifling sum which he carried with him. In

order not to wear out his g[illegible] attached them to the [illegible] of [illegible] walked bare-foot; but when he re[illegible] the vicinity of Florence, he took a bath in the A[illegible], shook the dust from his coat, sat down to [illegible] the rents in his linen trousers with a needle [illegible] thread which he had taken care to bring with him, and then dressed himself as neatly as he could; for he was going to visit Dame Fortune, and he felt that he could not be too careful in his toilet, on his first [illegible]sentation to so great a personage.

We have not yet stated the motives which induced the father of Viviani to part with his child at so tender an age, nor what led him to hope that the boy would find suitable employment for his feeble arms, and be able to maintain himself by his own industry. It was simply because, ignorant as he was, he understood the high capacity of his son's mind. Viviani did not know a single trade, yet it might be said that he was capable of exercising any of them. Endowed with an extraordinary penetration, he divined what he had not been taught. Once set upon a track, whatever it might be, he required no further aid to enable him to pursue it with a firm step. Thus he had scarcely been taught the alphabet, yet he read with perfect ease. He had been told that two and two make four, and from this point [illegible] departure,

he had advanced to the most complicated operations of arithmetic. Wanting the necessary knowledge for calculating, according to the rules of the science, he created a method for himself as simple as it was ingenious; and by the means of little pieces of wood differently cut, he succeeded in discovering the laws of numbers, and in understanding their different combinations.

The Curé of the village one day translated for him one of the Psalms of David. By the aid of these hundred lines Viviani managed to understand and translate in his turn nearly all the Psalms. This intelligent aptitude for labour was not limited to purely literary occupations. More than once when visiting the workshops of the village, Viviani, who did not know, even by name, what are termed the laws of motion, equilibrium, and mechanics, pointed out, by an artless but correct process of reasoning, how to overcome a difficulty with which an unskilful workman had contended in vain for several days.

Such was the child whom poverty had driven from his native village, and who walked through the streets of Florence filled with wonder at the sight of so many beautiful things. Amongst the curiosities which attracted his attention, there was one which kept him for a long time fixed before a shop-window. The object he contemplated with so much earnestness was a

magic-lantern. As he could not t[illegible] it its use, his usual penetration was for once at fault. Any other but Viviani, would have passed on for fear of fatiguing his mind too much; but he was not one of those who pass easily from one occupation to another. Finding that he could not himself supply the information he wanted, he determined to enter the shop and beg the tradesman to explain to him the mechanism of the lantern. A magic-lantern was at that time very rare, and of great value. As soon as Viviani began to understand this new toy, he immediately perceived the advantages that might be derived from so attractive an object, by travelling about the country and exhibiting it to the children. He spread out on the counter all his money, and asked if that would be sufficient to pay for the wonderful lantern. "No!" replied the worthy man, to whom Viviani had addressed himself; "and were you ten times as rich, you would be still too poor to buy what you covet. However, as you think that your future fortune lies in the possession of this lantern, you shall not have to reproach me with being the cause of your failing to attain this fortune. I will not sell you the lantern; but I will let it to you. You seem to be intelligent, I believe you to be honest; promise me only that you will return here at the end of every week, and tell me honestly what you have gained, and

according to your receipts, whether good or bad, I will regulate the hire."

Viviani travelled about with his little exhibition, from hamlet to hamlet, displaying to the delighted gaze of the good people, my Lord the Sun, and my Lady the Moon; our Holy Father the Pope, in his grand pontifical robes; the Temptation of Saint Anthony; and the great Girolamo, conqueror of all the five hundred devils. The spectacle was greatly admired, but poorly paid for, so that Viviani had nothing very considerable to take to the shopkeeper, at the end of each week. His shoes were beginning to wear out, and in order to save them, he determined to make no more excursions beyond the city. He established himself, with his exhibition, beneath the great gate of the Strozzi Palace, but his receipts were not much improved. One evening when it rained very hard, and the child stood shivering beside his lantern, he caught sight of a man in the distance, who was crossing the street, which the rain had rendered quite deserted.

"Signor, signor!" he cried, running after him, "if you do not come and see the sun, I shall have nothing to pay for my supper."

"The sun!" said the stranger: "we are badly matched, for I am not paid for my attention to it."

The person who thus spoke, was the man who had assigned to the sun its place and its course in infinite

space: it was Galileo, in fact. [illegible] with compassion at the sight of the little mendicant, he yielded to his entreaties, and condescended, notwithstanding the falling rain, to stop and witness the exhibition which Viviani displayed to him. He listened patiently to the whole of his explanation, and when the representation was over, he still remained beside Viviani, questioning him relative to the mechanism of his little theatre. Viviani replied with his accustomed accuracy. Then from the demonstration of the lantern, he insensibly proceeded to the explanation of several of the calculations belonging to the optician's art, a knowledge of which he had picked up during his conversations on the Saturday evenings with his patron, the worthy shopkeeper. As knowledge is a treasure, Viviani had prophesied correctly, when he said that his future fortune depended on the possession of that lantern, for to it he owed his meeting with Galileo. This great man felt deeply interested in the child: he took him to his house, became his adopted father, and turned to such good use his great aptitude for the study of the sciences that he rendered him one of the most learned geometricians of the seventeenth century.

His reputation quickly spread over all Europe; the Princes of the House of Medici loaded him with favours; Louis the Fourteenth allowed him a [illegible]

siderable pension; the Academy of Science, at Paris, admitted him amongst the number of its foreign associates; and Ferdinand the Second, Grand Duke of Tuscany, on several occasions, confided to him important missions to the different sovereigns of Europe. We have before said, that it was by divining things that he began to acquire knowledge; it was also by a similar divination, that at a later period he established his right to immortality. An effort of genius almost incredible, led him to recompose, by the force of reasoning, the five books of the old Greek geometer, Aristeus, which had been lost to science for a great number of ages.

Viviani died at the age of eighty-two.

Artist-Children.

Adrian Brauwer.

HAARLEM boasts of having given birth to, and nourished in her bosom, an illustrious painter, who served a rough apprenticeship to his art. We speak of Adrian Brauwer. You will see that it required a very decided vocation, and an extraordinary perseverance, to raise himself, as he did, from the lowest degree of misery to the highest pinnacle of fame.

There lived in Haarlem a poor embroideress, who usually worked for the peasant women of the neighbourhood; she managed with great difficulty to live on the produce of her toil. She did not labour alone; her son, a little boy named Adrian, a very intelligent child, had taken upon himself to be the designer of his mother's patterns. From morning till night, seated before his little table, he was engaged in drawing, with a pen, birds and flowers. His natural taste was his only guide, for his mother was too poor to give him a master. They occupied a little shop situated in an almost deserted street; so that Adrian rarely had the pleasure of seeing any one stop to look at the drawings with which he ornamented the shop window.

Nevertheless, one day the y observed a stranger, who remained for a long time gazing at his little pictures, while a smile of satisfaction played round his lips as he examined them. The stranger passed by the door several times; once he even seemed inclined to enter the shop, but he changed his mind, and walked on.

That day Adrian worked with more than his usual courage, and in a moment of inspiration produced a drawing, which displayed a higher order of composition than any of his previous works. He then placed it in one of the squares of the shop-front, as if he foresaw that his admirer would pass by on the following day, and again stop at the window. The next day the stranger did in fact return; he again stopped, and his smile of satisfaction was still more significant than on the preceding day. I leave you to imagine whether the little Adrian's heart beat high, whether the blush of gratified pride mantled on his brow when he again beheld the stranger, and when he could say to himself, "It is my drawings that attract him, it is no longer accident that makes him stop before our door; it is for me alone that he returns."

As on the previous day, the stranger passed and re-passed. He extended his hand to open the door; but, for the second time, changed his mind, and turned the corner of the street. Adrian felt s at his

not seen the last of him, and taxed his ingenuity to produce a still better drawing, which, as before, he fastened to the shop-window. The following day the stranger again returned to admire the progress of the young artist.

This singular contest between the child, who was never weary of drawing, and the stranger, who regularly returned, continued for several days. Little Adrian, like all those born to become great artists, was afraid of letting the perfume of his glory evaporate by a premature announcement; he contented himself with enjoying it in secret. He shut up his happiness within his own breast, and did not speak of it even to his mother. The good woman, busied with her work, had never noticed the stranger at all. When, therefore, he at last determined to enter the shop, she was much surprised to perceive that Adrian smiled at him with an air of old acquaintanceship.

"Madam," said the stranger, "does this child belong to you?"

"Yes, sir, he is my son."

"Who is his drawing-master?"

"Myself only," replied the child.

"How old is the little fellow?" continued the stranger, addressing the mother.

"He is ten years old," she replied.

"And what do you intend him?" he added, abruptly.

"Whatever may be the will of God," said the woman.

"Well, then, it is the will of God that I should be a painter," replied the child, unintimidated by the abrupt manner of the interlocutor.

"My name is Francis Hals," resumed the stranger; "I also am a painter, and the sovereigns of Europe contend for my pictures at high prices. I will take your son under my protection; he shall be my pupil. I'll answer for it, good woman, that we shall make something of him."

Imagine the joy of Adrian Brauwer, and the surprise of the embroideress. She, who was so poor, now saw opening to her son a career which would lead him to wealth and fame. Old Hals wished that his pupil should accompany him at once, and the child asked for nothing better than to follow immediately his illustrious master. The preparations for departure did not occupy much time; the good mother wept at once for joy and grief, for joy because her child was going to be happy, and for grief because their separation might be for a long time. She kissed her beloved son again and again: Adrian bade her farewell, and Francis Hals departed with his new pupil.

For a year the master treated with kindness the child whom he had promised to make a great painter, and Adrian's progress justified the good treatment of Master Hals. But one day the old painter completely changed his conduct towards his pupil. He removed him from the studio, put him into an old lumber-room, and entirely separated him from his companions. Shut up for three years in a narrow garret, with his palette, his canvasses, and his easel, Adrian was reduced to a diet barely sufficient to support life; his clothes were in rags, and he was obliged to pay, by unremitting toil, for the miserable allowance afforded him by Francis Hals and his wife. His companions, wondering at his absence from the studio, inquired of their master what had become of him, and were unblushingly told that the little fellow, with all his good qualities, would never be anything more than an indifferent painter, and that he had been sent home to his mother, as Hals was quite wearied with seeing him profit so little by his lessons.

Nevertheless the pictures of Master Hals seemed daily to acquire more and more value in the eyes of connoisseurs; it was said in the artistic world of the time, that the old painter had recovered all the enthusiasm of his youth, and that his compositions even displayed a richness of colouring, and a freshness of

imagination, which his best pa[intings] not pos-
sess.

It is, perhaps, needless to say that the true author of these pictures, so justly esteemed, and which brought such high prices, was no other than that poor young artist whom the avarice of his master had left to vegetate in a garret. Adrian Van Ostade, another great painter, who was also a pupil of Francis Hals, discovered, by accident, the place in which Brauwer was shut up: he could not, without compassion, behold that unfortunate child, who, says one of his biographers, scarcely retained the appearance of a man, so thin and exhausted had he become, by toil and privation. Van Ostade counselled him to leave the house, and go and seek his fortune elsewhere. Brauwer was so worn out with the miserable existence he led, that he adopted the plan of escape proposed to him, although he knew not how he should be able to provide himself with food; for Hals had taken so much pains to make him believe that his productions were detestable, and that he was unworthy to handle a pencil, that the child became at last persuaded that he should never succeed in his art.

He set off, therefore, almost naked, and with no other resource than a few pieces of money, which Van Ostade had given him, for charity. When he found himself in the streets, he was so [illegible]d at his

wretched condition, that he did not even dare to return home to his mother. He bought some bread, which he greatly needed, and went and stationed himself under the organ of the great church, tasking his imagination to discover what mode of life he ought to embrace, since it was impossible for him to succeed in his art, for which, nevertheless, he felt so imperious a vocation. Let us not be surprised that Adrian Brauwer was ignorant of his powers, or sceptical as to his genius: accustomed to be told by his master, each time he finished a picture—"This is even worse than the last. I will, however, permit you to begin another, but if it be not better, I will turn you out of the house!"—accustomed to hear himself reproached for the bread he ate, and which he believed he owed only to the compassion of Francis Hals—how should Adrian know that he was already an illustrious painter? At thirty years of age, a man may be aware of his talents; but at sixteen, does he know what it is to possess genius?

Adrian, then, was still beneath the organ, full of anxiety for the future, and without knowing what he should do on the morrow, when he was discovered by a friend of Master Hals, who proposed to take him back to his master, promising at the same time, that he should be better treated for the future.

Hals, delighted at having recov[illegible]aluable a pupil, received him with open arms. The miser drew his purse-strings, and sent for an old-clothes-man, from whom he bought, though at the lowest possible price, some articles of dress not too much worn, to cover the attenuated limbs of the poor artist.

He was permitted to enjoy a few days of happiness, but Hals soon forgot his promises, and Adrian, perceiving that persecution was about to recommence, definitely abandoned his ungrateful master; and dreading lest he should again be brought back, he left the town and went direct to Amsterdam. A fortunate chance conducted him to an inn kept by a man named Henry Van Soomeren. This person in his youth had manifested a taste for painting; he had, besides, a son who had acquired a considerable reputation by his historical pictures, landscapes, and flowers. Adrian Brauwer offered his services to Van Soomeren in the capacity of waiter. The conformity of tastes existing between the master and servant, soon united them in a warm friendship. When Adrian Brauwer was not engaged in the duties of his employment, he passed his time in drawing and painting. His master, enchanted with his little productions, one day made him a present of a plate of copper: and on this Adrian painted an admirable picture, the subject being a quarrel, arising at play, between some soldiers and some p[illegible]ants.

But whilst our waiter was gradually recovering from the effects of his sufferings with Francis Hals, the latter was daily receiving the punishment of his avarice. The number of his admirers diminished; the critics asked themselves how it happened that a man who seemed all at once to have grown twenty years younger, could as suddenly have fallen back again into senility; but no one could explain the double miracle of the revival of youth, and the return to the feebleness of old age. At last, people began to suspect fraud. The later productions which had given a new impulse to his fame were more rigidly examined, and it was asserted, and with truth, that these pictures, which obtained so high a price because they were signed with the name of Francis Hals, were not the work of Francis Hals; and as detraction flies so rapidly that it soon outsteps the mark, and leaves the domain of truth to enter into that of calumny, they went so far as to assert that Hals was not the author even of his own works. Injustice pursued him even into his best earned fame, and he is indebted solely to the justice of posterity for not being considered as merely a base plagiarist.

The picture painted on copper by Adrian Brauwer was for a long time exhibited in the great room of the inn. It had numerous admirers amongst the frequenters of the house, but none of these were capable

of truly appreciating t[illegible] is magnificent production. A wealthy traveller, who stopped at the inn, was struck with astonishment, and asked Van Soomeren by what chance he happened to become possessed of this beautiful picture, which he said must necessarily be the work of Francis Hals, and might even be justly considered as the chef-d'œuvre of that great master. Whilst the traveller was thus speaking, Van Soomeren gave a sly glance to his poor waiter, who stood wondering at the mistake committed by a person who, nevertheless, seemed to be a judge of painting.

"If this picture is yours," continued the stranger, "you must have paid a high price for it. If you will part with it, I will give you five hundred ducats for it."

Van Soomeren made a movement, but it was to repress the cry of joy about to burst from the lips of Adrian Brauwer.

"I am aware," continued the traveller, mistaking Van Soomeren's movement, "that I do not offer you as much as it is worth, but my means will not allow me to give more. If you cannot get a higher price, I hope you will give me the preference."

"You will permit me, at least, to consult the author," said the innkeeper; and he went straight up to his waiter, who stood trembling with emotion,

pale with happiness, and his eyes suffused with tears.

When the traveller discovered that this picture was the work of Adrian Brauwer, and that Adrian Brauwer was a pupil of Francis Hals, he immediately perceived the artifice of the master, and generously paid the sum he had offered for the picture.

From that day the young artist dated his existence as a celebrated painter. He entered freely and gloriously upon the career, in which his first steps had been so unfortunate. The remainder of his life was not exempt from reproach; but on the present occasion we are concerned only with the story of his childhood.

Antonio Canova.

Born 1757—Died 1822.

When we see from what profound obscurity genius may draw a man, and how high it may raise him, one feels tempted to say to every child who displays precocious talent—"Be not discouraged by any obstacle, do not listen to the voice that would point out another track, follow where thy vocation leads thee, burst the bonds that would arrest thee in thy course, press forward, and thou wilt at last reach the goal!"

But, alas! for the few who have happily accomplished the perilous voyage which leads to fame, so many others have been wrecked by the way, that it is not right to say to all—"Press forward and you will reach the goal."

On the present occasion, I wish only to speak of one of those predestined individuals who but advance from success to success, here meeting with fortune, further on with honours, and finally with immortality, at

the end of that adventurous career of art, in which the greater number drag themselves along so painfully.

It was in the little village of Passagno, situated in the ancient state of Venice, that the illustrious Antonio Canova first beheld the light, in the year 1757. The Senator Giovanni Falieri was lord of this village. At a grand dinner which he one day gave, there was served at table, amongst the confectionary, the statue of a lion, perfectly sculptured in butter. This unexpected piece caused as much surprise to Falieri, as it excited admiration among his numerous guests. He ordered his cook to be sent for, as he wished to congratulate him before the company, so much was he pleased with this remarkable production. The cook was introduced into the hall, and received so many congratulations, that tears started to his eyes.

"You weep for joy," said his master.

"No, signor, it is for grief, that I am not the author of the work which has won for me such high compliments."

"I should like to see the author," said Giovanni Falieri.

The cook retired, saying that he should be obeyed, and a few minutes afterwards the artist was brought in; but this artist was a little peasant lad about ten

years of age, and but meanly poor. They had, however, preferred inconveniencing themselves rather than deny their son the advantage of instruction in drawing, which a professor had kindly undertaken to give him, on the most moderate terms.

Antonio Canova had early displayed the most happy disposition for the art of sculpture: he modelled tastefully in clay whenever he was able to procure it, and, by the aid of his knife, sculptured little figures from every bit of wood that came in his way. His parents were acquainted with the cook, who, on the occasion of the present dinner, was speaking to them of the embarrassment he felt relative to the symmetrical arrangement of the table. He had exhausted all the resources of his art and of his imagination, and he still required an effective dish capable of producing one of those great sensations which fix upon a wide and solid basis, the reputation of a cook in a great house. Little Antonio reflected for a moment, and then said—

"Give yourself no further uneasiness, I will come and see you by-and-by. You will let me work, and I will answer for it that your arrangement shall be complete."

The child went, as he had promised, showed the sketch of the figure which he proposed to execute

assured the cook of success, and carved the block of butter with that purity of imagination, and that perfect taste, of which he afterwards gave so many proofs in works of marble. If the guests were surprised by the work, they were still more so when the little artist was presented to them. The child was overwhelmed with caresses, and from that moment Giovanni Falieri declared himself his protector.

This happy experiment of the little peasant of Passagno rendered his name at once celebrated, and opened to him the road to success. Falieri placed him in the studio of the old Torreti, the best sculptor of his day. Two years afterwards — that is to say, when he was scarcely twelve years old —Canova sent to his *Mæcenas* two baskets of fruit, carved in marble, which still adorn the arch of the Falieri palace at Venice.

Others will tell you, my children, what are the titles of this great and laborious artist to the admiration of posterity. All the academies of the learned world solicited the honour of numbering him amongst their members; and all the sovereigns of Europe were anxious to enrich their museums with his sublime productions. Pope Pius VII. had his name inscribed in the golden book of the Capitol; and he was elected *Perpetual Prince* of the Academy of St. Luke at

Rome, a title, which
ferred on any other a His funeral was the most magnificent ever bestowed on any artist since the death of Raphael.

The Two Lazzaroni.

" Piangete, fanciullini
I piccoli lazzaroni."

This is the burden of a popular song, which may still be heard in the streets of Naples, and even in other parts of Italy—" Weep little children, weep for the little lazzaroni." This strain is still heard, even at the present day; and truly these Neapolitan twins, so pretty, so gentle, so joyous, whom every one loved, and who so fondly loved their father, were well deserving of regret. This father was merely a beggar, a man of that lowest class of the people, who at Naples are called lazzaroni, because, like the Lazarus of the Bible, they have not a roof to shelter them, and scarcely clothes to cover them.

The individuals of this caste sleep beneath the porches of the churches; in the summer they wear only a shirt, and a pair of linen trousers; when the weather is cold, they try to procure, by begging, a jacket with long sleeves, to which is attached a hood of coarse brown stuff. They are neither tenants nor

parishioners; naturally inclin[illegible], provided they obtain sufficient during the day to pay for the *aquaiolo*, which affords them a cool and refreshing beverage for less than a halfpenny of our money—provided they can buy three-halfpennyworth of macaroni, which is sufficient for their sustenance—the lazzaroni are contented with their lot, and repeat as they lie down to sleep, that phrase always on the lips of Neapolitans of every rank:—

"Vedi Napoli, et poi muori."
See Naples, and then die.

The father of the two little children who form the subject of this sketch belonged, then, to this portion of the Neapolitan population. The lazzarone of whom we wish to speak, was not one of those who spend the whole of their time in idleness; born a musician, like all the children of his musical country, he had exercised his voice, and could imitate with singular facility the warblings of several kinds of singing birds. He played agreeably on the *zufolino* or little flageolet, with which he attracted and detained the promenaders of the fine Strada Toledo, and those of the beautiful quay della Chiaja, which is planted with orange and citron trees, and adorned here and there with fountains and grass. The lazzarone having remarked that his two little children displayed a great fondness for the study of

music, taught them, by dint of patience, from the early age of two years, to play the flageolet. When they were sufficiently instructed, he had a cloak made to which he fitted on each side a leather pocket, and the children were so very small that they could remain quite comfortable, one in each of these pockets.

The musician then began to travel, accompanied by his two little performers: he went from city to city, from town to town, from village to village, stationed himself in the middle of the principal squares, and began by imitating the song of birds, in order to attract the inhabitants, and when the circle formed around him was sufficiently numerous, the lazzarone took his flute and commenced the introduction to a national air which was to conclude with a pretty trio. At a given moment the other two musicians, who remained in the pockets of his cloak awaiting the signal, suddenly started from their retreat, and nimbly climbed upon the shoulders of the leader of the orchestra. This singular spectacle created a great sensation, and wherever the lazzarone went, he reaped an abundant harvest of *bravi! bravissimi!* and especially of coins. An original idea which occurred to a wealthy nobleman, of one of the districts through which the lazzarone happened to pass, crowned the reputation of the two children.

parishioners; naturally inclined to [redacted], provided they obtain sufficient during the day to pay for the *aquaiolo*, which affords them a cool and refreshing beverage for less than a halfpenny of our money—provided they can buy three-halfpennyworth of macaroni, which is sufficient for their sustenance—the lazzaroni are contented with their lot, and repeat as they lie down to sleep, that phrase always on the lips of Neapolitans of every rank:—

"Vedi Napoli, et poi muori."
See Naples, and then die.

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This nobleman had assembled a great number of guests to the magnificent wedding banquet. Amongst the ingenious ornaments of the dessert was seen a thicket of roses which perfectly imitated nature. From the depths of this thicket proceeded alternately the notes of the redwing, the titmouse, and the nightingale. Then the birds themselves penetrated the foliage, and flew here and there, perching on the guests, and flying about the festive hall in all directions. This charming surprise was received with loud acclamations of wonder and pleasure, for it was supposed that it was from the birds that the warbling proceeded. But soon afterwards fresh tones were heard, and another flight of birds escaped like the former from the miraculous thicket of roses; then from both sides the branches bent down, and displayed the two little lazzaroni seated in the depths of the bower, imitating on their flageolets the songs which their father re-echoed at the other end of the hall with the voice alone.

Encouraged by a success so profitable, the lazzarone took his children to England. They appeared at the different London theatres; from house to house, from castle to castle, every one disputed the pleasure of hearing them. They were sent for to the palace, and everywhere they met with universal approbation. The poor beggar of Naples became in a short time a rich

man. He had sumptuous apartments, magnificent clothes, and a superb carriage, in which he conducted his children, whenever any nobleman desired to see them. As, above all things, the lazzarone was a good father, and saw that these two frail creatures, to whom he owed his fortune, required their native air, he determined to return to Naples, notwithstanding all the persuasions used to retain him in England. As soon as the children were again permitted to inhale the balmy air of Naples, and its surrounding country, their health returned; and the lazzarone built for them a charming villa near the gates of that city in which he had lived so poor, and to which he returned so rich, owing to the talents and ingenuous charms of the twin brothers.

The children, henceforward free from all care, loved to play together in the fields, and they returned so punctually at the hour appointed by their father, that he never felt uneasy at their absence. One day, however, the hour passed, and the little lazzaroni did not return. The father in despair searched everywhere for them, but in vain. The whole evening and the whole night were spent in useless endeavours to discover them; but on the following morning the two poor children were found lying side by side, upon the road, quite dead. Their bodies exhibited no wound, no mark, even the slightest, which could indicate the

cause of their death. It some days afterwards that a monk of the order of St. Francis related, that while travelling on the same road on which the children had been found, he had seen two little boys running with all speed to escape the storm. The monk had called to them from a distance to stop, in order not to agitate the air; but they would not listen to his advice; he lost sight of them, and soon afterwards the lightning fell.

Such is the manner in which the death of these interesting little creatures is accounted for. They were, at most, seven years old when their father had the misfortune to lose them.

Lesueur,

THE CELEBRATED COMPOSER.

To the joy of his family, and the happiness of his friends, this gentleman still lives. In his glorious old age he reposes upon triumphs which will never grow old. Time has respected the immense popularity of his works, and the burst of admiration called forth by his opera of the *Bardes*, still too loudly resounds to require the addition of a word of eulogy when the name of Lesueur is pronounced.

He was, however, but the son of a farmer of very moderate means, in the commune of Plessier in Picardy; though we must add that his family, previous to the succession of misfortunes which had entirely ruined it, had numbered amongst its members more than one who had gained distinction, either in the arts, or in the magistracy. He was born in an obscure village, now no longer obscure, for it possesses a monument which the lovers of art go to visit with holy respect. This monument is the cottage in which Lesueur first beheld the light.

While the great speak was still but a simple country boy, the genius of music already tormented his young imagination, and urged him on towards his high destiny. He formed for himself rustic instruments, very imperfect indeed, but from which he loved to draw forth tones, which his genius alone taught him to modulate. The singing at the village church was conducted with much fervour, no doubt, but certainly without much taste, yet this mournful and monotonous chant was sufficient to throw him into a strange reverie for a whole day. The warbling of the birds, the sighing of the wind among the leaves—all that was harmonious, all that was melodious in the voice of nature — he listened to with delight, his soul thirsted for it eagerly.

It once happened that his attention was singularly excited by the music of a regiment which was passing along the road. The moment he heard it the little Lesueur hastened towards it as fast as he could run, and for nearly three leagues followed the regiment, which sometimes marched to beat of drum, sometimes kept time with its martial music. He went on, and on, until fatigue obliged him to stop; he fell down exhausted by the road-side, but his enthusiasm triumphing over fatigue, he was found with his ear close to the ground, trying still to catch the indistinct sounds of that harmony, wh r reached

his ear by fitful snatches only. He was taken home, and for several days his parents believed him mad. He did nothing but incessantly repeat, both day and night, the airs which he had heard, and of which his memory retained but an imperfect recollection, but which still haunted him even in his sleep. With all the utensils of the household he endeavoured to reproduce the tones he had heard, but as he could not succeed he wept; he was tormented and fell ill. He was asked where he felt pain; he laid his hand upon his forehead, and exclaimed in the dialect of Picardy—

"*Je veux* APPREINDRE À CANTER." ("I want to learn to sing.")

"Very well," replied his father, "I will take you to the academy at Abbeville, where they will make you *canter* as much as you wish."

The head of the academy said that there was no vacancy for a new chorister, and poor little Lesueur returned home in tears. His father to console him, said, as they went along—

"We will go to Amiens on Sunday, and see if they will receive you there."

According to promise, he went on the following Sunday to Amiens with his son. The music-master of the cathedral, moved by the prayers of the child who was determined to learn to sing, and already no doubt

divining the future o[illegible] suppliant, admitted him amon[illegible] the [illegible]s of the academy.

Thus began to emerge from obscurity one who was destined to raise to so high a pitch the operatic music of France. The operas of *La Caverne* and *Les Bardes* have obtained for Lesueur a well-merited renown. The Emperor Napoleon, who loved France but did not love French music, was not unjust towards this great composer. At one of the representations of the opera of the *Bardes* he obliged Lesueur to come and sit in the imperial box, and so placed him as to be in full view of the audience, and at every burst of applause Napoleon seemed to point out the author to the public and say—

"Behold the man to whom we are indebted for this masterpiece of composition."

Honour to the worthy peasant of Picardy who comprehended all the sacredness of his son's vocation! Honour to the memory of the good chapel-master who did not repulse the child of genius, when he came to him with his artless "*Je veux apprendre à canter!*"

Jean-Baptiste Lulli.

Born, 1634—died, 1687.

In the year 1643, when the Chevalier de Guise was travelling in Italy, and preparing to return to France, he received a letter from *Mademoiselle* Duchess of Montpensier, begging him to choose for her an intelligent boy between ten and twelve years of age, of whom she wished to make her buffoon. After many inquiries, the Chevalier, who was anxious to make himself agreeable to Mademoiselle de Montpensier, decided in favour of a little Florentine, of a lively imagination, and, moreover, so singularly ugly, that one could hardly see him without laughing. This child was Jean-Baptiste Lulli. His parents were extremely poor, but his father was, nevertheless, a tolerable musician. Lulli had so early learned to play the violin, that at ten years of age he was already a remarkable performer. The Chevalier de Guise had not much difficulty in persuading the parents to submit to a separation, which they saw was to make the fortune of their son, and he set out for France, accompanied

by the future buffoon of [illegible]

But as this princess w[illegible]rally of a very capricious disposition, she had com[illegible]tely changed her mind since she had sent off her letter to the Chevalier. When, therefore, the child whom he had chosen to amuse her idle hours was introduced to her, she scarcely seemed to remember the commission she had given.

Lulli's extraordinary physiognomy found no favour in the sight of this capricious princess; the child had come to France to shine in a drawing-room, Mademoiselle sent him to the kitchen, and, instead of being numbered amongst her pages, he was degraded to the rank of her scullions. Lulli's hopes were, doubtless, greatly disappointed; nevertheless, as he had fared badly at home, he was not disposed to find much fault with his condition, and even bore his fate cheerfully enough, provided that too much work was not exacted from him, that he was well fed, well clothed, and allowed to play his violin as much as he pleased.

Banished to so great a distance from his protectress, Lulli thought only of rendering himself agreeable to the numerous servants of the establishment. During the day he amused them with his ingenious sallies, and in the evening, when the hour of rest returned for those who formed the establishment of the princess, he gathered them round him, either in the a[illegible]techambers,

the servants' hall, or the court-yard, and played to them the prettiest national airs of Naples and Florence, with admirable precision, and with an originality of execution, very extraordinary, both for his age and the time in which he lived.

The Count de Nugent, who came one day to visit the Duchess de Montpensier, heard, from the foot of the staircase, the little virtuoso giving his usual concert to the servants, on the lower story of the house. He paused for a moment, to listen to the violinist, and then, attracted by the merits of the performance, he did not disdain, though dressed for a visit of ceremony, to descend to the pantry, where Lulli was doing wonders with his violin. The appearance of this noble personage greatly embarrassed both the performer and his audience, but as the latter were prodigal in attentions to the visitor, the Count said to them—

"I came to listen to the music, and not to receive homage;" and turning towards Lulli he added, "Go on, my little fellow, and when you are somewhat further advanced, I promise you a good place amongst the principal violinists of the King."

Timidity was not one of Lulli's virtues: he recommenced his Florentine airs with greater confidence, and seeing that his audience, restrained by their respect for so great a personage as the Count de Nugent, did not manifest their usual approbation, Lulli

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Marcilia Euphrosine.

Marcilia Euphrosine was the daughter of Apollodorus, a celebrated architect who flourished under the reign of Trajan. She was endowed with extraordinary beauty; brought up in principles of great modesty, she would never consent either to be painted or modelled by the artists who vied with each other for the honour of having so beautiful a subject for the exercise of their genius; but, notwithstanding her refusals and those of her parents, she everywhere beheld the canvas and the marble emulously reproduce her features. The painters and sculptors of Rome went wherever they saw any chance of meeting her; their pencils seized with avidity the expression of her beautiful countenance, and the contour of her majestic figure; and under the names of Hebe, of Flora, or of Venus, palaces and temples were adorned with her image. Marcilia Euphrosine was not only beautiful, she was also sensible, gentle, and learned. Familiar with the fine arts, as with the great poets, she composed verses worthy of being quoted, and her taste for architecture was so pure and so severe, that her father

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Never was filial love more powerful or more devoted than that of Marcilia Euphrosine for the great artist to whom she owed her being. She went and threw herself at the feet of Adrian, who was unmoved by her tears. She accompanied her father even to the place of execution, and then returned home, deter-

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It was a small temple of white marble, in which was seen the figure of Apollodorus in the centre of a superb peristyle. The illustrious architect, surrounded by the attributes of art, had his hand placed on the heart of his daughter, and above him was seen the Goddess of Immortality placing a crown upon his head. Close to the group was a tomb of porphyry surrounded by weeping spirits, whilst Death was in the act of raising with his scythe the sepulchral stone which closed the tomb. Here again was another group; it was Euphrosine tearing herself from her mother's arms, in order to throw herself upon the body of the great artist; in her left hand she held a scroll, on which were inscribed these words:—"Leave me! he calls me; I will not survive him."

Marcilia was permitted by her mother to have this costly monument executed, for she hoped that the devoted girl would draw from the love of her art, sufficient strength to overcome her grief; and indeed during the time required for the execution of the work,

Marcilia seemed to bear her orphan fate with resignation. It took nearly a year to complete the temple consecrated to the memory of Apollodorus: the more the work advanced, the more did happiness beam upon her beautiful countenance, but when the monument was completed, her former melancholy returned. She refused all nourishment, notwithstanding the efforts of her mother to make her renounce her fatal project. She languished for some days, and then expired, entreating her mother's forgiveness for her voluntary death.

Thus did the daughter of Apollodorus terminate her life at the age of thirteen years and five months.

Peter of Cortona.

A LITTLE shepherd, about twelve years old, one day abandoned the flock which had been committed to his care, and set off for Florence, where he knew no one but a lad of his own age, almost as poor as himself, and who like him had left the village of Cortona to become a scullion in the kitchen of the Cardinal Sachetti. A far nobler object conducted Peter to Florence. He knew that that city contained an academy of fine arts, a school of painting, and the little shepherd was ambitious of being a painter. After searching throughout the city, he stopped at the gate of the Cardinal's palace, and inhaling from a distance the odour of the kitchen he waited patiently until his lordship was served in order to speak to his friend Thomas. He had to wait a long time; but at last the much wished-for moment of the interview arrived.

"Here you are, Peter; and what are you going to do in Florence?"

"I am going to learn painting."

"You had much better follow my example,

learn to cook; at all events you are sure of not having to die of hunger."

"You eat, then, as much as you like here?" said Peter.

"I believe you," replied the little scullion; "and I might give myself a fit of indigestion every day if I were so disposed."

"In that case," replied Peter, "I see we may manage very well. As you have too much, and I have not enough, you can find food and I shall find appetite, and we shall get on very well together."

"Yes, that will do," said Thomas.

"Very well, then, let it do at once," resumed Peter; "for as I have not dined we may as well begin from this very moment the arrangement I had come to propose to you."

Thomas made him creep up secretly into the garret where he slept, offered him half his bed, told him to wait awhile, and that he would soon return with some of the remains of the Cardinal's dinner. We need not say whether the repast was a merry one. Thomas had an excellent heart, and Peter an excellent appetite.

"Now, then, as you are well lodged, and well fed, the only question is, how are you going to work?"

"Like every one else who draws with pencils and paper."

by the future buffoon of Mademoiselle Montpensier. But as this princess was naturally of a very capricious disposition, she had completely changed her mind since she had sent off her letter to the Chevalier. When, therefore, the child whom he had chosen to amuse her idle hours was introduced to her, she scarcely seemed to remember the commission she had given.

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"I believe you," replied the little scullion; "and I might give myself a fit of indigestion every day if I were so disposed."

"In that case," replied Peter, "I see we may manage very well. As you have too much, and I have not enough, you can find food and I shall find appetite, and we shall get on very well together."

"Yes, that will do," said Thomas.

"Very well, then, let it do at once," resumed Peter; "for as I have not dined we may as well begin from this very moment the arrangement I had come to propose to you."

Thomas made him creep up secretly into the garret where he slept, offered him half his bed, told him to wait awhile, and that he would soon return with some of the remains of the Cardinal's dinner. We need not say whether the repast was a merry one. Thomas had an excellent heart, and Peter an excellent appetite.

"Now, then, as you are well lodged, and well fed, the only question is, how are you going to work?"

"Like every one else who draws with pencils and paper."

"But," urged Thomas, [redacted]y, then, to buy pencils and paper?"

"I!—I have no money at all; but I said to myself as I came along, Thomas, who is a scullion in the Cardinal's kitchen, cannot fail to have money; and since he is rich it is just the same as if I were so."

Thomas scratched his ear, and replied, "That as far as a few bones to pick were concerned there was no want of those in the house; but as to money, he must wait at least three years longer before he had any right to ask for wages."

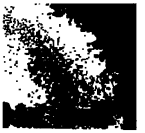
Peter resigned himself to his fate. The walls of his garret were white: Thomas supplied the young artist with more charcoal than he could use for his sketches, and Peter set vigorously to work to draw on the walls. We know not by what means little Thomas succeeded in procuring a small piece of money; but the child had too good a heart to be wanting in honesty, therefore we must believe that the little scullion had legitimately obtained the half-pistole which he one day triumphantly brought to his companion. What joy was there, then! The artist could now have pencils and paper. He went out at break of day to study the pictures in the churches, the monuments in the public squares, and the views around the city; and in the evening with an empty stomach, but with a mind well filled with what he had seen, he furtively returned

the garret, where he was always sure to find his dinner ready, and placed by Thomas under the mattress, less for the purpose of concealment, than to keep it warm during his friend's absence.

The charcoal sketches soon disappeared under more correct designs, for Peter covered with his best drawings the walls of the narrow cell, in which the friendship of a child had afforded him so generous an asylum. One day the Cardinal Sachetti, whose palace was undergoing repair, visited, in company with the architect, the upper stories, to which, perhaps, he had never before ascended, and entered the garret of the little scullion. Peter was absent; but his numerous drawings sufficiently testified the laborious industry of the child who inhabited this retreat. The Cardinal and the architect were struck with the merits of these productions; they at first supposed Thomas to be the author of them, and the prelate summoned him into his presence, in order to compliment him on his talents.

When poor Thomas became aware that the Cardinal had visited his garret, and that he had seen what he called the smudges of his friend Peter, he believed himself lost.

"You are no longer one of my scullions," said the Cardinal to him, little thinking that the child had a fellow-lodger. Thomas, mistaking the purport of his



in

] kitc n; tl the poor lit fellow, seeing that his own e: ence, as w as at of his friend were much compromised by tl of severe justice, threw himself at his master's fe ing,—

"Oh, Signore! what will become of my poor friend Peter, if you send him away?"

The Cardinal dmanded an explanation of these words, which he could not understand, and thus discovered that the drawings were the work of a little shepherd, whom Thomas had secretly maintained for two years.

"When he returns at night, you will bring him to me," said the Cardinal, laughing at the mistake and generously forgiving Thomas. That evening the artist did not make his appearance at the palace of the Cardinal; two days, a week, a fortnight, elapsed and still nothing was heard of Peter of Cortona. At length the Cardinal, who was greatly interested in the fate of the young artist, succeeded in discovering, that for a fortnight the charitable monks of an isolated convent had received and detained with them a young draughtsman, from fourteen to fifteen years of age, who had come to ask permission to copy a picture of Raphael's, which was in the chapel of the cloister. This child was Peter. He was taken back to the palace of the Cardinal, who, after receiving him with

kindness, placed him in the school of one of the best painters in Rome.

Fifty years later, there were two old men, living together like brothers, in one of the handsomest private dwellings of Florence. It was said of the one—"He is the greatest painter of our day:" of the other —"He will be the model of friends in all future ages."

The Raisin Family.

WHILST the tumblers, jugglers, comedians, and traders, in fine, all the booth-holders at the Fair of Saint Germain taxed their ingenuity to excel each other, and struggled to excite the curiosity of the public, to attract customers and make as much money as they could, an organist of Troyes, in Champagne, named Raisin, who, in the year 1662, had come to Paris for the fair, attracted the attention of all the visitors, by the advertisement of his exhibition. This advertisement announced a miraculous spinet, which played of its own accord all the fashionable airs of the day, without the aid of a performer. Placed in the middle of the theatre, it obeyed the word of command and stopped only when they said to it—enough!

The extraordinary instrument thus pompously announced, was not the only wonder of the Raisin exhibition, though it was the most remarkable one. There were also two little children, Jacques Raisin, and his sister Babet; the first about eight years old, the second still under five, both of whom played the harpsichord, with an ease, confidence, and precision

and a degree of musical feeling, astonishing for their age.

The public came in crowds to Jean-Baptiste Raisin. His two little children were admired and applauded rapturously, the ladies threw them flowers, and what was still better, bon-bons; but as soon as they had ceased playing, the miraculous spinet, left quite alone, in the middle of the theatre, commenced its series of wonders: then the audience forgot the two interesting musicians, to think only of the instrument which was a thousand times more interesting still.

From a previous state of poverty Jean-Baptiste Raisin soon became rich. In the city, at the court, nothing was talked of but the famous spinet, and even the foreign newspapers resounded with the fame of this musical phenomenon. The people entertained for it a kind of admiration bordering on terror, for they suspected its author to be a sorcerer; the better informed knew not how to explain the mechanism of an instrument, which, when ordered to play a gavotte, played a gavotte, and when ordered to cease and play a hymn, obeyed of its own accord the word of command, and changed the piece, the key, or the time, according to the wishes of the company.

The organist of Troyes was summoned to court with his children, and the celebrated instrument which had already made his fortune. Jacques and Babet

Raisin performed, and their [illegible] general approbation; but before the king, and the princes and nobles of the court, as well as in the booth at the fair, the general attention was concentrated on the spinet, which was pronounced to be a fairy. It would have seemed as if the spinet were aware of the presence of the great personage before whom it had the honour of performing, for never had its tones been so pure, never had its obedience been so prompt, nor its choice of airs so happy and so varied; and let it be remembered that no one touched it; it was placed in the centre of a circle, with a wide empty space around it; the organist spoke to it only from a distance; and his two children were desired not to go near it.

It was one shout of admiration during the whole performance; the excitement was universal; the king declared that he was not rich enough to buy such an instrument, and his mother, Marie-Anne of Austria, went so far as to have recourse to the most earnest entreaties to induce the inventor to allow her to examine the secret mechanism which produced such wondrous effects. Raisin implored the Queen not to insist, for he had determined never to open his spinet in the presence of any one. This refusal excited unfavourable comments among the courtiers, and Queen Anne beginning to think that there was magic in the case, loudly expressed [illegible]

terror. Louis the Fourteenth seeing his mother turn pale, said—

"Very well! if he will not open his spinet, it must be broken open."

The organist threw himself at the King's feet, asking pardon for his culpable refusal, and as soon as he had obtained it, he advanced with a trembling hand to open the miraculous instrument.

It was indeed time that the King's command should be obeyed—for, a few minutes more, and the hidden genius to whom Jean-Baptiste Raisin owed his fortune would have been stifled for want of air in the box in which he had been confined. This genius was a little child, only four years of age, who, by dint of study, had already become a finished musician. He was named Baptiste like his father; he was handsome and sprightly, and better still, he was good. When he was liberated from his prison, the poor child fell down in a fainting fit which excited fears for his life. The Queen took him on her knees, the King, the ladies, the gentlemen—all were eager to aid in restoring him to consciousness. But what was most painful to behold was the despair of the father, who, no longer thinking of the royal presence, tore his hair, and exclaimed—

"They have made him play too long; they have killed my son!"

To these cries of [illegible]see, no less heart-rending, of the lit[illegible] brother and sister—

"Give us back our br[illegible]r!" they cried, running towards the Queen, and tryi[illegible]g to take from her the fainting child, on whom s[illegible] was bestowing the most anxious attention, but who [illegible]ll remained unconscious. However, he recovered at l[illegible] and weak and ill as he was, he asked permission to [illegible]lay the harpsichord, no longer confined in his box, but in the presence of those great lords and ladies who had manifested so much interest in him.

Little Baptiste Raisin this time openly displayed all the wonders that could be effected, by an excellent musical organization at so tender an age. During the whole of his performance, louis d'or incessantly fell around him; and when he had concluded, the ladies overwhelmed him with caresses, and his father, on leaving the court, bore with him, not only a large sum of money, and the pardon of his deception, but also the protection of the royal family.

The following year Jean-Baptiste Raisin again returned with his family, to repeat his exhibitions at the fair of Saint-Germain. His audiences were even more numerous than before, for he took care to add to his advertisement, that at the end of the performance the spinet would be opened, and that he would publicly discover his secret. This new announcement also

about a hundred thousand livres to his fortune. No one thought of complaining of the trick, for the child was so young and so small, that those who awaited some wonderful discovery, found the result even beyond their expectations.

If the organist of Troyes had known how to limit his desires and his ambition, he might have lived happily on the respectable competency which he owed to little Baptiste Raisin; but it is not given to human wisdom to pause on the road to happiness; man is always eager to advance farther, and dreams not that an evil destiny may await him in the distance, and that, by advancing imprudently in the path of fortune, he will end by falling into an abyss.

Jean-Baptiste Raisin, having remarked that his children displayed a great talent for acting, conceived the idea of establishing a company of little actors, of which he undertook the direction. This was a novel exhibition in those times, for such young comedians had never before appeared in public. All Paris was attracted to their representations. Jacques Raisin, the eldest of the three children, performed with singular intelligence; he even became afterwards a distinguished actor for the time in which he lived. Babet Raisin was admired for her infantine and artless grace; but, as in the times of the miraculous spinet, the one who united all suffrages, on whom were showered the

flowers and bon-bons, v
memory was wonderful; all characters seemed to suit his genius; he displayed ier a comic dignity or a genuine sensibility, which brought tears to the eyes or elicited shouts of delight. The smallness of his size afforded an opportunity of exhibiting him under a variety of singular disguises, which fully justified the enthusiasm of the public.

There was a piece called "L'Andouille de Troyes," which was considered as the most successful of his performances. At first he appeared served upon a dish, covered with brown silk, which represented the chitterlings; then, when the guests had put the knife into this festive dainty, Baptist Raisin, freeing himself from his first envelope, displayed himself under the form of a little live sucking pig; then a combat ensued between him and the cook, who wanted to put him on the spit; at last, by a new metamorphosis, the sucking pig became a little imp, who terrified the guests, and devoured the whole of the dinner which had been prepared for the others. This *denouement* excited universal applause; Raisin was loudly called for, and as an agreeable conclusion to the representation, he replied to the acclamations of the spectators by a pretty little couplet, of which he had himself composed both the music and the words.

One day, however, the piece did not reach its con-

clusion, for one of his little comrades, named Lefevre, who was playing the character of cook, threw himself with so much violence upon him with the spit that he pierced him through and through. "I forgive Lefevre," he said, as he was dying, "but it is my poor sister Babet that I regret." He was but six years old when he died.

His family was inconsolable; every one mourned this young and interesting child: his brother never forgot him, but that sister Babet, whom he so justly loved, did not long remember his fate. She went mad the day he died, and in her old age the poor maniac repeated to every one, "Have you seen my brother Baptiste? why does he not return?"

Jean-Philippe Rameau.

Born, 1683—died, 1764.

If Jean-Philippe Rameau was a great composer, it must be owned that music was his mother-tongue. His father, who was an accomplished organist, taught him to sing even before he taught him to speak. As soon as he could make use of his fingers, they were placed upon the keys of a harpsichord. It was, therefore, without trouble and without being conscious of the difficulties of his art that, from day to day he made rapid progress in the science of music, the study of which was an amusement to him, rather than a labour. As his taste developed, music was the only thing he took pleasure in; he thought of nothing but becoming a great performer. Neglecting all his other studies, he was sent away from the college at which he had been placed by his father, for his mind was so incessantly haunted by one idea, that he sang, unconsciously, even in class, and replied in singing to the questions put to him by the professors. His exercise books were more like a collections of airs, [illegible] to music,

than a series of themes and translations. The Principal of the college requested his father to take him home, and give up all idea of making anything but a musician of him. The organist, who wished to have a scholar in his family, begged the Principal to try whether punishment would not change the unstudious habits of his pupil; little Rameau was, therefore, whipped, as was the fashion in those days; and the chastised pupil, who at a later period related this circumstance, declared that even under the rod, so incorrigible was his musical tendency, he cried in measure. He was put in confinement; but he thought of nothing but composing a song of despair, which he afterwards inserted in his opera of "Dardanus."

The father perceiving, according to the prophecy of the Principal of the college, that his son could be nothing but a musician, wished at least to make him a distinguished one, and by the time he was eight years old, he had become a remarkable performer. He then sent him to Italy, to study the works of the great masters, and when twelve years old, having become a very skilful organist, he went to Clermont, in Auvergne, where he was appointed organist by the chapter of the cathedral. From his first entrance on his duties, his success was so great that an engagement for several years was proposed to him.

The young musician joyfully accepted the offer: but

he had not then seen ... he ... learned that it is there only that a g... reputation can be placed on a solid basis. He t... ed permisson to give up his appointment, but this t... chapter unanimously refused, not wishing to lose an organist who did them so much credit. Rameau, ...lled by an imperious thirst for fame, and feeling himself destined to shine upon a wider theatre, endeavoured for a long time, by prayers and supplications, to conquer the resistance of those who wished to detain him against his will, but the chapter persisted in its determination, and the child could not even have recourse to flight, for he would have been sent back under a safe escort from Paris to Clermont, had he dared, in defiance of his engagement, to resolve on obeying that thirst for glory, which urged him toward Paris.

Seeing that the chapter continued unmoved, and daily more and more carried away by his ambition, Rameau saw no means of setting aside his engagement, except by having recourse to a *coup d'état*, very culpable, doubtless, but which he afterwards expiated by the force of his genius.

It was Thursday, the octave of the feast of Corpus Christi: in the morning, Rameau had again solicited permission to depart from Paris, and again had this permission been refused. At the hour of divine service he took his seat at the organ; the crowd was

immense, and every one was devoutly preparing himself to listen to the sacred music, to which his skilful touch imparted an expression wholly divine. The young organist began; every one was seized with admiration, and all present looked at each other as much as to say, —Listen! Then, from the depths of the enormous pipes, suddenly broke forth the most discordant sounds; one seemed to scream while another sang, this one modulated the first few notes of a pious canticle, while a fourth responded with the air of a country dance. It seemed as if ten rival orchestras were contesting with each other which should make the most noise; it was one mass of discordant sounds; pauses interrupted by *quics* and *quacs;* a celestial harmony, across which there seemed to rush with horrible mewlings a whole legion of mad cats. The congregation was stupified; there was noise and bustle even to the foot of the altar; one would have thought that a thousand demons had taken possession of the organ, and were trying, by tearing over the keys, which of them should most disturb the sacred ceremonies of the day. The authorities hastened up to Rameau to know the cause of this extraordinary *charivari;* but the door of the organ was locked, and the organist would not open it.

Distressed at such an event, the canons consulted together; they demanded a parley with Rameau,

who persisted in l ____ ___ __ open the door. It was only thr h the key-hole that he would consent to listen to the propositions of his besiegers. At first they atened him; his only reply was, that he deserv be punished, but that, as he would not submit to pu ihment, he would throw himself out of the window, nd kill himself on the flags in front of the church if they attempted to force open the door.

To threats succeeded softer words; they offered to forgive everything, if he would consent to atone by his genius for the scandal he had given. Rameau would make no promises; he even declared that he would continue the *charivari*, if they persisted in refusing their consent to his departure. They offered to double his salary. "Paris! Paris! I will go to Paris!"

For the second time the chapter assembled: some of its members were of opinion that severity should be resorted to with the culprit; but others, more lenient and prudent, proposed that his fault should be forgiven, and that he should receive his dismissal. Accordingly, Rameau's engagement was torn up, his dismissal was signed by the whole chapter, and they returned to the door of the cell, in which he still remained shut up, and, not being able to reach him, they passed the fragments of his engag ent under

the door, accompanied by his dismissal arranged in proper form. Then the young musician melted into tears; he returned to the organ, and poured forth strains which exhibited all that is grand in harmony or beautiful in melody. That day, says one of his biographers, Rameau performed wonders, he produced the most extraordinary effects, and they were received by the audience with demonstrations of the most intense enthusiasm.

At last, as he had so ardently desired, Rameau went to Paris. The bright destiny which he had predicted for himself awaited him there. It was for this celebrated musician, who was born at Dijon, in 1683, that the king instituted the office of royal composer. Rameau obtained letters of nobility: he was named Chevalier de Saint-Michel, and died at Paris, in 1764.

THE END.

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